This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

[redacted]

[redacted]

£45

PB

[redacted]

t^{45}

Pl

N;

INA,

ON,

CAPTAIN BARRY.

Frontispiece.

UP AND DOWI

OR,

Fifty Years' Colonial Experiences

IN

AUSTRALIA, CALIFORNIA, NEW ZEALAND, INDIA, CHI
AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC;

BEING THE

LIFE HISTORY OF CAPT. W. J. BARRY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

1878.

WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR,

And other Illustrations.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTO
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET.
1879.

[*All Rights reserved.*]

TO

SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.,

PREMIER AND EX-GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND,

THE FOLLOWING AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS RESPECTFU

Dedicated,

WITH PERMISSION,

BY HIS OLD FELLOW-COLONIST AND WELL-WISHER,

WILLIAM JACKSON B.

PREFACE.

To my Readers.

At the suggestion of a friend and the subsequent solicitation of others, I sat down to write the history of my pilgrimage through this world, and the accompanying volume is a faithful record of my chequered career. There are now but few people who have passed through fifty years of colonial history, and possibly fewer still who can recall the experiences of half a century. I have done so entirely from memory, which, I am vain enough to think, has served me faithfully in this matter. Some author—Dr. Johnson, I believe—has remarked that "the life of any man, if written truly, would be interesting." I think so too; every man has a story of his own, and something has happened to him that never happened to anybody else. This being so, and my record true, it may be interesting to people one hundred years hence to see what sort of folks we were at this date, how we lived, how we employed ourselves, and so on. On perusing the pages of my work, you may compare me to Charles Dickens's "Micawber"; but I have always looked upon myself as the reverse of that celebrated character. I have never

"waited for something to turn up," but have gone on turning up something; much on the same principle as a plough, however, leaving the furrow behind it; and thus Micawber and I, by different routes, arrived at the same goal—poverty. I will not apologise for my work; it is the production of an unlettered and almost self-educated man, but leave it in your hands for judgment. The recital of my life's history may serve to "point a moral," if it does not "adorn a tale," although personally, on one occasion, as you will find on perusal, I have adorned the *tail* of a bullock while crossing the deep and rapid River Clutha in Otago, New Zealand. With this wretched joke,

I remain, dear readers, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE v

CHAPTER I.

Early reminiscences—Voyaging—Sydney, New South Wales —Home sickness—Queer lodgings—Butcher Smith, the ex-convict 1

CHAPTER II.

Sydney society—Felons—Refractory women—Incorrigibles—A perfect virago—Stabbing and hanging—A "reign of terror"—School-days—Swimming—Boating—Up-country cattle and sheep stations—Hospitality—Shooting blackskins—Chased by blackskins—A battle in the bush .. 5

CHAPTER III.

Johnston's Creek—Ugly customers—Cattle-lifting—Lynch, a demon 12

CHAPTER IV.

"Sam Terry" and "Bill Nash"—A jollification—Anything but a jollification—Interviewed by bushrangers 19

CHAPTER V.

Sacking a bank—Bound for Adelaide—Black snakes en route —Blackskins ditto—A brush with the latter—Twofold Bay —Norfolk Island—Steering for Port Phillip—Wrecked—The rush raft, a broken reed for the captain—Trading with naked savages—Turtle, but no soup—A hurricane .. 26

CHAPTER VI.

Afloat and astrand—Lost—Rescued—"Never meant to be drowned"—Trip up north, among the Malays—Cruising and trading .. ..

CHAPTER VII.

Murderous yellowskins—Visit to India—Return voyage—A collision—A fast young man—On the war-path—Again under weigh—Cannibals at elbow—The cholera, or delirium tremens!—Away to China—Floating corpses rafts for vultures—War with China—Cutting off pigtails—Wounded—A stowaway—Whipped—Well home once more.. ..

CHAPTER VIII.

To New Zealand and back—Revenge—Out of debt—Whaling—Sent aloft by a whale—In Torres Straits—Feasting at Honolulu—Whaling again, good sport—A merry night—A perilous dive after a whale .. ..

CHAPTER IX.

Parting with an old friend—Norfolk Island, "a hell upon earth"—Black swans—Kissed by Mrs. Brown—Love at first sight—Barry *v.* Black—Laying siege to a lady—The lady wooing and winning—A sad incident—Mutiny—Marriage .. ..

CHAPTER X.

A break in the home circle—Startling disclosures—A compromise—Burned out—Bereaved—Gold! gold!—An unexpected visit at dinner-time—Robbery—Retribution ..

CHAPTER XI.

San Francisco—Gambling—Caught the gold fever—Sacramento City—At Hang Town Diggings—"Minting" money—The "John Bull" auctioneer—A reverse—Lynch law—Murder of course .. ..

CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

Paradise somewhere farther on—A trip to "the old place"—Lionized—Bailed up by a lady, a curious encounter—Good investments—Kay, the robber-chief—A mystery—Judge Lynch—Selling out—An American ranche—Reddon's Diggings 108

CHAPTER XIII.

Paradise at last—Shasta Butte—Hostile Indians—Massacre for massacre—River-bed shining with gold—Wild beasts for neighbours—Victims—Fabulous wealth and famine—A roaring business—Robbed—Pursuit and capture of the robbers—A little lynching by the way 121

CHAPTER XIV.

Taking a wife and giving a feast—Slaughter of Indians—A gigantic swindle—"Captain Jack," a lady—A public dinner abruptly ended—Return to Sydney—Prospecting for more gold 134

CHAPTER XV.

A bad spec'—After the whales again—Melbourne—Bush-rangers—A clearing—Quite a spree—Lady-birds of passage—Nearly nipped by "Black Bill"—Broken down—Re-rigged—A scattering party—£1000 disappearing—Moving on 144

CHAPTER XVI.

Giving a brute a thrashing—Poor Peter, the Indian boy—Wreck—Ruin—Good Samaritans about—Climbing the ladder again—Quartz fever on—A christening party—Disputed territory—The lawyers at work—An unparalleled crime 158

CHAPTER XVII.

PAGE

Warlike preparations—Exciting scenes—A compromise—Death of poor Peter—Brisk competition—A quiet spell—Horse-flesh "firm"—Afloat 169

CHAPTER XVIII.

New Zealand—Buying and selling—Sold!—Duck-shooting—The fish trade—On the road—A primitive establishment—Pig-hunting—Burglars—Confidence misplaced—"Doctor" Barry!—Chilblains slack—A stampede 176

CHAPTER XIX.

Turning cash briskly—Swimming for gold by the pound-weight—Sailing down stream at a horse's tail—A narrow escape—A monopoly—An open market—£1000 cleared in five months—A town cleared in no time—A subsequent clearing of grog 187

CHAPTER XX.

"Mobs" of horses—Thugs—Cromwell (not Oliver)—Losses and compensation—A good stroke of business—Farming at a loss—Roasting a bullock and growing famous—A "spill" or two—Arrowtown—Hayes Lake—Queenstown 197

CHAPTER XXI.

Horse-racing—A mayor's (not a mare's) nest at Cromwell—Mayor Barry—Everybody "tight"—History repeating itself (Cromwell at Whitehall again)—Lively councillors and a livelier mayor—A pugnacious government—Sir George Grey on the scene—A respectable spree—An earthquake—Charged by a bullock—An old chum—Turning over, and taking money out of, horse-flesh—Faithless "Nelly Gray"—A "spill"—The way to "do" the racecourse—Sleeping on a clothes-line—Hard lines—Steering a bullock across stream by the tail—Mayor again in spite of myself. Oh, that it had been never "mair"! 208

CHAPTER XXII.

PAGE

A golden mirage—A substantial bargain, though—A "bright" prospect—Debt—Aurora bought, and the lawyer "sold"—Baiting the ladies with "soft goods," and catching them—400 per cent. profit—Capsized—Fainting (feinting) among the ladies—"Shouting" for clients—Marks of friendship—Two black eyes—A good outlook—Walking into luck, and champagne—General satisfaction—The way of the world—On the sea—On the sick list—In Australia again—Stumped—A friend to the rescue—Revisiting old scenes—Hunting—Coming to grief—Coming in at "the death"—A scrape with a "young lady" 223

CHAPTER XXIII.

A long yarn—Too much law—Fogged by the lawyers—700*l.* clear enough—Everything else very misty—That "young lady" again—Temptation—A lucky escape—Mrs. Jenkins in trouble—"Old Jack Barry" too—Fixed—On the move—At Christchurch—A little philosophy—A little practical application—The mercury below zero—Falling fortunes—Little but debt and pluck left 244

CHAPTER XXIV.

W. J. Barry, the scientific lecturer—On the stump—In luck again, and in funds—In court—In hot water—In the presence of death—In great sorrow—Desperation—Other troubles—A brutal son-in-law—Knocking him out of all relationship—To the rostrum once more—To the Shotover River—To the bottom of it—Walking icicles—Warm work with a wild cow—Barry, the commission agent—Bad times—A battle-scene—Ladies in action—Madness—"Murder!"—Jollification—To the North Pole—To business—Selling a young woman, the "chestnut filly"—Knocking her down for 175*l.* 256

CHAPTER XXV.

PAGE

Knocked down myself—Picking up again—Knocked up—Hard up—Liquidating—Cogitating—Completely cornered—Travelling on "shank's pony"—Pastures new—An idea of authorship!—A fascinating development—Writing a book—A tough job to Barry—No cash—No credit—Nothing but literary progress—An author in grim earnest, and in want—A profitable diversion—Another happy idea—Lectures upon the new book—Looking for subscribers in the bush!—Phrenological curiosities—Rabbits—Duck-shooting—Prospecting among the quartz reefs—Faring badly among the lawyers—Fire!—An illuminated page—Casting reflections 272

APPENDIX 295

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

		PAGE
Portrait of Captain Barry	*Frontispiece.*	
Cast away on N.W. Coast of New Holland, 1839..	*facing*	37
Struggle for the Flag—taking of Canton, 1840 ..	„	52
A Whaling Adventure	„	59
Escape from the Island of St. Christopher, New Hebrides	„	65
Roasting the Bullock		204
Portrait of Mr. James McAndrew		296
„ Mr. John Plimmer		297
„ Mr. Wilson		298
„ Mr. George M'Gavin		299
„ Sir Julius Vogel		301

UP AND DOWN;

OR,

Fifty Years' Colonial Experiences.

CHAPTER I.

Early reminiscences—Voyaging—Sydney, New South Wales—Homesickness—Queer lodgings—Butcher Smith, the ex-convict.

I WAS born in England, at the village of Melbourn, Cambridgeshire, in the year 1819. My father, as may be supposed from the name, was an Irishman. He was by profession a veterinary surgeon; his practice mostly lay among the nobility and gentry, by whom he was well known and respected. He took me to travel with him in his gig at the age of six years, and up to nine years I had visited nearly all the principal counties of England. At this age we were staying at Lord Braybrooke's, Saffron Walden, in Essex, and one of the guests, Sir John Alcock, taking a liking for me, asked my father to let me enter his service, and he would do well by me, and forward my prospects in life. My father consented, and I was handed over. My employer was about to undertake a voyage round the world, a very considerable feat in those days of slow sailers and defective navigation. Although so young, the love of novelty, common to all

youngsters, spurred me on to leave my native land and go with him.

In June, 1828, Sir John secured passages in the *Red Rover*, commanded by Captain Davis, which was to sail for Sydney, New South Wales. We left the London Docks that month, with a fair wind down Channel. We had 250 passengers on board, and these were the first free emigrants who had left England for New South Wales, those who had gone before being mostly convicted felons, having, as it was said in those days, "left their country for their country's good." We had a great deal of hardship to put up with on the voyage. First, our water supply ran short, then sickness broke out among the passengers, and, to crown our misfortunes, the vessel sprang a leak, and we had to put into the Cape of Good Hope for repairs, with three feet of water in the hold. The passengers were sent on shore during the time the ship was being repaired, which was three weeks. Sir John Alcock and I also lived on shore, and saw whatever was to be seen of the country and its inhabitants. As far as my recollection serves me, I did not like either, and was very glad when the *Red Rover* was ready for sea.

The ship being ready, we all re-embarked and continued our voyage. We were not long out of port when typhus fever broke out in the vessel, and raged more or less until we arrived at Sydney in January 1829. During this time twenty-four deaths occurred, amongst them that of our chief mate. We lost many aged people and females, and several of the children on board became orphans from this calamity. It was a sorrowful sight to see, almost daily, some of our

companions sewed up in canvas and put over the side. I have seen death in every shape since, but none ever impressed me so much as this, my first acquaintance with the grim old tyrant.

When we arrived in Sydney Harbour we were quarantined for six weeks, and the ship and all passengers' luggage thoroughly fumigated. The quarantine station consisted of six large barnlike structures, built of saplings, or long poles, and mud, the discomfort and misery of living in which gave me the first taste of home sickness, and I heartily wished myself back in the old country. However, the weary time came to an end, and we sailed up to Sydney, nine miles or so further up the harbour, and the passengers were landed. No one seeing the magnificent city of Sydney of to-day would recognise in it the small ill-built town of that period. With some difficulty Sir John Alcock secured lodgings, but apparently he was not much impressed with Australia, as he made up his mind to leave in three weeks. A vessel leaving for Buenos Ayres, he took our passages, but I had made up my mind that I had had enough of the sea at that date, and determined to remain behind.

Late in the afternoon on the eve of departure, I was following Sir John Alcock down to the vessel, and carrying his carpet-bag, part of his luggage. A sudden fit of determination seized me; I threw down the carpet-bag, and cut and run. I found an iron tank convenient, and clambered into it, and took up my lodgings for the night. In the morning I was half dead with cold and misery, and, scrambling out, I

was collared by a watchman, who took me before a magistrate. I invented some story of having lost my way the night before, and he let me go about my business, with a recommendation to get home at once. Home, indeed! my reflections on that score were upon that morning bitterer than I have ever since experienced during my life. I at once looked about for employment, and was lucky enough to fall in with an old acquaintance of my father's, of the very common name, Smith; he was a very wealthy man, carrying on a large business in Sydney as a butcher. I may as well state here that Mr. Smith had been transported from England at an early date in the history of the colony, for seven years, but got a free pardon on arrival. It was a curious system of assisted emigration, but it appeared that people were sent out to the penal colonies in those days for very trifling crimes. Smith had been thirteen years in the colony, and had made a large fortune, so that punishment in his case had turned out a real blessing. Having been, as I before stated, a friend of my father's, he became one to me, and I have to thank him for many good services and genuine acts of kindness.

I was now about ten years old, and one day I met the captain of the *Red Rover*, which was still in port. He wanted me to go on board, and sail with him. On mentioning it to Mr. Smith, he advised me to stop, telling me that he would shortly send me to school, and make a man of me. It is needless to say I took his advice, and remained in Sydney.

CHAPTER II.

Sydney society—Felons—Refractory women—Incorrigibles—A perfect virago—Stabbing and hanging—A "reign of terror"—School-days—Swimming—Boating—Up-country cattle and sheep stations—Hospitality—Shooting blackskins—Chased by blackskins—A battle in the bush.

My fellow-passengers by the *Red Rover* had excellent opportunities for making money. The Government were selling land for a nominal sum per acre, and many of them purchased sections in the country, settled down, and got convict labour, both male and female servants, assigned to them, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of many wealthy families now resident in New South Wales. In 1829 land was purchased from freed prisoners, in the heart of Sydney of the present day, for a few dollars or a gallon of rum. The coin current in those days consisted of ring-dollars and dumps, the dump being the centre of the dollar punched out to represent a smaller currency.

The aspect of society in Sydney at this time was of a very mixed character, the preponderance of the convict element rendering it anything but a paradise to live in. Colonists could only get convict labour then and for many years after; an order from the Comptroller-General procured them as much as they wanted. Men were assigned to them from the barracks, who only got their food in return for their labour, and if any of them misbehaved themselves, they were sent to the stockade, and flogged by the authorities and returned

to their employers. I have seen prisoners working in very heavy iron fetters, some chained together, drawing trucks like horses, and grubbing up trees in the streets of Sydney, with a guard of soldiers in attendance; and it was a common occurrence to see the men sent from their work for some misdemeanour, flogged, and return with their backs streaming with blood.

Mr. Smith, according to promise, now sent me to school. It was a dame school at a place called Paramatta; and I may here remark that I have since bitterly regretted not having made a better use of my opportunities then. Close to the school was a factory or reformatory, where female convicts were employed working for the Government, making clothes and washing blankets, &c., for the male prisoners. There were three departments in this factory: in No. 1 was a place where refractory females had their hair cut off close and had to live on bread and water for their misbehaviour. In No. 2 were a lot of dark cells in which the incorrigibles were punished by being immured closely. No. 3 contained the women with fair characters, who were assigned as servants upon application from employers; these women, after working for one year and receiving a good character from their employers, were entitled to a "ticket-of-leave" from the Government, and then they could demand payment for their services. If after working three years on the ticket-of-leave there was no charge brought against them of bad behaviour, the Government generally granted them a pardon, and they there and then became free citizens. The same rule applied the male prisoners, and as a rule worked well. One

day, in No. 1 yard, one of the women from the dark cells was having her hair cut off by one of her sisters in crime. I suppose the operation put a barbarous notion into her mind, for she snatched the scissors and stabbed the operator. This virago was sent into Sydney and hanged, and fifty of her mates of the worst character were sent to view the spectacle as a wholesome warning. Whether it produced the desired effect I cannot say, but if ever a Pandemonium existed, it was then at that place.

Paramatta, now a splendid suburban town, was then a very small place indeed, inhabited mostly by ex-convicts who had "served their time"; it contained among other buildings a large stockade where male prisoners were housed. These men were manacled and made to work on the roads, &c., as before described in Sydney. One day in 1830 I saw four convicts shot by their soldier guards on the road close to my school. These men succeeded in freeing themselves from their fetters, and were running away and trying to escape into the bush, when the guards fired and killed the four. I afterwards learned that these unfortunate wretches were exceptionally criminal; but when one thinks of the hopelessness of their lives, and the cruelty and tyranny which were undoubtedly practised at that time, I look upon it as a happy release for them. The laws were fearfully strict as regarded the convicts. If one was found in the bush or elsewhere with arms, he was immediately hanged; although I must in justice remark, that any prisoner who conducted himself well and submitted to his punishment cheerfully, generally got good opportunities from the Government of redeeming his position.

Governor Burke was in charge of the colony at this date; he was said to be a just man, although very strict in all matters relating to the penal department. He died in this year, 1831, and Governor Darling took his place. After the stern but just rule of Burke, that of Darling was a "reign of terror." No quarter was given to the convicts; they were hung wholesale upon very slight provocation. If any "ticket-of-leave man" or assigned servant were found at large after 9 P.M. without a pass or warrant from their employers, they were sent to the stockade, their tickets taken from them, and were compelled to resume the old round of convict life, with all its horrors. Mr. John Herbert Plunkett was then Attorney-General and Crown Prosecutor, and was an able coadjutor of his chief, the Governor.

I left school this year, and, as I before remarked, had made but little use of my opportunities, and was almost as ignorant as when I began. Mr. Smith took me to work and live with him for one year. I was principally engaged riding around, serving customers and such-like. I was not allowed to ramble at night, but had to improve myself in reading and writing instead, and I may thank this care on the part of Mr. Smith for the little education I possess, and which has enabled me to pen the story of my life. I had Sunday to myself, and being a great lover of the water, I generally spent that day boating, or learning to swim, and in this art I became an adept, and thought very little of swimming three or four miles at a stretch. I mention this fact, as I shall hereafter have some startling anecdotes to relate of my prowess in this particular.

Mr. Smith had several stock stations up-country, and as he was about to visit them, he decided on taking me with him. We started, and this was my first experience in travelling in the New South Wales country. The station we were making for was about 140 miles from Sydney, at a place called Blackman's Swamp. It was a very extensive cattle station; there were about 4000 cattle and 1500 horses running on it. He had two other stations also at this time. There were twenty assigned servants on this station. We stayed there a fortnight, and put matters straight generally. We then went on to another station, about ten miles to the westward, at the head of the Fish River, carrying 120,000 sheep, and it was called "Bit Bit." He had here thirty assigned servants and ticket-of-leave men. The blacks, as the natives are called, were very numerous about here and very troublesome; the roads also were very rough, but tracks had been cut to admit of bullock teams carting the wool from the station to Sydney. There were very few settlers to be met with, and you might travel a long way without seeing a human face. On coming near a hut the stockman cracked his whip, and the proprietor immediately "slung the billy," and you were made welcome to "Damper, mutton, and tea," for it was not often the hut-keeper saw company. Hospitality was the leading characteristic of the bushman in those days.

While Mr. Smith and I were on Bit Bit, the blacks speared two of his shepherds one night. The rest of the men on the station took their arms and went after the natives; they were away all that day, and shot several of the blackskins. While they were away from the

station, about fifty natives reappeared and killed the two wounded men in the hut, and carried off a lot of tea and flour, &c. There were only Mr. Smith and myself left with the wounded men, and finding we could do nothing against so many black devils, we each seized a bridle and ran to the stockyard where the horses were, slipped the bridles over their heads, mounted, and made our escape. We rode back to the cattle station barebacked, not having had time to get our saddles, over a particularly rough piece of country, about ten or twelve miles. Mr. Smith immediately mustered the men, and told off fifteen to accompany him, taking all the arms he could find, and we started for Bit Bit station. We rode there in about two hours, and found that three of the party who had gone after the blacks had been killed, making, with the two poor wounded fellows, five in all. We buried our dead and mustered all hands. There were twenty-six mounted men, having fourteen double-barrelled shot-guns; these were all the firearms available on the station. I was a very good horseman at this time, and accompanied the party, leading a packhorse loaded with provisions; I had no arms. We left eight men behind and started. We had only ridden six miles when we came across about seventy black men, women, and children, camped by the side of a creek called Wilson's Creek, who were engaged busily in cooking part of a horse. All the men who had arms made a rush, firing in upon the blacks, Mr. Smith himself leading; some of the men remained with me. The firing party must have killed about forty of the black fellows. Mr. Smith was speared in the leg, and two of the men were very much

bruised with "boomerangs," and one horse was killed. This tribe of natives were very numerous and vicious, and a source of great trouble and annoyance to the settlers. Although as a rule not naturally timid, I must confess I had a desire to be safe back in Sydney after seeing this battle in the bush.

Before starting on our return to the station we camped and had something to eat, and attended to our wounded. We reached Bit Bit that afternoon, where we remained for a few days until Mr. Smith got well, and then commenced our return journey to Sydney. There was nothing particular to chronicle on this trip, except that in swimming the Fish River I was washed from my horse, and had to swim for it. The horse came out on the wrong side, and I had to walk five miles until we came to a station, when I obtained a fresh steed, and we made Sydney two days afterwards, for which I was truly thankful. I resumed my trade, and soon fell into the ordinary groove.

CHAPTER III.

Johnston's Creek—Ugly customers—Cattle-lifting—Lynch, a demon.

Mr. Smith being in want of cattle, I was despatched with three men to Johnston station, at the head of the Momi river, on the Liverpool Plains, to drive a mob down for the Sydney market. While there, another of those tragedies, so common in those days in the bush, occurred; the blacks had surprised and murdered two white women on the station. Although there was a stockade on the plains containing 500 prisoners, guarded by sixty soldiers, the station hands made no appeal to them for assistance, but turned out to the number of twenty, and went in search of the offenders. They came up with them, and drove them into a stockyard, where fifty of the blacks were slaughtered and their bodies burnt. This severe retaliation attracted the notice of the authorities, and the whole of the party engaged in the work, who were a mixed lot of freemen and convicts, were taken up and tried for murder, but by some means were acquitted. Mr. J. H. Plunkett was the Crown prosecutor, who was determined if possible to put down this bush system of reprisals. Three or four days afterwards seventeen of the same men went out again after the black fellows and killed a very old one; he was said to be eighty years of age.

The Government came down this time with a heavy hand, arrested the whole of the men, and tried them for the murder of this ancient native. They were found guilty on this occasion, and the whole of them hanged, and justice, in the person of J. H. Plunkett, was for a time satiated.

My men and I started for Sydney with 200 head of fat cattle; the station owner, Mr. Johnston, accompanied us for the first day's drive, and then returned. We camped that night about fifteen miles from the home station, where there was a large cattle-yard on the bank of a creek known as Johnston's Creek. We yarded the cattle and were cooking supper, when two men came up to us. One of them had convict's fetters on one of his legs, and a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and the pair altogether had an ugly look. It appeared they had made their escape from the stockade, mentioned before, on Liverpool Plain. The fellow with the leg-ornaments asked for a tomahawk, which he obtained, and with the aid of a round stone he succeeded in freeing himself from his shackles. He frankly informed us that he had worked for Government long enough, and he would take good care he would have no more of it. They got some tea and sugar, took a billy belonging to us to boil their tea in, and, saying "we must be off," they departed, much to our delight. In the morning two of our horses, with saddles and bridles, had disappeared; the bushrangers, our visitors of the night before, of course had appropriated them. One of the stockmen and I had to go back to the home station, where I obtained two horses and saddles to replace the stolen pair. We returned, and made a start

with the cattle. Shortly after, three men rode up behind us; they were Government officers in pursuit of our visitors of the previous night. We gave them all the particulars of our rencontre with them. The officers told us that one of the men, named Donoghue, if not soon arrested, was likely to commit terrible depredations, as he had hitherto proved himself one of the very worst criminals they had ever encountered; his companion's name was "Jackey Jackey." Further on I shall have something more to relate concerning these desperadoes. The officers bid us good-day, and continued their search; we kept on our way down to Sydney with our charge.

We had been ten days on the road when we met Mr. Smith, about four miles from town. He asked what had become of the horses we had started with. When I informed him of our misfortune he was considerably put out, as one of the stolen pair was a favourite stock horse, and I believe he would sooner have heard of the loss of the mob of cattle than his favourite steed. The cattle were sent to market and sold.

I did not have a very long spell this time; I was despatched with four men to bring down a flock of sheep. On the first day, about four miles out of town, we met six soldiers bringing in Lynch, a noted bushranger, a perfect fiend in human form. When upon his trial, he confessed to having murdered twenty-five people, killing five in one family. He was the worst ruffian who ever got loose in New South Wales. He escaped from custody and took to the bush. He had been transported for life to the colony. At this

time a great many settlers were moving up-country and squatting on the land. Among them was a family named Jones, consisting of Jones, his wife, two sons, and one daughter. One day Jones and his son were engaged building a stockyard, when Lynch appeared, and asked for work, stating that he was a ticket-of-leave man. Jones did not ask him for his ticket, but told him he had no work for him just then; however, he could stop overnight. Lynch mentioned that he had seen two horses, probably Jones's, a short distance away in a bog, and volunteered to show him where they were. Jones went with him into the bush, taking with him his little boy, aged six years. Lynch lagged behind, and called out to Jones to lend him the axe he was carrying, as there was a tree there with a lot of wild honey in it, and he would fell it. He went back to where Lynch was leaning against the tree, and handed him the axe. Lynch took it, and immediately struck him on the head with it, killing him instantly; he then struck the boy, and nearly severed his head from his shoulders. He then returned to the house, and found Mrs. Jones alone, her son and daughter having gone to bring home the cows. He told her that a small tree had fallen on her husband and the boy, and they were slightly hurt. She accompanied Lynch unsuspectingly, and on coming in sight of the bodies she fainted, and Lynch immediately despatched her also. He again returned to the house, and found the son and daughter had come home. The son asked him where was his father; he replied, "He is in the bush, and has found a lot of wild honey, and your mother has gone with a billy to put it in; but it

is not large enough, and your sister is to take another to them; they are not far off." The sister asked her brother to accompany them, when Lynch said, "You can go by yourselves." However, the brother went with him, letting his sister stay behind. When they came near the scene of the previous murders, Lynch threw the lad down and killed him with a pocket-knife. He then dragged the bodies into a heap, and covered them with brushwood. It was getting late in the evening when Lynch got back to the house. Miss Jones asked where were her father and mother. Lynch replied, "They and your brothers are all right, they are asleep in the bush." She remarked some blood on his clothes, and told him of it. He said, "Yes; and if you say a word about it I will serve you as I have served the others; I tell you they are sleeping in the bush." He then ordered her to go to bed.

The poor girl had to obey the ruffian, who then tied her hands and feet. She was at this time seventeen years old. He now went into the bush, set fire to the scrub he had piled over the bodies of his miserable victims, and burnt them. On the completion of this diabolical work he returned to the house and told the girl what he had done. She begged earnestly for her life. He said he would do her no harm if she would tell him where her father kept his money. She said if there was any it would be kept in the box in his bedroom. He searched the whole house and found none, but managed to secure a watch and a shot-gun. Before leaving, he went into the girl's room and attempted to murder her also. He struck her in the face with a billet of wood, but hear-

ing a noise outside, he decamped into the bush, carrying the gun with him.

The noise which disturbed him was caused by two stockmen who were bringing in cattle, bought by Mr. Jones a few days before. They dismounted and saw no one about; but, hearing a noise of some one sobbing, they called out, "Is there any one at home?" Receiving no answer, they entered, and following the sound, they saw the young woman lying on the bed, bleeding profusely from wounds on the face, and a piece of wood covered with blood lying near her. One said to the other, "Jack, there has been some foul work done here; who can have been at it?" The poor victim then spoke and said, "Don't let me lie like this; kill me at once, for mercy's sake!" The men told her not to be afraid, they were not going to hurt her. They then got some warm water and washed the blood from her wounds, and bound them up as well as they could. Her forehead and nose were terribly smashed; and while the men were attending to her she fainted. On recovering her senses she told them of the shocking occurrence, as related to her by the monster Lynch, who, before striking her, had told her his name and his manner of committing the crimes.

The men stopped all that day, and the girl appeared to grow better and easier. One of them then mounted his horse to go for assistance. He rode all night, and reached Brown's station, thirty-five miles away. On relating the story to Mr. Brown, he got some necessaries and medicine, and started with three men, and reached the scene of the tragedy at nightfall. He found Miss Jones much better,

and after hearing from her lips a recital of the horrible story, went in search of the bodies of her murdered family. They found them half a mile from the house, lying in a heap, charred and burnt beyond recognition. They returned, after burying the remains, but made no mention of the facts to the poor girl. Shortly after Mr. Brown caused her to be removed to his own home, where she lived until Lynch was apprehended. She gave evidence at the trial, and died shortly afterwards, the murderer of her parents having in the meantime met his end at the hands of the hangman.

I may have dwelt too long on this terrible affair, but I merely wished to show what manner of ruffians the colonists in the early days had to deal with, and their name was legion.

CHAPTER IV.

"Sam Terry" and "Bill Nash"—A jollification—Anything but a jollification—Interviewed by bushrangers.

AFTER passing the guard of soldiers mentioned in the beginning of the last chapter, we continued our journey, and reached the Emu Station, 130 miles from Sydney, without any serious mishap. This property belonged to Smith and Terry, and was worked entirely by assigned convict-servants and ticket-of-leave men, and carried 150,000 sheep, 400 horses, and 200 head of cattle. This was in 1833. The well-known Sam Terry, one of the proprietors, was one of the wealthiest men at that time in New South Wales. He had originally been transported for life from home, but got a pardon while young, and realised his colossal fortune by lucky speculations in land. He had never been to school, and what little he knew he had taught himself: he was a singular character, and, notwithstanding his immense wealth, was never called by any other title than "Sam Terry." His chief regret through life was being unable to revisit the old country, his pardon only extending to the colonies. This was exemplified in the case of another colonial millionaire, "Bill Nash," who also obtained a pardon, although originally exiled for life. This man went to England from Sydney, and thinking that money would do anything, had the impudence to start

a carriage and eight, in which he drove in Hyde Park; and upon one occasion actually interfered with the progress of the royal carriage by being driven in front of the Queen. Inquiries were instituted, and his antecedents revealed, and although the wealthiest colonist of the day, he got notice to return to his former haunts, which he did rather hurriedly, and died in Sydney some years after, leaving an immense fortune. Sam Terry, in his anxiety for a glimpse of his old home, offered, if the Government would allow him to make the visit, to build a frigate, arm her, and hand her over to Her Majesty free of cost. His princely offer was declined, and poor Sam had to rest content with the quarters assigned to him for the rest of "his natural life."

We were mustering the sheep and getting ready for a start down-country, and had been several days on the station, when suddenly two new arrivals appeared upon the scene; these were Messrs. Smith and Sam Terry. They were on the road to the station, and about five miles from the end of their journey, when they were "stuck up" by two bushrangers, who took their horses and what money they had from them, and they had to continue their journey on foot. Sam Terry was very strict and near in his ways, and his style of behaviour was not generally liked by his servants, who were, perforce, convicts mostly. Smith, Terry, and all the men who were with me collected together in the large hut that night, and there was a general jollification. Sam Terry related the adventure with the bushrangers, and remarked that, but for the cowardice of Smith, he would have taken the two

bushrangers and brought them on to the station with him, instead of having to walk home on foot. He then asked what firearms there were in the station. The overseer said there were ten muskets and ten charges of ammunition. Smith asked what he wanted the information for; he replied, "To go after the two bushrangers who stole our horses." Smith said, "You had better let them alone; you or I will never miss a horse or two. I lost my watch, and am well pleased; I might have lost my life. They were ugly-looking customers." Terry said, "They took 10*l.* from me, I cannot forgive that. I always thought you were a coward, Smith; I wish I had fired at them." Smith replied "that he did not think he was cowardly, but under such circumstances he believed 'discretion was the better part of valour,' and had Terry fired, he would not be there to tell the tale." The sequel will show that Sam was not such a very great warrior after all.

There were twenty-seven of us, all told, sitting round about in the hut. It was built of what is known as "wattle and dab," or poles and mud, and roofed with the bark of the gum-tree. At about eight o'clock two men came to the open door and walked in, and, without further ceremony, commanded us to "bail up," i.e., go into one corner. We did so like a flock of sheep, the valiant Sam Terry among the rest. These were the redoubtable robbers, the subject of the conversation they had so unceremoniously interrupted. They had each a double-barrelled gun in hand, and a pair of pistols in their belt, and their hair was of patriarchal growth—a pair of as uninviting-looking ruffians as could be

possibly imagined. They ordered Sam Terry to make some tea for them, and told me to bring a stool near the door, that they might sit down and still command the inmates of the hut. One of them remarked, "I have seen you before, with a mob of cattle," and then I remembered him. He asked me how many, and if all the men in the station were then in the hut. I replied, having been on the station only a few days I could not say, but Mr. Smith or Terry would inform them. Sam Terry, who was very unwillingly doing the honours, said, "Every man on the station is here to-night." One of the guests pulled out a watch to look at the time, and remarked, "Mr. Smith, this watch of yours does not keep very good time," rather a grim joke for the owner, to whom he was speaking.

They kept Sam Terry at work for nearly an hour, and when they had satisfied their hunger they told him to clear away the table, which he did with as good a grace as he could muster. They then said all they wanted was gunpowder, and they meant to have it, if it was on the station. They ordered Sam Terry to bring one man at a time to the door, and tie his hands behind his back. This was done, until all hands were helpless, Terry remarking to Smith, when his time came, "This is a fine job I have got into;" and one of the bushrangers said, "I intend to give you a better one presently." The men were then ordered back into the corner, and I was deputed to tie Sam Terry. One of our captors then said, "I will now make this young man fast, and then I will do you the favour of a polite introduction to ourselves, and inform you whom you have so hospitably enter-

tained to-night." Certainly we had not "entertained angels unawares," judging from their looks. He made me sit down near the door, and the other kept his gun at full cock all the time. He said his name was "Donoghue," and his mate's "Jackey Jackey," and they had escaped some time ago from the Stockade on Liverpool Plains, and had been living a free and jolly life since. This was very possible in those days, for the hut-keepers and servants generally being of the criminal class, their sympathies went with their old chums in crime, and they would shelter and assist them in preference to giving them up to justice; besides, to turn informer was generally their death-warrant from some of the bushranger "pals" sooner or later.

When Mr. Donoghue had thus explained himself, he asked Sam Terry where the gunpowder was kept. He referred him to the overseer, who said it was in a small hut at the back of the stockyard. He then untied my hands, and ordered the overseer to precede him to the store. He took me with him, and I handed out two tins of powder and some buck-shot, Donoghue keeping his gun in position the whole time, and his mate doing duty as sentry at the hut while we were away. We returned to the hut, and Donoghue remarked to Terry, "I have a good mind to make you carry a bag of sugar for us a mile or two out into the bush." Sam turned quite pale at the thought of being made a pack-horse of, but the bushranger did not press him into the service. He made me do up some tea and sugar and put it into a bag for them.

They now made up their minds to leave, and gave orders that none of the men were to leave the corner or have their hands unfastened for full two hours after they took their departure, and at the expiry of the time I was to loose them, my hands having been left untied for that purpose. They remarked, casually, that they might take it into their heads to return before that time, and if any man was loose then he would have his brains blown out on the spot. They bid us good-night, and left.

It was about twelve o'clock, and a beautiful moonlight night. I made up a good fire to keep the captives comfortable. They kept up a pretty lively conversation on the late performance of the freebooters, and the incongruity of two of the richest men in New South Wales being prisoners and helpless in their own house. The men, and Sam Terry in particular, expressed no very earnest wishes to be loosed, probably fearing a return of the bushrangers, and it was fully five hours after their departure that a general wish for freedom was expressed. I then undid them, and a feeling of security began to steal over them all.

The two bushrangers did not return, and probably never meant to when they threatened to do so. Sam Terry expressed a fervent hope that he should reach Sydney without a repetition of the acquaintance, and promised himself a long immunity from trips up-country in the future. Mr. Smith and Terry having completed their business on the station, left for Sydney, taking two men with them, and three days after I started with four men and 4000 sheep for the market. We were

over three weeks on the trip, and had very good luck with the sheep, losing very few; they were sent to market and realised good prices. Altogether the trip was a very successful one. Driving sheep is a very monotonous occupation, especially if they are fat and cannot be hurried.

CHAPTER V.

Sacking a bank—Bound for Adelaide—Black snakes en route—Blackskins ditto—A brush with the latter—Twofold Bay—Norfolk Island—Steering for Port Philip—Wrecked—The rush raft, a broken reed for the Captain—Trading with naked savages—Turtle, but no soup—A hurricane.

WHILE I was staying in Sydney this trip, the Bank of New South Wales was robbed, and there was very considerable excitement in the town at the time. There were two or three empty buildings on the opposite side of the street from the bank. The robbers effected an entrance, and sunk a shaft in one of them, from which they drove a tunnel across the street and under the bank premises. They were thus enabled to get at the safe, which contained a large sum of money and securities, the whole of which the daring burglars carried off. In spite of the vigilance of the police and the large rewards offered, the perpetrators were never brought to light. There were forty men brought up at various times on suspicion, and discharged. These men, some of whom became wealthy colonists, were afterwards known as the "forty thieves."

Mr. Smith, with a kind view of providing for my future, purchased some land in an up-country town, called Bathurst, about 130 miles from Sydney. This land hereafter became valuable, and in a future chapter I shall have occasion to refer to it.

I had now been driving stock, &c., through the country for about two years. I was now, in the year 1834, fifteen

years of age, and a very strong healthy lad and a good rough-rider. In that year Smith and Terry exported a lot of horses to the Indian market for the troops, and I was principally engaged, with others, in bringing horses down-country from the different stations to the port during that year. In 1835 I was sent with a party of men with draught horses overland to Adelaide. This was a tremendous journey to undertake overland in those days, and over very rough country. There were twelve men besides myself, and I was cook for the party. Twelve of the horses were packed with provisions and our swags or blankets. The mob consisted of 200 draught and forty saddle-horses. The country was swarming with hostile blacks at the time. Indeed, when you were ten miles from any settlement the natives became troublesome, and nothing remained but to rub them out on every opportunity.

We started from one of Mr. Smith's stations; we travelled about twenty miles the first day, and camped; we unpacked the horses, and got our supper. The men cut branches, and soon erected a large mia-mia to sleep under, and six horses were tethered in close proximity, so as to be ready in the morning to run the rest of the mob in. This was a rule always strictly attended to in the bush. The weather at the time was warm enough to enable one to dispense with blankets. The night passed quietly enough, and in the morning we struck camp, having got the horses together, and resumed our journey. We had a long drive that day, and camped beside a river. About a mile from us there were a lot of mia-mias, a native encampment, but we

saw no blacks. Men were told off to keep watch all night, as we thought the blacks might trouble us, the night being their favourite time for mischief. However, we had a peaceful night. In the morning we crossed the river, driving our horses ahead, when a shower of "boomerangs" were thrown at us, but they did little injury. The missiles came from a dense scrub on the river bank, which effectually hid our foes. Eight of our men fired their double-barrels into the bush, and possibly wiped out a few of the darkies. We then pushed on out of this unpleasant neighbourhood.

On the third day we had better country, over an immense plain, extending for about forty miles, covered with kangaroo grass about three or four feet high. We fell in with very little water, and that was brackish enough to render it very nauseous. Black snakes were very plentiful, however, and we lost three horses in crossing from snake-bite. We drove late on this, the fifth day, to reach the Murrumbidgee river. We made it, and camped on the bank about ten o'clock at night. In the morning we found that we had lost our stock of gunpowder off the packhorse, or we had left it behind at one of our camps, so two of the men rode down the river to the Murrumbidgee station, about four miles, and obtained a fresh supply. On returning, they were met by a lot of blacks, who threw their spears at them, and killed one of the men. His mate galloped up to the camp, and gave us the alarm. All the men immediately armed and mounted.

Our leader wanted to leave me behind with two men, but I would not stop. I wanted to see the fun, and, besides, the blacks were too close to be pleasant for

three men to deal with. In about ten minutes we came up with about forty of the darkies, and fired a volley at them. They returned a cloud of spears and boomerangs, and what were left of them took off into the bush. We had killed a good many of them, but four of the men and myself were wounded severely. I was speared in the arm and leg, and could not travel. The men and myself were taken to the station, where two died. These and the first man killed were buried in one lonely grave. The other wounded man and myself had to remain at the station. Our leader got five men from the station to make up the deficiency, and, after resting four days, continued their journey on to Adelaide. My wounded mate, named Wilson, and myself, remained on the station for three months before I was able to ride a horse.

As soon as I could mount I started with a mob of cattle which were going to Twofold Bay, on the sea-coast, about 240 miles from Sydney, to a station owned by a Dr. Hemley. A whaling party were just commencing operations there under a man called "Johnny Jones," a well-known man in Sydney, and afterwards in Otago, New Zealand. He was the first man to initiate the industry of whale-fishing on that part of the coast. I shall have to again refer to "Johnny," so will leave him for the present.

After Dr. Hemley had taken charge of the cattle, I left Twofold Bay for Sydney in a small coasting craft, and was lucky enough to arrive there without mishap. In the harbour I saw a man-of-war brig at anchor, which had brought in fourteen convicts who had made their escape from Norfolk Island. They

were picked up at sea, in a gale of wind, in two whale-boats. It appears they were desperate felons. The fact of their being on Norfolk Island was a sufficient warrant for this, as it was a penal settlement to which the very worst and most irreclaimable convicts were sent as further punishment from Sydney and Van Diemen's Land. It must have been a perfect hell upon earth. I have heard men say they would suffer death in any shape rather than go back there. The men who had been captured had broken out of their prison and taken two boats from the beach and put to sea. They were tried in Sydney; three of them were hanged, and the rest sent back to the island.

Sydney had begun to show great signs of improvement, and was now a considerably larger town than when I landed in 1829. I explained to Mr. Smith all that had happened to me since my departure. He had had news of my being wounded, and was glad to see me back safe. I was not allowed to remain long idle. Mr. Smith was now exporting sheep to Port Phillip. This was in 1836, which place was at this time becoming settled. Coasting craft were trading from Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, bringing settlers to form the nucleus of what is now the grand city of Melbourne. Among the first was one John Faulkner, who may be said to be the father of Victoria. Land could then be bought in Port Phillip for five shillings per acre, so that it was no wonder that the first settlers as a rule became eventually very wealthy men.

I L [illegible] name *Lady Emma*, with a

lot of sheep for Mr. Smith. We cleared the Heads that evening. It came on to blow a heavy gale shortly afterwards, and the barque was driven on shore on the Five Islands. She broke up in a very short time. There were no lives lost, but we had great difficulty in getting on shore. Some managed to land in the boat, others reached terra firma by means of spars, &c. Everything belonging to the vessel and ourselves was utterly lost.

The people on the islands treated us very kindly. We lodged with one John Baker, about the oldest man in the colony at that date. He had been transported for life, but had obtained his pardon, and had now a very large farm, and a number of ticket-of-leave men were employed by him; indeed the whole population of the islands consisted of freed men who had served their time in Sydney. Farming was the principal industry, and large quantities of butter and cheese were produced and sent to the Sydney market. About fifty miles along the coast from Five Islands was a small settlement called "Holy Dollar," where coasters called for grain for Sydney. The captain, crew, and myself determined to push on for this place and try and get passage to Sydney in one of the coasters. We bid good-bye to our kind host, John Baker, and started on our journey.

The country was a very rough one to travel over. We came to a creek about thirty feet wide and very deep; and as the captain and some of the crew could not swim, we spent some hours endeavouring to find a crossing-place, but could not manage it. Four men and myself swam across, and there being a lot of bullrushes on one side, we made a "bogey," or

rush raft, and a rope out of the same material. We floated it over to the captain, who got upon it; we pulled on the rope, and it unfortunately broke when the raft was in midstream. The captain was drowned before we could render him any assistance. The men who were on the opposite side, and who could not swim, seeing the fate of the captain, made up their minds not to risk the passage, but return to Mr. Baker's, which they did, while we pushed on for Holy Dollar. We were lucky enough to get a passage in a coaster for Sydney, where we arrived safely. Mr. Smith had heard of the wreck, but now, for the first time, of the captain's death. He was very much cut up about it, as the captain had been a very old friend of his. He reckoned the loss of the vessel and the sheep as nothing compared with the loss of his old friend. However, he was gone, and there was little use in indulging in unavailing regret.

Mr. Smith had now become a very extensive exporter of cattle, sheep, and horses, and the owner of several vessels. I left in one of these with another cargo of sheep for Port Phillip, and was fortunate this time in landing them safe at their destination. Smith and Terry had a large station in Port Phillip at this time, and were among the first to take up land for stock purposes.

At this time Mr. John Faulkner, mentioned in a previous page, started a newspaper in Melbourne. Its first issues were written with pen and ink, and I believe there are some copies still extant. There are presses in Melbourne at this date throwing off 16,000 to 20,000 per hour. The sheep I had brought were de-

spatched to the station, and I returned in the barque to Sydney. We were exporting stock and sheep to the neighbouring colonies throughout this year, and I was mostly employed in looking after the cargoes and the men.

In the year 1837 the Government decided on forming a penal settlement at Port Essington, on the western coast of New Holland, and eight vessels were despatched with 400 soldiers, 500 convicts, and a lot of cattle and sheep, provisions, &c. The names of the men-of-war were the *Alligator*, 28 guns; *Pelorus*, 16 guns; *Britomarte*, 10 guns; *Beagle*, surveying brig; two large transports; the *Orontes*, barque, in which I sailed, and another. We had cattle on board, and had a good passage to Torres Straits, lying between New Holland and the coast of New Guinea. These straits are at all times dangerous for navigation; the fleet came to an anchor every night to avoid the coral reefs which abound in all directions. Every evening we came to anchor the New Guinea natives came off in their canoes to trade with us. They gave tortoise-shell and pearl-shells in exchange for strips of printed calico. They were very suspicious, and would not part with their commodities until they got something in exchange. They went about totally naked, always carried their bows and arrows with them, and altogether had rather a savage and unpromising appearance. The natives on the New Holland coast were a much more savage and shy race, and never attempted to board or hold any communication with the ships.

Some of the cattle being sick and in want of green food, boats were occasionally sent on shore, with men

to cut grass. I went one afternoon, and was looking for turtle-eggs, when I came across a very large turtle on the beach. I got three men to assist in turning the turtle on his back, preparatory to getting him to the boat, when a shower of "boomerangs," the native war weapon, flew over our heads from a party of blacks in the scrub which fringed the shore. We had to leave our prize, and, taking to our heels, made for the boat. We reached it safely, and shortly after got on board our vessel. No men were allowed to go on shore after this fright until the fleet arrived at Port Essington.

When we reached this port the vessels anchored, and boats were sent in to take soundings over the harbour. It was found to be deep enough for the largest vessels afloat—very capacious and well-sheltered, somewhat resembling Sydney harbour—and probably the best on the N.W. coast. The climate, however, is nothing to boast of; fever and ague are very prevalent, and white people cannot become acclimatised. After all the cattle and stores were landed, the men were immediately set to work building houses and a large stockade for the prisoners, the majority of whom were kept on board the transports until their future habitation was made ready for them. When this was done, they were put on shore and employed erecting barracks for the soldiers, constructing wharves, and other necessary works.

We had been a fortnight in port when a terrific hurricane took place. Four vessels were driven on shore; the *Pelorus* gun-brig grounded on a sand-bank, and nine of her crew were lost. The *Orontes*, the barque in which I came, got on a rock and had a large hole

stove in her bottom. Although the harbour was completely landlocked, the fierce gale lashed the sea into waves mountains high. A large quantity of our provisions got lost or irretrievably damaged, so that all hands had to be put on short allowance while we remained.

The natives at Port Essington are a different class from the rest of the Australian aborigines, being of a copper colour, and fight principally with the bow and arrow. There is a considerable admixture of Malays among them, who come at certain seasons in their proas to collect *bêche de mer*, which they sell at Copang, where there is always a good market for this material.

CHAPTER VI.

Afloat and astrand—Lost—Rescued—"Never meant to be drowned"—Trip up north, among the Malays—Cruising and trading.

A FEW days after the gale and the loss of our craft, a schooner, called the *Sulworth*, put into Port Essington. Captain Short, of the ill-fated *Orontes*, secured passages in her for himself, his wife, two children, some of the crew, and myself. Four men from one of the men-of-war also accompanied us; making, with the crew of the schooner, about twenty souls. We left the harbour for Swan River, for the south, late one afternoon, with a light wind, and were becalmed all that night. We discovered that Captain Brown, of the *Sulworth*, gave way to intoxication, and this did not tend to reassure us. The third night from port very thick foggy weather came on, with half a gale of wind. The schooner was running before the wind with every stitch set. In the dead of night, without the slightest warning, the vessel struck heavily, and in a few minutes parted amidships. The shore loomed close a hand, with a heavy surf rolling in.

How we reached shore I was never able to remembe
t when daylight broke I found myself, in compar
a man named Winton and Captain Brown's wi
on the beach. We were very much bruised e
without a vestige of clothing left; a f

[*Page* 37.

CAST AWAY ON N.W. COAST OF NEW HOLLAND, 1839.

sant prospect truly, starvation staring us in the face! Fortunately there was a small stream of fresh water close to where we were cast on shore, and Winton and I broke down some bushes and made a "mia-mia" under a rock. We got a lot of dry seaweed and made a bed, in which we managed to sleep that night. We had no fire, but managed to pick up some cockles, on which we broke our fast. Having no clothing, I manufactured some straw ropes, and, with the aid of some leaves, we managed to partially cover our nakedness, and these were the only coverings we had for the nine days we spent on the beach. For the first three days we had to keep a strict watch over the captain's widow. She was almost distracted, and seemed inclined to end her misery by throwing herself into the sea. However, she gradually grew calmer and more resigned, but grew very weak from exposure and want of proper food. On the fourth day Winton and I managed to kill a seal. I procured a large flat shell, and after sharpening it I skinned him and manufactured a garment for one poor fellow-sufferer out of it. She was now more comfortable, but still kept growing weaker and more despondent. We used the flesh of the seal for food for some days. On the ninth day we were all standing on a high rock, with branches of trees in our hands, looking out in the hope of seeing some passing vessel and signalling her. Subsequently, I saw smoke rising about two miles off in the bush. I called Winton, and we decided not to arouse false hopes in the poor woman's breast by telling her, until we had discovered whether it proceeded from friends or foes in our neighbourhood. She overheard Winton and me con-

versing, and screamed out in terror, saying, "Oh, Barry, you will never leave me here alone to die!" I comforted her, and told her that we were afraid the smoke might be caused by natives; and as falling into their hands would not better our unfortunate position, we had decided to reconnoitre and return at once to her. We left her, and proceeded cautiously in the direction of the smoke. We walked some distance along the beach, when Winton joyfully exclaimed, "Look, look, there is a boat!" and sure enough it was a large boat with eight men in her. We ran up and made our pitiful story known.

These rough fellows were very much astonished and shocked at our appearance, but showed great alacrity to relieve us. They were a sealing party from King George's Sound, and were going to Swan River. Four of them immediately started along the beach, and finding the captain's widow, who was half dead with terror and anxiety, they rolled her in a blanket and brought her to the boat. They also provided Winton and myself with some of their own clothes.

We all embarked and got under weigh for Swan River. Shortly after, our lady passenger fainted, and we all thought she was dead; but having procured some rum from one of our deliverers, I moistened her lips and forced a little of it down her throat. She shortly revived, and gradually plucked up her spirit.

Although our boat was staunch, and, being built like a whale-boat, was calculated to weather a pretty stiff gale, we had all our work to do that night. A heavy gale and head wind sprang up, and after battling with hours, our crew of sealers beached her

in a convenient place, where we landed, camped, and managed to make some tea, which greatly revived Mrs. Brown, who was getting on finely.

Next day the wind veered round, and we resumed our voyage to Swan River with a fair wind, and reached there that night in safety. We were lodged that night at the whaling station, and in the morning we were taken into the town and were very kindly treated by every one. The Government very generously paid all our expenses while there, and presented our rescuers with 100*l*.

The captain's widow was now nearly recovered, and went to live at the house of a sea-captain and old friend of her husband's, where she regained her health. I often called to see her while I remained in Swan River. It was a very small place, with very few inhabitants at this time, 1837; there was a whaling station at the place, and this industry, and that of sealing, were the principal sources of revenue.

In about three months a vessel called *en route* for Sydney. The Government considerately secured our passages, and we were very thankful and glad to avail ourselves of the kindness. Winton and I sailed for Sydney, Mrs. Brown remaining behind. We arrived all safe, and in reporting myself to Mr. Smith and detailing my adventures, he was utterly astonished, saying that I was a perfect wonder, and certainly was never meant to be drowned; and no doubt his prophecy has proved correct so far; I have since had many hairbreadth escapes, but am not drowned yet.

In the year 1838 a gentleman, Mr. Benjamin Boyd, a very wealthy man, arrived from England in a yacht

of sixteen tons, called the *Wanderer*, and rather surprised the colonists by such an exhibition of pluck and good seamanship. He purchased large tracts of land and several stations, also whaling ships, and carried on the whale fishery for many years, and realised an immense fortune. He built a small town at the whaling station, Twofold Bay, which is called Boyd Town to this day. Here he built large meat-curing works, and exported meat to all the other colonies. He and Mr. Smith, my employer, had very heavy transactions in business together, and one day Mr. Boyd, who had often met me during these transactions, asked me to go into his employ. I referred him to Mr. Smith, who said if I could better my prospects, by all means to go.

Mr. Boyd wanted me to go as trading-master in a barque, the *Swallow*, which he was fitting out for a trading trip up north, among the Malays at Timor and other islands in the Malaysian Archipelago. Being anxious to see a little more of the world, I decided to accept his offer, and early in 1838 left in the barque, which was then ready for sea; she was fitted out for carrying stock. She was commanded by Captain Dunn, a very old man, who never left the barque to go on shore during the voyage, until compelled by sickness. In due time we arrived at a place called Cochibab, a Malay settlement in the Timor Straits. The inhabitants were a very treacherous set, and required vigilant watching. The long-boat was put over the side, the crew got in, well armed, and we took our trade goods with us, consisting of iron hoops, beads, and gaudy-coloured calico prints. I was pretty suc-

cessful with the natives, and succeeded in procuring 125 Timor ponies, and 800 lbs. of tortoise-shell and a quantity of pearl. After getting this part of our cargo properly stowed on board, we got under weigh for Copang, where there were a few Dutch settlers, and bought some fodder for our ponies, called by courtesy hay, but it was a very poor sample.

We sailed from Copang for another settlement in the straits, called Howlitt. The anchorage here was very bad, so we got out the boat, arms, trade goods, &c., and went on shore; the barque in the meantime cruising up and down within sight, and did not attempt to anchor that day. There were any number of ponies here, and quantities of pearl and tortoise-shell; but the Malays were very chary, and I could not deal with them that day, so I made them understand I should come on shore next day, and went off aboard. In the morning the captain stood close in to the land, and finding there was good holding-ground, dropped anchor in the open roadstead. I went on shore, and the natives being in a better humour, I succeeded in trading with them, and in return for my goods I got 100 ponies and a good stock of pearl and tortoise-shell. I learnt the natives at this place were great warriors in their way, and, having large war-canoes, made predatory excursions along the straits and worried their less warlike neighbours.

Our captain was now taken very ill, and we had to go on to Copang with him. He went on shore, and we laid at anchor in the harbour, which is a tolerably good one, for a week. The captain, feeling better then, came on board. We weighed anchor and stood out for Sydney.

We arrived without accident, but the captain was very ill all the voyage; in fact he nearly died; he was evidently growing too old for a seafaring life. Mr. Boyd gave me considerable praise for my success, and the cargo realised a handsome sum. The ponies, which were the first of the kind which had ever reached Sydney, were very much admired, and brought from 10*l.* to 20*l.* each; the pearl and tortoise-shell also brought in a good profit.

CHAPTER VII.

Murderous yellowskins—Visit to India—Return voyage—A collision—A fast young man—On the war-path—Again under weigh—Cannibals at elbow—The cholera, or delirium tremens!—Away to China—Floating corpses rafts for vultures—War with China—Cutting off pigtails—Wounded—A stowaway—Whipped—Well home once more.

A SHORT time after returning from the last voyage Mr. Boyd wished me to undertake another; but I declined, as Mr. Smith wanted my services. I parted with him on the best of terms. He made me a handsome present, and told me his employ was always open to me at a good salary, for which I duly thanked him. The *Swallow* was shortly after despatched on another voyage in the same trade, in command of Captain Wilson, Captain Dunn remaining in Sydney to recruit his shattered health. The captain was the trading-master this time, the mate always remaining on board and working the ship.

On arriving at Howlitt, one of the islands mentioned in the last chapter, the captain went on shore in the long-boat and commenced trading with the Malays. He had not been long engaged in the business when some dispute arose, evidently preconcerted on the part of the natives, who made a savage onslaught, and killed the captain and the boat's crew. They then got into their canoes and boarded the ship. There happened to be a whale-boat lying alongside, and as the savages came up one side the mate and two of the crew managed to get into her and make

their escape. The murderous yellowskins made short work of the remainder of the unfortunate crew, murdering every soul; and after plundering the barque, they set fire to her, and she burnt to the water's edge. The mate and the two sailors managed to reach Copang, and finding a whaler there bound for Sydney, they got passages in her and arrived safely. I saw the mate after his arrival, and got the above particulars from himself. The Malays were, and I believe are yet, a treacherous and dangerous race to have dealings with. The disaster related above might easily have occurred on my trip; if so, it is very possible I would not this day have been penning this veracious history.

In this year, 1839, Mr. Smith was shipping horses to the Indian market to supply the East India Company's troops. There was a large vessel called the *Lord Lynedock* lying in port, which had been conveying prisoners to Sydney. She had fine accommodation for stock, so Mr. Smith chartered her for Calcutta. He placed on board 400 horses, and putting me in charge of the animals, away we went on our voyage, with a fair wind. We had splendid weather during the trip, and arrived safe at our destination. Out of the entire lot shipped we only lost four horses, fortunately. I stopped on shore for six weeks, the time occupied in loading up the ship with cargo for her return trip, and enjoyed myself immensely; everything was so new and strange. I had plenty of money and very little need for it; a suit of light clothes could be purchased for one rupee (2*s.*), and a palanquin with two bearers could be hired for a whole day for about 6*d.*; it was luxurious to travel about on the shoulders of two strapping

darkies all the hot summer's day. I frequently went to a place called Dum Dum, about fifteen miles from Calcutta. There was a fine collection of wild animals to be seen there, and also a large still pond of water filled with tame fish, which would come to the edge and eat rice out of the visitor's hand. Altogether, my first impressions of India were very pleasurable, notwithstanding the terrific heat which prevailed.

The *Lord Lynedock* had now completed a loading of sugar, grain, and rice for the Sydney market, and was pretty deep in the water. The sails were bent, passengers taken on board, and a tug towed us down the river Hooghly. We laid two days at the mouth, and having a fair wind, up stick and away for Australia once more; and I must say that I felt something like regret at leaving so jolly a place. On my next visit my feelings were altogether different; but of this more anon. The passengers soon shook down into their respective places, and the voyage back was a pleasant and speedy one.

We arrived at Sydney Heads without any mishap or occurrence of note. The wind was blowing hard from the eastward as we passed through the Heads. It was a fair wind up the harbour, and night had set in; the light on the "Sow and Pigs," a small island in mid-channel, had gone out. Shortly after leaving it, a small coasting schooner which was tacking across the harbour came into collision with us. Our vessel passed clean over her, and twelve unfortunate people who were in her were drowned before we could render any assistance.

I went on shore next day and saw my employer, who was highly pleased with the success of the trip,

and told me he should shortly send me over the same route on a similar errand. He had then two ships chartered to convey horses to Calcutta, and had entered into partnership with Mr. Boyd, who wished me to go another trip as trading-master to the Straits of Timor; but after the fate of the *Swallow* and her crew, I imagined it would be tempting Providence, and declined his offer.

At this time I have to confess that I was rather a fast young man; I had plenty of money, and I spent it freely. When I ran short I only had to apply to Messrs. Smith, Boyd, or Terry, to get as much as I required, and this system unfortunately imbued me with a spendthrift habit, which has stuck to me more or less ever since, I am sorry to acknowledge. I met Mr. Smith one morning, and he asked me if I was ready to proceed again to India. Having been six weeks ashore, I embraced the opportunity of a change, and told him I was quite willing; although at this time Sydney was becoming quite a pleasant place to live in; immigration had set in, and society was assuming a different aspect. I asked him for some money, and he said with astonishment, "Why, you had 150*l.* a fortnight ago, what have you done with it?" I turned sulky, and refused to inform him. He had seen me in the company of the celebrated Bill Nash, spoken of before as the man who had the hardihood and impudence to impede the Queen's carriage in Hyde Park, while home on a ticket-of-leave, and guessed rightly that Nash, to use a colonial expression, had "had me." Nash, although a very wealthy man, was a confirmed gambler, and was clever enough, even among such a

roguish community, to make the "profession" a paying one. Gambling had great charms for a young careless fellow like myself, and Mr. Nash, I am ashamed to say, frequently possessed himself of my stock of cash by his cleverness.

The vessels being ready and only waiting for their cargo of horses, which were behind their time arriving, Mr. Smith despatched me to hasten them. Two days from Sydney, I witnessed a great fight between two hostile tribes of aborigines on the Emu Plains. Both tribes were in their war-paint, which means being daubed all over with red clay and their breasts slashed through the skin, leaving scars which, by the means of the paint, gave them the appearance of skeletons; they fought with spears and boomerangs, and a great number were killed on both sides. The mob of horses were close at hand, and I was glad to get away from the horrible scene. The white man is frequently blamed for the decadence of the native population of Australia; but my experience leads me to believe that, had they been left entirely to the freedom of enjoyment of that vast territory, sooner or later they would have become extinct by their own habits. I returned to Sydney with the horses, which were duly shipped; and the barque *Mary*, Captain Fox, having received her complement—300 quadrupeds—was ready for sea, and I embarked.

My old friend Mr. Smith was at this time breaking up fast, and I felt a sort of presentiment that we should not meet again in this world; and indeed this turned out to be correct, for when I returned after two years' wandering, I found he had died ten months after I left

Sydney, and I had lost the very best friend I ever had in this world. He died very wealthy, and universally regretted.

We left Sydney harbour on the 31st of June, and our captain determined to make the passage *viâ* Torres Straits. As the reader will be aware, I had already been over the route, and was well acquainted with its dangerous navigation. However, we got safely through. One day the captain saw something like a flag flying on the mainland. He went aloft with his telescope, and on coming down he said he had seen a signal flying, and some people apparently grouped near it. Thinking that some unfortunates were in need of succour, he headed the ship for the land, and when sufficiently close in, he ordered out the long-boat, and I and the men I had looking after the horses manned her; the chief mate and four sailors taking another boat. I told the captain I knew the neighbourhood, and it would be unwise to go ashore without firearms, so he handed us all muskets. The result proved that I was correct, although on this occasion we were merciful enough not to use them. On landing, we found an old flag all in tatters; and about 300 yards off in the bush we saw a lot of what we took to be emu's bones and men's skulls, and one of the sailors picked up two sailor's knives with holes through the handles. We searched in all directions, but found no indication of living human beings. We gave up the search, and getting into the boats, went on board the vessel. As soon as we were under weigh we saw fifty or sixty black fellows come down to the beach. We arrived at the conclusion that a vessel had been lost at that

place, and the crew probably killed and eaten by the natives, who in that locality were undoubtedly cannibals.

We had a fair wind, and bowled along gallantly for about a fortnight, when a terrific gale of wind came on, with a tremendous sea, and before we arrived at Calcutta we lost 246 of the horses out of the 300 originally shipped. However, we made port and landed our small remnant of cargo, and the skipper engaged a lot of Lascars to clean the vessel, and indeed she stood much in need of it. My men and I went ashore and took lodgings at a public-house called the Bengal Arms, a noted place as a sailors' rendezvous, and at this time a great many of them were staying in the house. Just then the cholera broke out in Calcutta, and hundreds perished daily; it developed into a regular plague. I have sat at table with men who appeared well and hearty, and ere an hour had elapsed they were stricken down and carried out dead. The English doctor prescribed brandy, and I for one took the prescription manfully, although no lover of the liquor. I drank it morning, noon, and night, always taking a bottle into my bedroom with me. At last this excess brought on *delirium tremens*, and I was ordered into the hospital, where I remained several weeks; my head was shaved, and I was treated with warm baths. At last, becoming convalescent, I left the hospital, and, in company with two others, took lodgings at a place called "The Seven Tanks," a few miles out of town. I still kept moderately to the brandy bottle, and fortunately, although in constant dread, I never had an attack of the cholera. From that day to this I may

say I have never been the worse for liquor. I never was a lover of drink, and have so far escaped becoming a drunkard. I remained a week at this place, during which time one of my mates died, and I began to think it was time to leave Calcutta. I went to the port to see if I could find a vessel to go in; but, from the cholera and other causes, sailors were very scarce, and numbers of vessels were laid up for want of hands.

There was a steam war-vessel called the *Proserpine*, belonging to the East India Company, going to China, wanting men, and sixty rupees bounty were offered for sailors. I embraced the chance, and went on board and shipped. She was a large vessel, her full complement of men being, I believe, 750. She carried forty-two 36-pounder guns and two 84-pounders, one forward and the other aft, and also eight congreve rocket-guns on her bridge. After obtaining as many men as could be procured in Calcutta, we dropped down to the mouth of the river, and laid there two weeks. There was a large sail placed in the water over the ship's side, and the lieutenant ordered every man each morning to jump overboard and bathe in it. This was a very necessary precaution, and I must say did all hands a deal of good. Some horrible sights were seen almost daily. We were frequently, indeed daily, ordered to go and clear the paddle-wheels and hawsers of the corpses floating down the river; the natives there having a custom of placing their dead at low-water mark, and allowing the tide to carry them away. Sometimes these dead bodies could be seen sailing down covered with birds of prey, tearing and devouring them. A more sickening sight could

hardly be imagined, and I was glad when orders came to get up steam.

We went to a place called Pondicherry, in the Bay of Bengal, and embarked 300 Sepoy soldiers and a lot of Indian sheep. These are peculiar animals, apparently a sort of cross between the goat and sheep, with a mixture of wool and hair, but withal very good eating. Our crew numbered 500, and with the 300 warriors we made up a pretty good muster; and this time I got my first promotion. Being a good butcher, I was made a first-class petty officer, and the crown-and-anchor badge placed on my sleeve. I had four men under me, and our duty was to see to all the sheep-killing, &c. Being naturally smart and quick at learning anything, I attracted the notice of the officers, and was made coxswain of the captain's barge. As soon as all the supplies were put on board and stowed, we got up steam and left for Moulmein River. When we arrived there, there was a large fleet of men-of-war lying there, and a number of gunboats among them, and also my old acquaintances the *Britomarte* and the *Alligator* sloop-of-war, which, the reader may remember, I sailed in company with to Port Essington, in Australia, in 1837, on which voyage I was cast away.

We remained ten days in Moulmein River, when the admiral made signals for the fleet to get under weigh for China, and thirteen sail stood out with a fair wind, and had a good passage to Hong-Kong. When we arrived, the first Chinese war with Britain had broken out, and there was every appearance of plenty of fun to be shortly had with the Chinkies. Our vessel, the *Proserpine*, was ordered to steam to Macao at the mouth

of the Bogue, where a large fleet was lying. She took six gunboats in tow, and steamed over. Soldiers were being landed from the men-of-war and transports, and there must have been about 10,000 troops in all disembarked. Our steamer, and one named the *Queen*, being of light draught of water, were able to tow the gunboats close under the walls of the Canton forts. While engaged in this work, two large men-of-war junks came down the Bogue and fired into the *Queen* steamer. The *Proserpine* returned the compliment by throwing a few shells on board, and one of the junks almost immediately blew up, the gunboats finishing the other one's business by sinking her after a few rounds. This was my first view of anything like naval warfare, and was very exciting while it lasted.

Next day an order was given to draft quarter-watches from every vessel, both in the Imperial and the Company's service. I was in the detachment from the *Proserpine*, and when all were landed we mustered about 2000 blue-jackets; we were armed with cutlass, boarding-pike, and pistol. Admiral Elliot commanded personally, and got us ready for an assault on the fort in front. He said, "There is the enemy, boys; we want no prisoners; go at them!" and we did go at them in fine style. We made a rush, cheering, scaled the walls, and after short, sharp tussles with the Chinese braves, were in possession, with but a slight loss of life, before the red-jackets got near enough to take part. We did the work so expeditiously that we were compelled to take a lot of Chinese prisoners, and these, for want of a better place, were secured in the fort. As far as I personally

[Page 82.

STRUGGLE FOR THE FLAG—TAKING OF CANTON, 1840.

was concerned, however, perhaps the most interesting incident of this affair was a sharp struggle I had with one of the marines for the honour of planting the British colours upon the captured fort; but the marine, who was a hardy Scotchman, was one too many for me.

Next day we had some hard fighting under the walls of Canton; we were about 2000 men against 6000 Celestials. I happened to get into the thick of the row, and was badly wounded; I was shot in the leg, and got an ugly gash on the head. There was a steamer running to an hospital we had near Hong Kong, with the sick and wounded, and I was sent there with others, and saw no more of the war at that time. I had to remain here four months before I recovered.

When I was well enough to go about, I determined to leave the service and endeavour to get back to Sydney. There happened to be a French brig lying in the stream ready for sea. I found my way on board, and there appeared to be only one man in her who could speak English, and this was the cook. I made a bargain and gave him ten dollars, and he stowed me away down in the hold, and treated me very well, bringing me food, &c., every day. On the fourth day at sea I came on deck and confronted the skipper. He was in a terrible rage when he found out who I was, ordered me aft, telling me he would put me on board the first English man-of-war he fell in with, and then he ordered me to be put in irons. The brig was bound for the Mauritius, or Isle of France, and had a cargo of tea and rice. Five days after he took the irons off, and made me assist in working the ship; but he was a pet-

fect brute, and treated me so harshly that I turned rusty at last, and flatly refused to do his bidding; so he ordered me to be seized up to the rigging, and he gave me sixty stripes with a piece of rattling line. While this was going on, the sailors murmured and said something to him. I could not understand what it was, but he went into the cabin and brought out a brace of pistols, to shoot me, as I thought, but in reality to intimidate his men, who had cried shame on him for his brutal conduct. I was cast off, mentally vowing that some day I would repay him in his own coin, and I had this pleasure, as I shall hereafter relate.

We reached Mauritius safely, and when the brig got up to her moorings the captain went on shore; it was late in the afternoon. The cook asked me if I could swim. I replied I could: "Very well," he said, "you had better get on shore then at once, for the captain means to have you detained until a man-of-war calls, when you will be handed over." I took his friendly advice, went forward, slid down the cable, and swam to a barque lying about 600 yards from the brig; one of her men saw me and threw me a rope, and I got on board safely. I saw the captain next morning, and told him my story truthfully. It appeared he was short-handed, and was glad to avail himself of my services. He told me to keep out of the way until the vessel was ready for sea, and I could go with him. This vessel was the *Lady Emma*, of Hobart Town, and was bound for Adelaide with a cargo of sugar. After a few days I had made myself quite at home, and we left the Isle of France with a fair wind and arrived safely at Adelaide after a short passage. I thanked the captain, and went

on shore, and after waiting one week I got a passage in a schooner to Sydney, where I arrived safely, after about two years' absence.

I met Mr. Boyd on landing, who was much astonished to see me alive. He gave me the news, as before stated, of my dear friend Mr. Smith's death, which was a great blow to me, he having, as it were, been a second father to me from ten years of age up to the present time. Mr. Boyd took me up to the house of my departed friend; but I did not stay long, as the associations were too much for my feelings. I went home with Mr. Boyd, who kindly fitted me out with clothes and money, both of which I began to stand very much in need of. I gave him a detailed account of all that had happened since my leaving Sydney. He listened kindly and patiently to the recital, and then said, "Well, you have gone through a great deal of rough experience this trip; your old friend Smith is gone, and the best thing you can do is to come into my employment, and I will forward your fortunes." I thanked him for his great kindness, and gratefully accepted his offer.

CHAPTER VIII.

To New Zealand and back—Revenge—Out of debt—Whaling—Sent aloft by a whale—In Torres Straits—Feasting at Honolulu—Whaling again, good sport—A merry night—A perilous dive after a whale.

AT this time, 1841, New Zealand began to attract notice, and a number of people left Sydney to settle there. Among them was the well-known "Johnny Jones"; he succeeded in obtaining a large area of land from the Maoris of Otago, and eventually became one of the wealthiest men in the Middle Island. I went back to the old business of stock-driving, and was sent up-country by Mr. Boyd to bring down a mob of cattle to be shipped to Auckland, New Zealand. I made this trip successfully, and returned to Sydney with my full complement.

I may as well relate here how I had revenge on "mine ancient enemy," the captain of the French brig who treated me so badly on the voyage from China to the Mauritius. One night, after arriving in Sydney with the cattle, I was walking down George Street, when I met the cook of the brig who had befriended me. He told me that the vessel was then in the harbour, and the captain and mate were on shore. He said he would like to get away from the vessel, as the berth was rather too hot for him. I sent him to a friend of mine in the suburbs, where he was hidden until the brig sailed some time after. I ascertained

from him where the captain was stopping, and remarked that I would try his mettle if I could meet him single-handed. One night, going into an hotel parlour, I saw him and the mate sitting there. I bid them "good evening." They evidently did not recognise me in the stockman's dress, which consisted of cabbage-tree hat, blue shirt and belt, and knee-breeches and top-boots. I left the parlour quietly and called upon a friend of mine, a stiff-built fellow, who had a great relish for such a row as was likely to eventuate. I told him what I intended to do, and my reason for it. He agreed with me that the rascally skipper deserved a thrashing, and he would lend me a hand if necessary. We proceeded to the hotel in which I had left our victims. When we arrived, the captain and mate were just leaving. We fell into their wake as they walked down towards the Queen's Wharf. They turned into another hotel called the Rum Puncheon, the landlord of which was an acquaintance of mine. We followed them into the room, and I turned the key of the door and locked the four of us in. I called upon Johnny Crapaud to defend himself, as I intended to pay him off for his inhuman treatment of me on board his vessel. He knew me then, and pulling out a pistol, pointed it at me; but it fortunately missed fire. I immediately felled him and belaboured him with the leg of the table, which I wrenched off for the purpose. The mate being about to interfere, my friend immediately knocked him down, and we gave them each a good flogging, which would doubtless prevent them for some time from flogging a British sailor. The affair created some noise, and the police were on the look-out for me, so I had to "keep dark."

Mr. Boyd at this time had a whaler, the barque *Jane*, Captain Fowler, lying in port ready for sea, and he recommended me to go on board and take a trip until the matter blew over, for if I was caught I should assuredly get put in prison for twelve months, as the French captain was badly injured, having some of his ribs broken, &c.; so I took his advice and shipped. Some of my readers may say I acted very revengefully in this case, but I only ask them to put themselves in my place. I always disliked debt; and if I have an old score to pay, I endeavour to pay it sooner or later. At this time I was young and hasty, and hot-tempered, so let this be my excuse.'

I left Sydney in the *Jane*, and commenced my new career as a whaler. We had hardly cleared the Heads when whales were seen spouting. The boats were lowered, and we succeeded in securing one. I thought it about the most exciting work I had yet been engaged in. Our cruising-ground was on the coast of New Zealand, to which we at once proceeded. I was placed in the chief mate's boat as bow oarsman, and as whales were plentiful we had plenty of work, and I soon became accustomed to it. One day the captain's boat-steerer was ill, and I took his place. We were out after a "school" of whales, and laid the boat on to a big fellow. I put two irons into him, the second one making him spout thick blood, showing that he was struck in a vital part. The captain said, "Well done! not so bad for a first attempt," and I felt rather elated at my success. We towed our prize alongside, and on being "tried out," he yielded 124 barrels of oil. We had good luck so far.

We were out about six months, when Captain Fowler

[Page 59.

A WHALING ADVENTURE.

put into the Bay of Island to water and refit. New Zealand was at that time very thinly settled by the whites; there were a few here and there, principally sailors living among the Maoris, who at this date were excellent fellows to deal with; they would give almost anything for old arms and ammunition. We got some tons of sweet potatoes and a lot of pigs on board, replenished our water-casks, and stood out once more for the whaling-ground. We cruised off Howe's Island, and captured whales as fast as we could cut them in. One day all the boats were out after a "pod" of forty-barrel whales; I was steering the captain's boat, and asked him to allow me to try my hand at lancing. He did so, and I was lucky enough to kill three good whales that day. When we got on board, the captain said I was plucky enough to make a good whaler, and he would give me his boat from that time forward. The boat-steerer continued sick, so I remained in charge of the boat all the voyage. I grew very fond of the pursuit, which so pleased the captain that he told me he would take me as chief mate on the succeeding voyage. Another day a very large whale showed up close to the vessel; four boats were lowered, the mate got fast to him first. I was headsman in my boat, and pulled right on to the whale, which with one blow with his tail sent my boat flying in the air. The other two boats had got fast to the monster, and away they went in tow, like steam, and we were left struggling for our lives in the water. We all managed to get hold of an oar or a piece of the broken boat. The ship was about four miles to leeward of us, and the other boats away with the whale. We had to hang on until the

captain lowered a boat from the barque and pulled up to us. He rescued us in a very exhausted state; but two of the poor fellows were missing, having been unable apparently to keep afloat. The three boats by this time were out of sight of the ship, and a gale of wind came on, night set in, and the captain beat the ship to windward all night, burning blue lights and sending up sky-rockets. At last he had to heave-to and close reef topsails, the sea running very high and no sign of the gale abating. It continued for three days, during which time we saw nothing of the missing boats; and, to my knowledge, nothing has been heard of them to this day; and eighteen fine fellows must have found a watery grave during that gale. The captain thought the whale must have sounded, that is, gone to the bottom, and probably the boats' lines got foul or they did not cut in time, and went to the bottom with him.

We cruised about the spot for three weeks, but never found a vestige of the lost ones. We then fell in with another whaling-vessel, the barque *Swallow*, Captain Bulger, of Hobart Town. Our captain boarded her. Bulger told him that he had seen, two days before, an immense flock of sea-birds hovering over a particular spot, and this was probably caused by a dead whale, in all likelihood the one which had caused our disaster. Captain Fowler returned on board and shaped his course for Sydney, where we arrived safely, and discharged 1100 barrels of oil.

I went to Twofold Bay, from whence Mr. Boyd was shipping large cargoes of stock to the neighbouring colonies, and I found that my fracas with the Frenchman had blown over, and I was safe to roam about.

Mr. Boyd asked me how I liked the whaling business. I answered, "Very well," and told him that Captain Fowler wanted me to go again with him as chief mate. He said, "You had better stop here for the present and superintend the shipping of the cattle and sheep," and he would see Captain Fowler, and if I was fit to be chief mate under him, I was capable of taking charge as whaling captain. I informed him of all that had occurred on the voyage, including the loss of the men and boats, and he went on board his yacht and ran up to Sydney, and I remained behind in charge.

Mr. Boyd at once saw Captain Fowler at Sydney, and asked his opinion of my capabilities. He told him I was a smart man, and an expert, daring whaler, and requested that I might be sent again with him as chief mate. My employer said if I was as good as represented he would send me out as master, and put a sailing-master in charge of the vessel. He despatched the yacht back to Twofold Bay, with a letter to come up at once. I obeyed the summons, and came to Sydney and waited on him. He asked me if I would go on another whaling voyage. I replied I did not care much for it unless I went with Captain Fowler. He then said, "Fowler gives such a good account of you that I will entrust you with charge of vessel, and will send a sailing-master with you to navigate the ship, who will take her to whatever whaling grounds you may decide on. Will you go?" I jumped at the chance, and thanked him warmly for this fresh proof of his kindness and confidence. He offered me a "tenth lay," i.e. a tenth of the entire profits, which, in the event of a successful voyage, would be handsome remuneration.

I soon found myself on board of a six-boat ship; that means, I could lower six boats and crews at once. I picked my own crew, and, with the active assistance of Mr. Boyd, we were soon fitted out and ready for sea. My vessel was called the *Flying Fish*, and the sailing-master Captain Blake. Captain Fowler was getting the *Jane* ready for sea at the same time. Mr. Boyd and several other shipowners came on board, and a tug took us to the Heads, when Mr. Boyd shook hands, and, wishing us good luck, left us with his friends. We gave them rousing cheers at parting, and set sail on our voyage.

I may remark that my crew generally were as fine a lot of fellows as ever had left Sydney—all picked men; and when the *Flying Fish* began to show her heels, she proved to our satisfaction that she could travel at great speed through water. My chief mate was an experienced whaler, and knew all the whaling-grounds like a book. The first day out I called all the men aft, and formed them into respective boat's crews. I picked my crew first; the mate came second, and so on. I had often mentioned to Captain Fowler that I had seen whales frequently about Torres Straits on my former trips through them, but could never induce him to go for them. I decided to give the place a trial, and shaped my course for that dangerous coast.

On the second day out the look-out man in the "crow's nest" fell from it on to the deck, and was instantly killed. This cast rather a gloom over the ship for a while, but it soon wore off. On the fourth day, about 400 miles from Sydney, and in sight of land, two large whales rose to leeward of the ship. We im-

mediately got our tubs and lines into the boats and lowered away. It was blowing a stiff breeze at the time, and a pretty heavy sea running. We pulled for the whales; they both rose together, and were struck at the same time, I securing one and the mate the other. It was about the best day's sport I ever had; we had a long run before we killed them. Just as we had got them quieted, a steamer passed bound for Sydney. She hailed us, and I told them to report, "The *Flying Fish*, Captain Barry, four days out, with two large whales." We got our prizes alongside, and, when tried out, they yielded 220 barrels of oil, which was not a bad start. After the decks were cleared and the oil stowed, I gave the men a little extra grog, and we had a bit of jollification to celebrate our auspicious commencement of the voyage. A little extra grog and tobacco goes a long way to encourage men at such times to increased exertion.

We saw no more whales until we got to the entrance to Torres Straits, when for six weeks the fires were never out. The place was full of forty-barrel whales. We had excellent luck until a gale came on, and the whales took off to some other cruising-ground. Seeing that we were not likely to meet with any more fish, I gave the sailing master orders to take the ship to Howe's Island, to the north of New Zealand. On our way there we captured one whale, and on our arrival we fell in with the barque *Jane*. Captain Fowler informed me that so far he had had no luck, and intended to go to the line and cruise for a few weeks, in the hope of meeting better fortune. His vessel was hardly hull-down on the horizon when a large whale

rose in sight. I had the boats lowered, and two of them got fast. The prize came towards the ship; but at about half a mile distant it sounded, taking both boats' lines with it. I had my boat lowered, and at a short distance from the vessel we laid on our oars, and waited for the whale to rise, which it did shortly, about 200 yards off. We pulled on to it, and with the aid of the other boats killed and brought it alongside, cut up, and tried it out. We had excellent luck here for about two months, and secured a large quantity of oil.

As we were running rather short of fresh water, we steered for the island of Espirito Santo, one of the New Hebrides group. We arrived safely, and I despatched four boats ashore with the water-casks. I ordered all the men to arm themselves, being aware that the natives of these islands were mostly cannibals, and not to be altogether trusted. They are of a copper colour, and both sexes generally very well made and good-looking. When the men landed, the natives came round them in numbers, offering them fruit and vegetables, for which the islands are noted, and made signs for them to come up to their village and eat. The mate, who was in charge of the shore party, felt rather dubious about accepting their invitation, having learned that there had lately been a war between these natives and those of a neighbouring island called Burrute, and they had taken some prisoners, who would doubtless, according to custom, be cooked and eaten by the victors. However, he and the twenty-four men composing the boats' crews decided to test the hospitality of the cannibals. On arriving at the huts one of the natives pulled out of the fire a human leg and an arm, and offered these

ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER, NEW HEBRIDES.

[Page 65.

tempting morsels to the guests; and close at hand three men's heads were seen, hanging by the hair to a cocoa-nut tree, possibly for a second course. The mate, on the exhibition of this ghastly fare, decided that it was time to be going, and ordered the men to retire quietly and cautiously to the boats, he bringing up the rear. Their hosts evidently did not relish this declining of their hospitality, and fired their arrows at the retreating men, one of them wounding the mate in the arm. The men faced about at this and fired a few shots at their tormentors, who made off into the bush at the first salute. The men then set about getting the water-casks afloat, and while thus engaged the natives made a rush upon them in a very strong body, and they had to fly to the boats.

Having heard the firing on board, I had the two other boats lowered with men well armed, and we pulled for the shore. We met the other boats, and they returned with us. Our force, now thirty-six men, evidently overawed the natives, and we succeeded in getting our water off all right. A party of us ventured a short distance from the beach towards the huts, when we were saluted with a shower of arrows from an adjoining thicket, fortunately without doing any injury. We then concluded it was time to leave, but before we could put off again two of us were wounded, one in the back, and myself in the neck. With the exception of these casualties, we got safely on board with our supply of water. I may remark here that after such a warm reception I made up my mind not to patronise Espirito Santo again in a hurry, and I never afterwards revisited it.

We set sail once more for our whaling-ground in the neighbourhood of the equator, and had an almost uninterrupted run of luck. One day all the boats were down, chasing a pod of cow whales, when one of them showed fight, and turning upon one of the boats, smashed it into atoms. The men were all picked up by the ship immediately after. We killed five whales on that day, but lost one of them. When the fish were cut in and tried out, the men came aft, and respectfully requested to be taken into some port where fresh meat could be procured. They had now been thirteen months on "salt junk," and were desirous of a change. I thought the request only reasonable, and ordered the ship to be taken into Honolulu, a French settlement on one of the Sandwich Islands, it being then the nearest port in our vicinity. We arrived there safely, and found it an excellent anchorage. I laid there for one month to give the crew a chance to recruit, and indeed they stood greatly in need of it. In the meantime I got in all my fresh supplies—pork, poultry, sweet potatoes, yams, and all kinds of fruit, with which Providence seemed to have supplied this island in great abundance. There was a French man-of-war lying in port while I was there, and the captain was very kind and friendly. I dined frequently on board with him, and he honoured me several times with his company on board the *Flying Fish*.

Being now ready to make a fresh departure, I ordered all the men to get on board, and they being decent fellows, as I before remarked, obeyed with alacrity. I was lucky in this matter, as it frequently happened that whaling vessels leaving there went short-handed,

the delights of the climate and the sensuous attractions of the place being generally too much for poor Jack. As I was leaving, the French captain came on board in search of four men missing from his vessel. I said it was unlikely they would be on board mine, as my sailors and his, while on shore, were continually brawling and fighting. However, he searched the vessel from stem to stern and found no trace of them, and he had to return to his vessel not altogether satisfied. I told him, when leaving, if the men turned up at any future time I would look after them, and hand them over to the French consul in the first port I came to where there was one resident. Two days after, at sea, the mate reported finding four stowaways in the hold, and the runaways were brought on deck. They could all speak English slightly, and begged of me not to deliver them up to any French ship or consul, and they would do anything in the world for me. I pitied the poor devils, and told them to go forward, and the mate would find them something to do. They afterwards became very useful during the remainder of the voyage, and worked well; they were excellent sailors, and were mostly employed as ship-keepers while the crew were out in the boats. Four days after leaving Honolulu, a French brig passed us. I hove to and signalled her to lower a boat; but she passed on and took no notice, so I lost the chance of returning my unbidden guests to their own vessel. I presently fell in with plenty of whales, and for three months the fires were hardly ever extinguished, and I had got on board about 2000 barrels of oil.

The men now became rather restive and wanted another run ashore, and I ordered the ship to be taken

to the Bay of Islands on the New Zealand coast. There was a good deal of discontent displayed when the men learned our destination. They wanted to go somewhere where they could see life; so I told them we should cruise for a month off the "Three Kings," and at the expiry of that time I would run the ship into Hobart Town, in Tasmania, and give them a spell. This pleased them all and put a stop to their murmurings, which were really not without some show of reason. Cooped up for eighteen months in a whaling vessel is no joke, and may be supposed to be rather trying to constitutions and tempers more patient than those of whalers generally.

On the first evening off the Three Kings I saw a fire about six miles to leeward, and concluded it was a whaler trying out. I found my surmise correct when I ran the ship down towards it in the morning, and was surprised and pleased to find it was my old friend Captain Fowler, in the *Jane*. His boats were down at the time after a lone whale. I lowered four of my boats, and ran the ship about two miles farther to leeward, in the direction of where the whale was sounding. It came up very close to the ship, and was a monster in size. I immediately lowered my boat, put up a sail, and ran right on to our prey, and put two irons into it. I went forward and succeeded in getting a lance in also, and killed it, but in doing so was knocked out of the boat, and was picked up by one of the *Jane's* boats. We got the fish alongside that night, and Fowler and his chief mate came on board. There being little or no wind, both vessels were hove-to, and we made a merry night of it for "auld lang syne." Captain Fowler mentioned that he

was short-handed, so I proffered him the four French stowaways. He was very glad to get them, and took them off with him when he left. I gave them each ten pounds of tobacco, and a new rig-out from the slop-chest, and they departed quite satisfied. In the morning we were busy cutting-in our prize of the previous night, when the look-out man cried out from the "crow's nest," "There she blows!" meaning that whales were in sight. I asked, "Where away?" He replied, "About four miles dead to windward." The boats were immediately in the water, and for four weeks we were kept very busy trying out on the Three Kings.

The vessel was now pretty deep in the water, and began to leak. I wished to remain out four months longer, but the men became dissatisfied with having to pump, in addition to their other work. I had now been cruising for one year and nine months, and had on board 2600 barrels of oil; so I thought it perhaps would be discreet to humour the men, and take the ship into port. So I called them aft, and told them we should steer for Sydney, in place of going into Hobart Town, as promised before. Whereat they gave me three cheers, and vowed they would all be glad to go another trip with Captain Barry. We shaped our course for Sydney forthwith, and shortly sighted the Heads, but during our passage home we had to keep the pumps going twelve out of the twenty-four hours. Just as we neared the Heads a large whale breached about a mile from the ship. Being so close to port I felt very eager to capture this stranger myself personally. I went after him, and succeeded

in striking him; but I unfortunately got entangled in the line attached to the harpoon, and was dragged out of the boat and under water after the whale from ten to fifteen fathoms; but I luckily got free, and rose to the surface, and was picked up by one of the boats and taken on board, and soon got all right again; but I can assure my readers I would not care to repeat the dive. The mate got fast to the whale, and it was brought alongside. The men asked me to tow it into the harbour, and give the Sydney folks a surprise. I was afraid if I did the men would probably leave as soon as we anchored, and I should lose the spoil, so I hesitated; but the mate said, "Do it, Captain; if the fellows do give us the slip, I can find plenty of idle whalers ashore who will cut in and try it out.' I took his advice, and away we went up Sydney Harbour with our prize in our wake. We turned it into oil at a place called Spring Cove, about six miles from town, and during the operation crowds came down constantly to view the "leviathan of the deep," which was without doubt the first whale that had ever been seen in the harbour at that date; and it was rather singular also that this, the last fish caught, and under such peculiar circumstances, should prove to be the largest and most profitable one during the voyage. It turned out 138 barrels of oil. Eight barrels went to the ton, which was worth at this time 104*l.* I landed 2760 barrels of oil from the ship, and it was remarked that for the time—one year and ten months—the voyage had been the most profitable made by any whale-ship out of Sydney heretofore.

CHAPTER IX.

Parting with an old friend—Norfolk Island, "a hell upon earth"—Black swans—Kissed by Mrs. Brown—Love at first sight—Barry v. Black—Laying siege to a lady—The lady wooing and winning—A sad incident—Mutiny—Marriage.

Myself and crew got great credit for our successful trip, and Mr. Boyd, our owner, made me a very substantial present in addition to my pay, and the men when being paid off requested to be sent another voyage with me as soon as the ship was ready. The vessel was, after being discharged, put under repair, and I stopped at Mr. Boyd's house for a fortnight, and then made up my mind to give up whaling, for a time at least. I must confess I was rather fickle-minded in those days, and am afraid the infirmity sticks to me in my old age. I told Mr. Boyd my resolve, and mentioned that, as I had now been fifteen or sixteen years a rover (it was now in the year 1845), I should like to revisit the land of my birth. He tried his utmost to persuade me to go on another trip, and give up the thought of going to England; but I was firm, and stuck to my resolve this time. I told him he had a fit representative, and possibly a better man than myself, in my chief mate, Baird. He could not find a better man or a pluckier whaler, and he really deserved to have charge of the ship. He said, "Well, if you have really made up your mind to remain on shore, I will give him the vessel on your recommenda-

tion;" and he did so at once, and Baird was proportionately overjoyed and grateful to me for using my influence. The sailing-master and he were on excellent terms, so it was agreed that he should be re-engaged to navigate the ship, and this matter was settled to our mutual satisfaction.

For a week or two, while the *Flying Fish* was being got ready, Baird and I roamed about and saw life as it was in Sydney in those days, and I cannot say it was much to boast of. At last my old craft was ready for sea; Baird got his crew on board, up anchor, and got under weigh, feeling very proud of being in command. Mr. Boyd and several other gentlemen and myself accompanied him down the harbour. We left him at the Heads, and returned in the tug-boat. The crew gave us the customary three cheers, and away they bowled, with a fair wind, for the wide Pacific, for a two years' cruise, for which she was well furnished in every way. It seemed to me very like parting with an old friend when I saw the last glimpse of the *Flying Fish*.

After returning, I roamed about Sydney for a few weeks, and felt like a fish out of water, although the place was at the time quite lively, and business places were increasing very rapidly. I was continually pondering over the notion of going home to the old country. Mr. Boyd, whenever I met him, tried to dissuade me from the step, and proffered me employment again and again. At last I decided to defer my visit, and accepted his offer. He was a very large exporter of stock to all the neighbouring colonies, and he [redacted] charge of the shipping of all his cargoes,

and I had also to look after the men employed at an establishment he had where sheep were boiled down, and the tallow packed for exportation. At this time, in 1845, he was sending great numbers of cattle and sheep to New Zealand, which was now being settled by emigrants from Britain, and by people from Australia, who took up large areas of land; and the cattle and sheep were required to stock their stations, and a considerable trade sprung up between Sydney and the various ports of those islands. I may here remark that I take to myself the credit of having despatched the first stock for the New Zealand settlers of this date. Of course I must except the pigs landed by Captain Cook and others thirty or forty years previously. It has often struck me that their addition to the cuisine of the Maoris was the first step towards the abolition of the cannibal feasts of the islanders. It gradually declined, and has been for years a tradition of the past savagery of these warlike and untameable natives.

A barque being despatched to Hobart Town with a special cargo of sheep, I had to accompany them. We arrived safely, and landed our cargo. One day when on shore I saw two men running from the wharf. The case looked suspicious, and I watched them. Presently one of them fell, and there was a report of a pistol. The man writhed in agony, for it appeared he had firearms concealed under his coat; and, when he fell, one of them exploded and shot him through the thigh. They were convicts, under sentence of banishment to Norfolk Island, a branch penal settlement for Tasmanian convicts. They had escaped

from the penitentiary, and got on board a vessel lying in the harbour. The steward happened to notice them, and told the captain, who was going to signalise for the police, when the intruders knocked him and the steward down, and secured them—the rest of the crew being on shore at the time—and, taking a boat, pulled for the wharf, and were making off when the accident occurred I mentioned above. They were taken into custody, and speedily locked up, and I suppose eventually reached their original destination. Norfolk Island in those days was a complete terror to convicts, and only incorrigible felons were sent there. I have heard them say they would prefer death to being deported to that "hell upon earth"; and it is a fact that men have been known to draw lots to see which one would kill the other, and so get hanged, and escape the terrors of a residence there.

Mr. John Price was, I believe, Governor of Norfolk Island, and superintendent of the prisoners. If we are to believe all the tales told about him he must have been fiendish in his cruelty towards the men in his charge; but we must recollect that he doubtless had the very scum and dregs of the criminal population to deal with, who possibly richly deserved all the punishment he inflicted, and to this there was no limit, for his power was absolute. I have heard he would order a prisoner into solitary confinement on eight ounces of bread and half a pint of water per day; and, when the man was properly ravenous, he would visit him in his cell, and ask him how he fared; would he like a little roast goose, or some roast beef, &c.? and so irritate the victim, that probably the "worm would turn," and

attempt his life. He would of course be foiled in this, and his punishment would be increased. There is little doubt instances of great tyranny occasionally came to light, and the system eventually culminated many years after—and in another colony—in the assassination of Mr. Price, while fulfilling the duties of a similar office. I may hereafter in these pages have to refer to the career of this person, but for the present leave the subject.

The captain a few days afterwards informed me that the vessel was ready for departure, and, going on board, we sailed for Twofold Bay, where we took on board a freight of cattle for Nelson, New Zealand. We made a rapid passage, discharged our cargo, and after lying in port four days left for Sydney, and arrived safely. I found on arrival that Mr. Boyd had chartered my old ship, the one I went to India in, the *Lord Lynedock*, to convey cattle to Swan River, Western Australia. The cattle were specially ordered, and when landed had to be driven up-country to the station they were intended for, about 200 miles, and for this purpose twelve horses were placed on board. We had a good passage, and after discharging his cargo the captain proceeded on to India with the ship. I had eight stockmen with me to drive the mob, and we camped about four miles from a small village, called Freemantle. I took one of the men, and rode to another small town, called Perth. At this day it is a considerable place and the capital of Western Australia. It is twelve miles up the river from Freemantle, and was a beautiful ride, the river running through a large plain bounded by hills, and the water dotted with large flocks of black swans, the *rara avis*

My journey was to see the owner
the station for which the cattle were
the overseer, a Mr. Black, who sent
and we went down and started the
to Perth, to which place I returned
He invited me to go with him and
acquaintance of his in the town. I said I
to remain long, as I would have
camping-ground for the cattle. He said,
they cannot come to any harm, there is
anywhere;" and this was really the case. I
ever seen such magnificent feed as the
Western Australia presented in those days.
conducted my friend to a very nice-looking
part of the town. We were shown into
where two ladies were seated; one of them
came over and gazed very earnestly in my
Black at once introduced me, when the lady
threw her arms around my neck and—yes—
kissed me. Her friend and Black looked very
shocked and astonished, and, to tell the truth,
somewhat bashful myself, I felt the situation
peculiar; but presently she recovered herself
and, "Do you not know me? my name is Brown;"
then I recollected her perfectly. She was the
man's wife who was cast away with Winton and
, when the schooner was wrecked on the voyage
Port Essington to Sydney, as related in a former
. I was very glad to see her, but her delight
meeting me was something wonderful. She told the
of the wreck, and our residence on the beach;
the shell-fish and the sealskin I procured to

clothe her, and all the hardships we had endured; and praised and thanked me so much, that I hardly knew what to say to stop the flow of her recital. I took the first opportunity I got of hinting at our departure, and succeeded at last (after having promised to repeat my visit on my return down country) in getting away; receiving from Mrs. Brown another grateful salute on leaving.

Black and I, who by this time had become very friendly, rode down to the cattle camp, and found the cattle unwatched; the men had gone into Perth and were drinking in a public-house. It being late, we watched the cattle all night, and the men put in an appearance in the morning, and we started, Black accompanying us, and also four of his station hands. At this time there were only three stock stations at Swan River, and this one belonged to a gentleman in Sydney, named Mr. Robert Towns. The country we passed through was very rough, and infested with blackfellows, who were not to be trusted; but seeing such a number of men with us they did not trouble us much. We arrived safely at the station in nine days. It was beautifully situated and well grassed, and in addition to cattle carried a large number of sheep. After delivering the mob and settling matters, Mr. Black engaged the eight men I had brought with me. The wages being higher than at Sydney, they were content to stop.

I remained a few days and got company back, and got safely to Perth again, and lost no time in fulfilling my promise of seeing Mrs. Brown at Captain French's. I forgot to mention the name of her lady friend who

was with her when I called the first time. She was the daughter of the above captain, an old whaler who had left the sea and taken to sheep farming at Swan River; she was very good-looking, and had a very pleasant manner, which quite took my fancy, and, to tell the truth, I was conscious of a new feeling in my breast, which I have since thought must have "been love at first sight." Heigho! my life has been since then a chequered and stormy one, but a thrill of pleasure still passes through my mind at the remembrance of that time. The old captain and I became fast friends. I gave him my history, and he was greatly interested in the recital of my many adventures. I found he was acquainted with most of my friends, and knew personally all the shipowners and whaling captains in Sydney, and nothing seemed to please him better than to spin yarns of the bygone time when he had been a whale fisher himself.

Miss French soon became quite like an old friend. I frequently rode out with her and Mrs. Brown, and an intimacy daily ripened into a deeper feeling on my part. Her father used frequently to rally me on the subject, saying I was likely to oust Black, who I now found out was a suitor for her hand. Captain French asked me if I would go with him and see his station, which he was about to visit. I said I thought it was about time I was thinking of returning to Sydney; but he would not hear of it, and, to tell the truth, I wanted little persuasion to stop.

Well, we started on our journey to his property, which lay 100 miles north of Swan River. We travelled mostly by the coast and had a pleasant journey. The

station was well situated and carried a large number of stock. We remained ten days and visited every part of it, and returned by sea in a small cutter of fourteen tons burden. As we went up to the Captain's house, we met Mr. Black leaving. I fancied he looked rather grumpy, and Captain French did not improve his looks by saying jocularly, "Hallo! Black, you must look out, or you will have Barry running off with my daughter." He muttered something I did not catch, and departed rather hastily, although pressed very hospitably to return to the house with us. Miss French received us at the door, and gave us a joyful welcome back. Her father passed into the house, and she detained me chatting about our journey, &c.

Shortly after Black unexpectedly returned and, seeing us in conversation, went inside. Miss French seemed to me to wish to avoid him, and presently remarked, "I wish he had stopped away." I asked, "Who?" "Mr. Black," she replied. "Why," said I, "I understood you and he were to be shortly married; at least I got that impression from Mrs. Brown, your friend. You are treating the poor fellow rather coolly if such is the case." At the same time my heart was beating like a steam-hammer at the thought that I might have a chance of winning her. She said, rather spitefully, "If Mrs. Brown led you to believe that such an occurrence was likely to take place, she did so with an interested motive, and that is to clear the way for a marriage with you. She is very artful; but, if I may express an opinion, I think she is decidedly too old for a young man like you."

"By Jove!" thought I, "this is plain speaking with

a vengeance;" and having got my cue, I determined to enter the lists against the formidable Black. We broke up our conversation and went in. Her father was rather jocose, and uttered some rather shrewd innuendoes as to what had kept us so long outside; and on looking at my rival I saw he looked ominously "black," indeed; in fact, for the rest of the evening he became quite sulky.

When supper was removed he wanted me to accompany him to Perth, where he lodged; but Miss French interposed, and said authoritatively that Mr. Barry could not be spared that night, but to-morrow he could ride with her to Perth, as she had business there, and Mr. Black could then see him. He took this unkind shot and left, without bidding Miss French or myself good-night. I took no notice of the omission, but she did, and a conversation ensued on his merits, which must have caused his ears to burn on his lonely ride home. I kept my ears well open, and heard her say to her father, "He has asked me several times to marry him; but I do not like him, and I will not have him." This appeared to me decisive, and my hopes were raised to a great altitude. I retired to bed to dream of a happy future, in which Miss French was the prominent feature, and determined to push on the siege vigorously, especially as I imagined I detected some little reciprocity of feeling; and that I was not out in this conjecture the sequel will show.

The next morning she asked me to drive her out, and I was only too happy to get the opportunity. We had not gone far when I noticed a peculiar change come over her; she became quite confidential and

tender in her conversation. I had hitherto not been much in female society, and was as bashful and awkward as a schoolboy in all matters connected with the tender passion; but she came boldly to the point and saved me a world of trouble. Some may think my companion showed a slight want of delicacy; but they must bear in mind that the colony was young; society was not regularly defined in its habits; she had no mother to guide her; and, last of all, eligible young men were probably scarce; so let my readers put on the most charitable construction they are able.

Miss French suddenly turned, and, looking straight into my eyes, said, "Mr. Barry, I am going to get married." "Hallo!" thought I, "my hopes are blighted; it is all up with my castle building;" but I managed to stammer out an inquiry as to when the auspicious event was to come off. She replied, "You know that best."

I confess I was, metaphorically speaking, "knocked into a cocked hat," and scarcely knew how to act in the emergency. However, I collected my senses, and said, "I thought there was to be a match between you and Mr. Black." She replied indignantly that it was untrue, she would never have him. Then said I, "Will you have me?" She replied, without hesitation, "Yes, and you can name the day." So here was my wooing abruptly brought to a conclusion, much to my delight, and I may say astonishment, at the fact of being able to win a wife so easily and get the weather-gauge of such a superior fellow as I imagined my rival to be.

The next hour was spent in delightful conversation about our future; and it being time to return, I asked

her to mention the matter to her father. I was even so cowardly as to ask this. She said if he did not consent to our marriage she would wed in spite of him, and go with me to Sydney. Two days after, Captain French, who by this time had grown apparently as fond of me as if I had been his son, said, "Barry, tell me the truth, have you felt any affection for my daughter, for the devil's in the girl; I believe she is going mad about you?" I confessed at once, as well as I was able, that I was entirely bound up in her, and would feel proud and happy to make her my wife if he would consent. I had loved her from the first day I saw her; but not liking to take advantage of his hospitality and confidence, I had refrained from mentioning it. The old fellow appeared overjoyed, and calling his daughter in, joined our hands, and gave his hearty consent to our speedy union and his blessing.

The day was fixed, and we were happy in looking forward to the happy time, when my joy received a severe check. Miss French was a daring horsewoman, as indeed all the colonial girls are generally, and four days before the one fixed for the wedding we were out riding, and started a kangaroo. We both went off at a racing pace after it, and came to a fence; without hesitation my intended took the leap, but the horse she was on unfortunately struck the rail and came down a cropper, falling on his rider, who lay as if dead. I immediately dismounted and raised her up, and, with the help of some farmers' people near at hand, carried her home and sent for the doctor, who found that her leg and four of her ribs were fractured, and her body badly bruised. My poor girl lay for nine months before

she became convalescent. During that time I never left her except to attend occasionally to the captain's business. He had fitted out some bay whalers, that is, boats' crews with boats and all the necessary implements for catching black whales, which then abounded on the coast from Swan River to King George's Sound, and a very profitable game it was at that time.

I was constantly getting letters from Mr. Boyd from Sydney requesting me to return, and wondering what detained me. I answered him, and informed him what had happened, and how I was situated with Miss French. The weary days passed, and she began to mend slowly. I frequently drove her out, which seemed to do her good, but she always complained of a pain in her chest. At this time her poor old father took bad and was laid up, and my hands were full. I at last thought of Mrs. Brown, who was living at Perth at this time, and immediately went for her. She came gladly and nursed the captain, and took a good deal of trouble and anxiety off my mind. Both our patients were much better, so I thought I could venture to leave them for a time. The shearing season was on at the station, and the captain wished me to go down and superintend the operations; so I departed, and arrived all safe, and got the work in hand in a few days. I had been there a week, when I one day saw a lady coming towards the station, accompanied by two men. When she was near enough, I found it to be my *fiancée*, who had brought a young man down to take my place, and told me that her father wanted me at home. To hear was to obey, and I soon delegated the work to my successor, and prepared to accompany my love to the schooner in

which she had arrived. We had a quick run up to Swan River, and I was delighted with the improvement in my intended wife. She was nearly hale and well again.

The first man we met on landing was my future father-in-law, who looked astonished at seeing me. My partner said to him, "I told you I would soon have him home again." I said, "Did you not send for me, Captain?" and he replied, "No, it is all this madcap's doings. The sooner she is off my hands the better; she is getting too much for me: it is rank mutiny." We all walked home together, and in the afternoon the old man asked me to go with him and look at some horses he was about to buy. On our way to the stable he turned to me and said, "Barry, the sooner this wedding is off the better, and I shall get peace. Hannah [his daughter] will drive me mad before long; she wants a firm hand to manage her." I said, "I will try and be that one at the earliest possible date."

Hannah and I rode out that evening into the country a few miles, and I had hard work to restrain her from leaping the fences with her horse. "She certainly has plenty of mettle," I thought; "that last 'spill' has not yet tamed her." We fell into a quiet conversation at last, and I broke the ground about our speedy marriage, and we decided at last to leave it to her father. We returned home and laid the case before him. He named that day week, and on that auspicious day Hannah French and I were made one, and the next few weeks passed like a dream. We were certainly very happy. Would that it could have lasted!

CHAPTER X.

A break in the home circle—Startling disclosures—A compromise—Burned out—Bereaved—Gold! gold!—An unexpected visit at dinner-time—Robbery—Retribution.

WELL, here I was at last, married, and apparently anchored for life. My wife did not come to me empty-handed; her father behaved very liberally, and gave her 1000*l.* and 20,000 sheep. He also gave me permission to run them on his station, and, crowning his generosity, he appointed me manager at 400*l.* per annum; so, taking all matters into consideration, I felt as if I had drawn a prize in life's lottery, and was very grateful for my good fortune. I took up my new position as soon as possible, and my wife followed me in a few weeks. The blacks in that part of the country were considered dangerous neighbours, and had in fact hitherto given a good deal of trouble; but I succeeded in making friends of the tribe in our immediate locality, and we got along pretty well. They certainly occasionally stole a few sheep, but I generally shut my eyes to their offences when not too glaring, and maintained peace and quietness by this means. The property was well watered and pleasantly situated, which rendered it a very comfortable residence. I had been up about six months, when one day my wife received letters from the settlement, and, coming to me, said she wanted to go to Swan River. Her father was ill, and her uncle had arrived from Port

Phillip, from whom, she had heard her father say, long ago, he had borrowed a large sum of money. From the tenor of the letter she imagined that there was something wrong, and was all anxiety to be off, so I decided to take her up to town. We made the passage in a small coaster, and on arrival found the old man very ill, and the doctor attending him told us he had very little hope of his holding out many weeks. His brother was in the room, and I was introduced to him. We remained in attendance on the old gentleman for about two months, and he still lingered. He had been a very strong hearty man all his life, and fought a hard battle with the King of Terrors.

I left the house one day to go down to the bay to a schooner going northward coastwise, as I wished to send up some things to the station, when a man on horseback galloped after me and told me I was to return at once, as the captain was in a fit. I took the horse and hurried back, but was too late to see my dear old friend again in life; he expired a few minutes before I reached the house. My wife was very nearly distracted, and I had the utmost difficulty in getting her calmed down and to cease her vain regrets.

A few days after he was consigned to his last resting-place. We stopped at the old home and endeavoured to get the affairs of the deceased wound up. My wife being a better scholar, and naturally knowing more of her late father's business than I, busied herself in this matter, but found to her dismay that everything appeared to be in the utmost confusion and disorder. Her uncle and [illegible]lf had many consultations on the subject, and I [illegible] that they could not agree, and matters

grew very unpleasant. At last one day he told her flatly that he claimed the entire property in liquidation of a debt of 12,000*l.* owed to him for years by his late brother. My wife fired up at this, and was very indignant, telling her uncle her mind very plainly. He took matters very quietly, and told her to moderate her language; for although she was his niece and entitled to his affection and consideration, he would not put up with such language, and she would find it more to her advantage to listen to reason and let things take their proper course.

I thought it time to interfere, and walking in from the next room, from which I heard all the conversation, I asked what was wrong. My wife immediately said that her uncle laid claim to all her father's property, and she was not entitled to one shilling or had anything to do with the estate. I turned to her uncle and stated what Captain French had bestowed on his daughter when we were married. He replied that if his brother did so, he was bestowing what was not his to give away. I said, appealing to his feelings, "Mr. French, Hannah is your niece, the daughter of your dead brother; I trust you are about to do nothing wrong, and will see that she obtains justice in the administration of her poor father's estate." My wife had left the room while we were speaking, and he replied that he had a large family of his own to provide for, and it behoved him to see that justice was done to himself and them before considering the position of others; but he fully intended doing something beneficial for my wife if she would only keep quiet and not impute dishonest or avaricious motives to him, as she

had been doing for some time past. I pledged myself for her better behaviour; and he informed me that I could continue in my position in the station, but I must leave the house and take my wife away to live with me.

Shortly after he left, and I accompanied him into town. On the road he gave me an insight into his late brother's affairs, and I found out that the affair of the 12,000*l.* was correct. I was somewhat surprised, and began to think, selfishly enough, that the dowry of 1000*l.* and the 20,000 sheep were slipping from my grasp. French was apparently very strict in money matters, and had managed to accumulate a good stock of it. It would seem he had come out very early to the colonies at the expense of a paternal government. On becoming free, being a shrewd, far-seeing fellow, he took up land at Port Phillip, and was now the owner of two large stations in that part of the colony, which was then a dependency of New South Wales. He had originally taken up the station at Swan River for his brother, and stocked it, and assisted him with cash; hence the debt, which I saw no use in disputing; but I did feel rather disappointed that my old friend, now dead, had not confided in me more fully; it would have saved a deal of unpleasantness.

When we returned from Freemantle my wife became very abusive to her uncle, and ordered him to leave the house. He was naturally very indignant, and I had considerable difficulty in persuading him to remain, and pass over the insult. He told me he would give me 1000*l.* and the situation of manager of the station, if I would take my wife there to live; but this

she flatly refused to do, and then for the first time in our wedded life we had a disagreement. I asked her to go for a trip to Sydney, as her health was not at the time very good—she still suffered from the effects of the fall from her horse—but she would not. She said, "Get what money you can, and we will leave Swan River for ever." I again saw her uncle, and on telling him our conversation, he said he was satisfied with her decision; and taking me to the bank, he procured two drafts for 800*l.* each, and gave them to me, telling me to give one to my wife and the other would make up any fancied loss I had sustained, and the 1600*l.* would be a good start in life for us, as things were then in the colonies. I thought so too, and, thanking him, we parted, apparently without much regret on either side.

We did not remain very long in Swan River after this. There was a schooner trading to Sydney, and I took our passages in her, and arrived once more in my old quarters. We lodged at an hotel for the first two months; and I then took a private house and furnished it. We had servants; and as my wife was rather fond of pleasure, and I did not like to deny her anything, the consequence was I soon found out that we were rather exceeding our means. I saw the necessity for retrenchment, or at least getting some employment to keep matters going.

I one day met Mr. Boyd, my old employer, who was glad to see me again. We had a long conversation together. I gave him the history of the interval since we last met, and told him how I was now situated. He gave me good counsel, and reminded me that my

money would not last for ever, and advised me to strike into some path of industry, and concluded by asking me if I would like to go on another whaling voyage. I declined this offer, and said that I was thinking of buying a half share in a brig trading to Adelaide. He said he knew the brig, and recommended me to have nothing to do with her, as she was an old craft and in constant need of repairs. He then offered me charge of one of his stations; and, thanking him, I said I would let him know in a few days what I would do.

When I went home I told my wife of Mr. Boyd's kind advances, and suggested that we should go up country; but she refused to entertain the idea. She liked town very well, and would not bury herself in the country; so I was placed on the horns of a dilemma. My purse was getting rapidly exhausted, and still my wife eagerly followed up the pursuit of pleasure. I knew it must end some day in a collapse, and yet I was too fond of her to be harsh and tell her the stern truth. So I let her have her way, and it was not long before a sharp warning was furnished.

I awoke one night and found the house full of smoke. I was sleeping upstairs, and had only time to carry my wife out of danger, when the flames burst out in every direction, and the place was completely consumed, along with four other houses adjoining. We found the remains of the servant in the ruins, charred to a cinder; and we supposed that the fire had probably occurred through her instrumentality. Female servants in those days were all convicts, and the majority of them had an inveterate habit of smoking tobacco in bed,

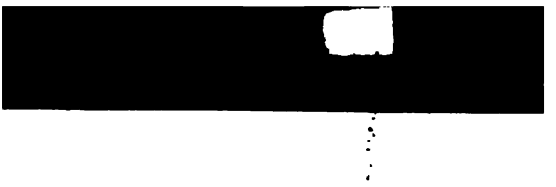
which no amount of correction or punishment could overcome. Poor thing! if she was guilty of this filthy habit, she had paid dearly for it at least. We had not a vestige of clothing or furniture saved from the fire, and had to take furnished lodgings.

I still had a few hundred pounds in the bank, and, leaving my wife with a servant to attend her, I took a voyage to Port Phillip to look at a place I thought of settling on; but I could not arrange with the owners as to terms, and had to return to Sydney. When I arrived at home at night, my wife was at the theatre and the servant out, and I learned now to my extreme sorrow that my wife was becoming dissipated, and was, in fact, going the pace rather fast. In spite of my remonstrance, this state of things continued until poverty showed its ugly face rather plainly, and I had to sell what few things I possessed to pay her debts. She became a mother at this date; and, being weakened by her excesses and trouble and anxiety, she was unable to rally, and breathed her last in my arms, shortly after giving birth to a daughter. Notwithstanding all her failings, I had loved her dearly, and bitterly regretted her untimely death, and felt that I was in some measure to blame, as I was hardly fitted by education or position to possess a wife brought up as she was.

After she was consigned to her grave, I looked about for some one to take charge of my infant child. I found a kindly nurse who willingly adopted her. I obtained some money from Mr. Boyd, and gave her 50*l.* to provide for necessary outfit, &c., until I should get into some steady employment, and pull myself together once more. I went to see Mr. Boyd about

employment, and on going to his office I met my old friend Baird, who had been mate with me in the *Flying Fish*, and he asked me to accompany him to his house, which I did. He was very glad to see me, for old acquaintance' sake, and persuaded me to take up my residence with him, and in my then circumstances this was a great kindness.

We were walking down George Street one day and noticed a placard pasted on the old barrack wall, "Gold, gold, in California!!" and then followed an advertisement that a vessel was to leave at a certain date for the New Eldorado. The announcement gave me a new idea; I would get there by hook or by crook, and said so to Baird. He commended the resolve, and told me he would let me have 100*l.* to give me a fit-out for the venture. At this time, 1849, great excitement prevailed about the Californian gold discoveries, and every one wanted to be off. I would have had some difficulty in securing a passage, but the captain of the barque was an old acquaintance, and he favoured me, and I got a berth in the cabin of the *Eleanor Lancaster*, the first vessel which left Sydney for California. She was terribly overcrowded. The present laws relating to passenger ships were not then in force, I suppose, and men were taken like sheep, as many as the vessel could stow away. There were 560 passengers on board; and my readers can imagine that, coming from a penal settlement like Sydney, there was a tolerable admixture of doubtful characters in the crowd. These soon showed their true colours, and scarcely a day passed without a row or a stand-up fight. The P.R. seemed to be well represented in our ship, and the captain was



powerless to preserve order, and generally let the rowdies fight it out. Ten days out, some of them came aft and made a lot of frivolous complaints about the provisions, and abused the captain roundly, saying they would have better if they were in the ship. He was rather alarmed at this behaviour, and spoke of arming the cabin passengers and some of the more respectable ones in the steerage. I dissuaded him from this measure, but cautioned him to keep a sharp look-out, quietly, if possible. Ten or twelve of the most mutinous I had known years before as "ticket-of-leave men," and was well aware of their dangerous character. They took but small account of human life if once they were roused. I also cautioned the captain as to several of those in the cabin, rather more respectable rogues, but who would require a good deal of watching; and the sequel will prove that I was correct.

Things were not altogether so pleasant in the cabin as one might have expected. The tables not being sufficient for all the company at one time, one half dined before the other, and this continually induced jealousy, and provoked rather severe bickerings at times. One day the steward was bringing some fowls on a dish to the cabin table, when some of the passengers seized the fowls and threw the dish overboard. The steward made an attempt to rescue the dainties, and, in the scuffle that ensued, his assailants pitched him through the skylight, which was open at the time, and he landed on the table, to the great detriment of the crockeryware and our dinner. Captain Lodge was frightened out of his senses almost at these daily occur-

rences, and vowed this should be his last trip with passengers, at any rate from the port of Sydney.

We put into Honolulu, which I had visited formerly in the *Flying Fish*. We laid there five days, and took in a large stock of fruit, sweet potatoes, &c. Most of the passengers landed. I went to an hotel kept by a Frenchman, who immediately recognised me as having been there before, and made me very comfortable during my short stay. Some of our passengers carried their rowdy proclivities ashore, and got locked up by the French Government officers, and the ship sailed without them. We resumed our voyage to San Francisco, and a few days after I found that my clothes trunk had been ransacked. I told the captain that I had lost a gold watch and twenty-five sovereigns. Further inquiry resulted in finding that his box and those of three other passengers had also been robbed. My suspicions immediately fell on two of the cabin passengers, named Brown and Jones, who remained on board the whole time we were on shore at Honolulu. I fancied I knew a plan to fix the right men, and advised my fellow-victims to say nothing, and keep the matter quiet until we sighted land. I told them I was morally certain I was right in my suspicions, and I would guarantee a restoration of the property, or know the reason why. It may look a little like boasting, but, being a remarkably strong and active man, I was afraid of no one, and could hold my own with the best of them if it came to fisticuffs; and to this day I am rather inflammable.

We sighted the coast of America late one evening, and I thought it was time to make a move in the

matter. I called the three passengers who had been victimised with me, and told them that the two men Jones and Brown were the thieves, and no one else; that we were close to port, and we had better make a search for our property. I cautioned them to arm themselves, as we might meet with resistance. The two men were sleeping in the same cabin, one berth over the other. I knocked at their door and told them they were wanted. Jones called out, "Who are you, sir, and what do you want with us?" I replied, "Come out, and you shall see." He began to bully, and threatened that he would throw me overboard when he came out. I told them they were a pair of thieves who had stolen our money while we were on shore in Honolulu. They immediately came out into the saloon, and Brown was evidently prepared for what was coming, for he had a "slung shot," or life-preserver, in his hand. Jones came towards me menacingly, and I immediately knocked him down, and the weapon was taken from his mate. A number of the passengers were aroused by this time, and crowded round us. I explained our business, and demanded that these men's boxes should be searched. They both strongly objected to this, and Jones made a spring at me and caught me by the throat; but I was too strong for him, and he was easily mastered. The boxes were brought out, put on the table, and opened. In Brown's we found mine and the captain's watches, and the money apparently that we had missed. In Jones's trunk were two brace of pistols and a lot of powder and bullets, a purse with ten sovereigns, and two rings belonging to the other pas-

sengers, and their crime was brought home to them beyond denial. I said to Captain Lodge, "Put the handcuffs on these men at once; they must be made prisoners until we get on shore." Jones muttered, "I wish I had you on shore, I would soon put you on one side," and rushed at me; but, seeing him coming, I was prepared, and knocked him down with the butt-end of my pistol, and he and his chum were at once made fast and removed below. Three days after, we dropped anchor in the bay of San Francisco.

CHAPTER XI.

San Francisco—Gambling—Caught the gold fever—Sacramento City—At Hang Town Diggings—"Minting" money—The "John Bull" auctioneer—A reverse—Lynch law—Murder of course.

OUR captain on landing went on board an American man-of-war lying in the harbour, and reported the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, and asked his advice. He told him he could not interfere in the matter, it took him all his time to look after his own ship's company; the attractions of the gold-fields were so great that crews deserted immediately on arrival. He advised him to take the affair quietly and get his cargo landed at once, as he would assuredly lose his men. Captain Lodge returned, landed all his passengers, and allowed the two prisoners to go at liberty. I thought at the time that a few feet of rope expended in their case would have been more consistent with their merits; but it was useless to bother with them, everything about San Francisco was disorganised, and it would have been useless to seek redress.

At this time the grand 'Frisco of to-day was a very insignificant place, mostly composed of rude-built mud-huts, principally tenanted by Spaniards or Mexicans and Mormons. There were but few vessels in the harbour; the great rush had not yet set in, being now early in 1849, but not one of them could boast of a crew; all had left for the diggings. The vessels

were mostly from the Australian ports; the gold fever had not extended to the old country or the American cities as yet.

There was a place named Happy Valley, about half a mile from the beach, where about 2000 tents were congregated, and here the most of my fellow-passengers and myself also pitched our canvas houses. The gold-fields were very hard of access at this time, unless one was well provided with cash, and very many of the poor devils in the camp had landed with very little, expecting, I suppose, to pick up the nuggets immediately on arrival. I had some such idea myself, so I suppose it was the general fallacious belief of the new chums.

The route to the diggings was by the Sacramento River, about 160 miles from San Francisco, and at this time only two small crafts were in the trade, and the charges for freight were enormous. I found everything in the town at famine prices, and my purchases soon began to shrink a not over well-filled purse. The place was full of gambling-houses, and one night I strolled into one of them. I was amazed at the immense piles of gold, doubloons and dollars, which were being staked, and lost or won incessantly. Spaniards were the principal gamblers, and the game was played with cards, and called "monté." I was tempted to try my luck, and put a few dollars on a card, and came away a winner of sixty dollars. I thought this very good for a start, and went again the next night, but in place of breaking the bank I got "broke" myself. I then let monté alone, and had to bestir myself to get some employment at which I could earn my living until I could get a chance of going up to the diggings.

Fortune soon threw this in my way. Walking along one morning I came across three men in a sort of stockyard killing a bullock. I spoke to them, but could get no answer. I found they were Spaniards who knew no English, but presently another rode up who bid me good-day, and I returned his salute. He talked to the men in Spanish, and I saw he was the "boss." I remarked to him, "I wish I knew where I could get a job at the butchering business." He asked me if I was a butcher; I said, "Yes, will you let me take the hide off this bullock?" He told one of the men to give me his knife, and I very soon had the animal stripped, being considered rather expert at this business for many years past. The "boss" then told me that his name was Cummings; he was an American, and that he would give me work at once if I liked. I thanked him, and asked what were the wages. He told me he would pay me well, he would give me 300 dollars per month. I closed at once, and told him I should be with him early in the morning.

I went back to the camp and told my mate of my good luck. I forgot to mention that I had taken one of my fellow-passengers as partner when we left the vessel, and we were now camped together. He had been a bank clerk in Sydney, and was, like myself, out of funds. He wondered if he also could find employment, and decided to try next day. In the morning we proceeded to the slaughter-yard; Mr. Cummings was there. I at once asked him if he could find my mate work. I told him he was no butcher, but would be very useful in driving a cart or anything in that way. He at last consented, and said he might drive the beef-

cart into town, and make himself generally useful. Poor fellow! he had never hitherto done any hard work, and I was very dubious as to how he would get on. His name was Cox; he was very well educated, but awfully "green" in all colonial matters. I thought to myself this verdancy would soon get rubbed out in his present employment. We went at our work manfully. I killed and dressed the cattle at the yards, with my Spanish assistants, and Cox dispensed the beef.

We had been about a month at this work, when extraordinary good reports came from the diggings and unsettled us again. Ships came from all parts of the world, and population poured in in one continuous stream. There was no lack of employment then, and very high wages were the rule. Immediately the vessels arrived in port the crews deserted for the gold-fields, and labourers got any pay they liked to ask to discharge cargoes. Fleets of vessels kept on arriving, but very few could get away, and the harbour presented a grand sight, a perfect forest of masts as far as the eye could reach. A steamer and a number of small craft were put on to carry passengers and luggage up the Sacramento, *en route* to the diggings, and I made up my mind to have a trip up and try my luck, although my employer offered me very great inducements to remain, and offered to start me in business in the town; but it was no use, I had the gold fever very bad. My mate Cox showed no inclination to venture, and just then got an opportunity of joining a very smart business man, who had arrived from New York. They commenced gold-buying, a very profitable pursuit at the time, and eventually made a deal of money; in fact,

he became a rich man. I shall have more to say of him farther on.

I paid 100 dollars for my passage, in a small boat, up the river. We were nine days on the trip, and I frequently had to lend a hand in pulling the boat: we camped ashore at night. The Sacramento in those days (it was now April 1849) was a grand river; the banks for miles were covered with wild oats, five feet high; and game of all sorts, comprising elk, antelope, and various other kinds of deer, abounded. There was one drawback to the perfect enjoyment of the trip, and that was the plague of mosquitoes; at one place on the river, called the Slew, from a peculiar bend it made, they bit powerfully enough to draw blood from a beast, and I felt considerably relieved when the Slew was some miles astern.

When we arrived at Sacramento, as the town was called, we found it to consist of about twenty tents pitched on the river bank. As fast as men arrived they pushed on at once for the diggings. It is now, I believe, a large and prosperous town. There were four or five bullock drays being loaded up with diggers' luggage, &c., for the mines; but the charges for freight were so exorbitant, that I determined to sell my tools and outfit, and push on empty-handed. I succeeded in getting rid of my impedimenta, and joined four Down Easters who were starting. I may mention that the bullock team upset all my Australian notions of "bullock punching" completely. The drays were most unwieldy affairs, having sections of a big log sawn off, about eight inches thick, for wheels, and the cattle were yoked by the horns.

My companions were right pleasant fellows, and, as most Yankees were then and are still, I suppose, very "smart men." We travelled fifty miles in two days, and arrived at Hang Town Diggings. This lively place got its name from the fact of two men being hanged by some Mormons for stealing gold from a dish some time previous, and it retained its suggestive name for some time after. We pitched our tent and had a look around the diggings, and went along a creek where a few men were working; they were very civil, and gave us all the information they could. Diggers at that time had not learned the reticence of later days, and those who had been a short while on the field would willingly lay a new-comer on, and instruct him in the then primitive methods of gold-saving.

I set to work pulling up grass and shaking the earth from the roots into a pan, and then washing it off in the creek. At this work I used to earn one ounce of gold per day, and had I been a proficient I would have made four or five ounces in the same time. The gold was easily obtained then, and I soon began to learn to manipulate the auriferous soil better. I remained three months on this creek, and obtained 11,000 dollars' worth of the precious metal, and hundreds of men made their piles at the same place.

A new rush now took place to another creek about three miles off, and we went there and were again lucky. I was a good deal exercised in my mind about my gold, and I had a quantity of it cachéd or "planted," that is, hidden away in the ground, in two salmon tins. Every one kept his own gold, and it was rare for mates to

know what amount each other had. Stores of all kinds were awfully dear, and were generally paid for in gold weighed over the counter, and if a nugget was tendered greater in value than the goods purchased, fine gold was weighed back as change. I have seen three dollars paid for potatoes per pound, five dollars for flour, and an ounce of gold for one pound of common salt; and frequently provisions could not be obtained even at these prices. I remained a few months longer, and in the fall I returned to Sacramento, and found a city had sprung up like a mushroom, and it was still going ahead fast; money appeared to be as plentiful as stones in the street, and I came to the conclusion it would be a good place to try and settle in.

I lodged at a newly opened hotel called the New York, where I had to pay two dollars per meal or six dollars per day, and find my own blankets for sleeping in. I here made the acquaintance of a man named Mulvin, a butcher from New York. He had opened a place of business on the levée, close to the river bank, and called it the Washington Meat Market. I made him an offer which he accepted, and I started in business with him. The shop was nothing great, but we had a splendid cattle-yard, and a very convenient place for slaughtering; but wages were very high, and ran away with a great share of our profit, and I began to look out for some means of increasing and extending the business, especially as at this time emigration to Sacramento had fully set in, and for many months the town was like a fair. I bought an allotment in Sixth Street for 1000 dollars, and ran up a large hotel and a butchers' market alongside. It was a capital site, being

on the corner of Sixth and Fifth Streets. There was a horse-market opened close by, and I commenced auctioneering. With this and the other businesses I was doing famously, almost in a manner coining money. I employed a manager to look after the hotel, and servants, who were principally females, employed as barmaids, &c. In the commercial rooms there were tables which I let to dealers at two dollars a-day; when they disposed of a mule the purchaser generally "shouted," that is, called for drinks, and in this way a considerable trade accrued. Champagne was the favourite beverage of the mule-driver, and the price then was ten dollars per bottle. The packing of goods to the diggings was mostly done by mules, and a very large business was done in buying and selling these useful animals.

I was almost constantly engaged at the horse-market, which was in a hollow about a mile from the levée or esplanade, fronting the river, and became quite a popular character, and was generally known as the "John Bull" auctioneer. Building was going on continuously, and Sacramento was now an immense place: but in the winter of this year it received a severe check in the shape of a tremendous flood, which swamped half the town. I had seven feet of water in the hotel; and the town being low and flat in its situation, the dead water remained for two months, and caused a deal of sickness, mostly fever and ague, and nearly ruined half the population. I was near death's door myself with the epidemic, and when I was well enough to get about, I found nearly all my earnings swept away, and I was almost a poor man once more. However, I plucked up

heart, got the house into thorough repair, and business soon came back as good as ever.

In the spring of 1850 California got an immense addition to its population. The gold-fields were extending and turning out better than ever, and among the new-comers there were many black sheep, very dubious characters indeed, and, unfortunately for us, a great number of these ruffians located themselves in our hitherto orderly town. Men were knocked down with "neddys" and slung-shots in broad daylight and robbed; and all manner of crimes were committed daily. Meetings were held at last by the more respectable portion of the community, a Vigilance Committee formed, and "Lynch law" put in force. Had this not been done, the place would have become untenable; as it was, no one scarcely ventured out without being well armed, generally with a pistol or revolver in his belt. A good many men were lynched, i.e. hanged, in Sacramento, before any abatement of the lawlessness took place. I noticed particularly that whatever the crime was that was committed, the Sydney men were blamed for it. No doubt many bad men, the dregs of a convict population, came from there; but there were rowdies from New York, and gamblers and blacklegs from New Orleans and other American cities, who were equally as criminal as the Australians. But the lynch law paid no respect to persons; its working was sharp, short, and decisive, and really the state of affairs at that time required the adoption of very vigorous measures, and this one did its work well.

At this time two large steamers, which came from New York, were running on the river from San Francisco

to Sacramento, and as I was not altogether recovered from my attack of fever, I fancied a trip to the seaport would be beneficial. I took a passage on one of these vessels, called the *New World,* and started. On the trip down I witnessed one of those sanguinary scenes which were in those days very common. A deal of gambling was being carried on in the cabin or saloon, as it is called in America, and a dispute arose between the gamblers, and a fight ensued. One of them drew his pistol and fired at his adversary, and shot him through the arm. He returned the fire with his unwounded arm, and killed the other. Another shot rang out from the crowd, and the wounded gambler fell, hit again, this time mortally, for he died before we reached San Francisco. Nothing was done in the matter. The bodies were sent on shore and buried, and there was an end of it. Such encounters were then too common to excite much comment.

I took up my lodgings at an hotel and looked round the city, and I could hardly believe my eyes—the town had increased as if by magic. No one would credit the mighty strides it had made. The streets were crowded with people at all hours, and the bay was one vast forest of masts, spars, and rigging. Vessels coming there had to remain, as I before mentioned. The crews were off without beat of drum the moment they set their feet on shore. I found also that in the matter of crime they were even further advanced than we were at Sacramento. Men were shot down in gambling saloons, and robberies were of daily, almost hourly, occurrence. At last a Vigilance Committee was formed, as the law seemed powerless to deal with the situation,

and this body did more in a short time to restore something like order than the judges and police authorities could have accomplished in years. One day two men were arrested for knocking a man down with a slung-shot, and carried off to gaol. This was on Saturday. On the following day, Sunday, about fifty of the Vigilants went to the gaol, armed, and, taking out the two prisoners, hanged them in the street. These two ruffians were Sydney men; and one of them I knew, his name was Whittaker. He was a passenger in the *Eleanor Lancaster*, the vessel I came down in. While in the crowd witnessing this shocking spectacle, I fell in with my old mate, Mr. Cox, whom I had left starting in business as a gold-buyer when I left town for the diggings, and we adjourned to a quiet place for a long yarn.

CHAPTER XII.

Paradise somewhere further on—A trip to "the old place"—Lionized—Bailed up by a lady, a curious encounter—Good investments—Kay, the robber-chief—A mystery—Judge Lynch—Selling out—An American ranche—Reddon's Diggings.

In the long conversation Mr. Cox and I held, he informed me that he had done extremely well, the gold-buying had turned out a very lucrative speculation. He had bought and sold land to a considerable extent in the town, and by this alone had netted over 10,000*l.* I gave him an outline of my career since we parted, and we laughed heartily over many of the particulars, especially over the jealousy and dislike displayed by the Yankees towards the emigrants from Sydney; and this feeling was greatly aggravated after the summary execution of the two Sydney men by the Vigilance Committee, as described in the last chapter. In 1850 a vessel arrived from Sydney, and the Yankees crowded down to the beach and would not allow the passengers to land; however, they succeeded in doing so somehow. San Francisco at this time was no Paradise to live in. One was not sure when he left his lodgings of ever returning; at least, without extreme caution, he was pretty certain of being knocked down and robbed, or otherwise maltreated.

Cox was interested in my account of Sacramento, and determined to accompany me back for a visit; so we took our passages in the steamer and arrived at our

journey's end safely. Gambling was carried on here at this time to a fearful extent. Gold was as plentiful as dirt, and easily obtained. Lucky diggers thought nothing of coming into Sacramento for a spree, and losing ten or twenty pounds' weight of gold in the gambling saloons before returning to the gold-fields and replenishing their purses. Mr. Cox, after a few days' study of the town and its prospects, decided on starting a branch gold agency. He did so, and I believe it paid him handsomely. At this time I fell ill again, and there were rumours of a cholera visitation. From my former experience of this plague in India, I did not relish the idea of again risking its effects or witnessing its ravages, and made up my mind to have a trip to Sydney once more. I had a very fair share of the business in the town, and made money. Besides the butchering and auctioneering, the hotel returned about 500*l.* per week. Of course expenses were very heavy, but a very good profit remained. I found a tenant for the house, at 150 dollars a week, and was paid six months' rent in advance. I arranged all my other business, and left for San Francisco. My health had not improved, and I made what haste I could to get to sea once more.

I found a barque called the *Lightning* about to sail, and engaged a berth in her, along with about twenty other passengers, who had all apparently been successful in making money in California. We had a quick passage of six weeks, and by the time I reached Sydney my health was thoroughly restored. We were completely besieged on landing by crowds wanting to hear the news from the gold-diggings. I escaped from them, and went first to the bank to deposit my money.

I had brought 2000*l.* and a lot of nuggets, which I had purchased from Mr. Cox, before I left, with me. This done, I turned to seek Mr. Baird, the friend who had enabled me, by the loan of 100*l.*, to go to California and meet with this success. I found he was at Twofold Bay, managing Mr. Boyd's business, so I had to defer my visit to him for a few days.

I then went to see my little daughter, whom I had given into the hands of strangers after the death of her mother. The lady who had adopted her lived at a place called Windsor, and thither I proceeded. I found the youngster had prospered well; she was two months old when I parted with her, and she was now running about. The lady was very kind, and appeared as fond of her as if she were her own child; so I thought I could not do better than leave her in such pleasant quarters. I deposited 500*l.* in the bank in trust for her, and, after staying a fortnight, I returned to Sydney.

I found myself quite a lion, and most of my time was taken up in answering questions about the gold-fields of California, until I grew almost sick of hearing the place mentioned. I had been a day or two in town when I met Mr. Boyd, my former employer, and he took me home to dine with him. I recited my Californian experiences and my success, and he grew quite excited over the subject, and vowed he would go there and have a look at the Eldorado. He asked me to accompany him to Twofold Bay, and told me I should there see my old friend Baird. I was delighted with the chance, and we left in his yacht, the *Wanderer*, the same I mentioned in the early part of this history

as the one in which he performed the trip from England. We soon ran down, and, standing on the jetty, there was my old friend. I called out to him, but he did not recognise me at first; but on landing we were soon hand and glove. He was very glad to see me safe again; he said he had almost made up his mind that we were not to meet again. He opened his eyes when I told him of the handsome return his friendly assistance had brought to me, and he at once took the gold fever, and wanted to be off when I was returning, right or wrong; but I persuaded him that in his position he would be better to stop in his present employ, where he was comfortable and well paid. He might have many hardships to put up with in California, and he was hardly fit for the life on the gold-fields, for he had been very seriously hurt by a whale in former years, the effects of which accident he still felt severely; and eventually he listened to my friendly counsel, and decided to continue as he was. With his large family it would have been very injudicious to go rambling, at least I thought so. He accompanied Mr. Boyd and me back to Sydney, and I made his house my home while I remained. I repaid him his loan, and as he would take no interest, I gave Mrs. Baird a handsome present, and so we were quits.

At this time a gentleman named Mr. Cowper Turner, who had been Attorney-General, was shipping a lot of blood-horses to San Francisco on "spec," and Mr. Boyd had mentioned my name to him as one likely to give him every information about the place. I had an interview with him, and we got on so well together

that he asked me if I would go down in the same ship with him and take charge of the men who were to accompany and look after the stock. He had received a very good account of me from Mr. Boyd, and would be greatly obliged if I would do him this favour. I calculated the plan would combine business with pleasure, and complied with his request. He had chartered a vessel called the *Star*, a barque, which was daily expected to arrive from Hobart Town. She came at length, and Mr. Turner and I went down to inspect her. I found her admirably suited for carrying stock; in fact, she had been built for this trade; and the captain was a first-rate fellow and an old acquaintance, he having been many years in the cattle trade to and from the neighbouring ports.

I soon got the horses embarked and everything about ready for the voyage. I then decided to pay one more visit to the youngster at Windsor before departure. On mentioning this to Mr. Turner, he offered to drive me there. We started with a pair-horse trap; I saw the little one and her guardian, and having completed my business, bid them adieu, and returned to the hotel and Mr. Turner. When I got there, I found a woman, a very good-looking person too, had followed me; she appeared to be slightly under the influence of something stronger than tea. She bailed me up, and asked me if I was going to keep my promise and marry her? for if I did not, she intended to sue me for breach of promise. As I had never seen the woman before, I was rather taken aback. However, I told her I was just about to leave for California, and

if she liked to wait until I returned, I would buy the ring. Mr. Turner was looking on, and told me that the sooner I got away the better. The lady appearing so demonstrative, I asked her into the parlour, and treated her to some hot rum-and-water — rather a modest drink for a bride elect; and she gradually cooled down and went off into a gentle slumber on the sofa; whereupon I made tracks, leaving her to dream of the wedding-cake. Our horses were put to, and Mr. Turner and I bowled gaily along to Sydney; he laughed very heartily at the rum-and-water episode, and my narrow escape from enforced matrimony.

We reached Sydney that night, and I proceeded on board the *Star* and found Messrs. Boyd and Baird waiting to see me, and presently Mr. Turner joined us. During the evening he related my adventure with the would-be "Merry Wife of Windsor," and I got considerably chaffed over the affair; we had a merry night, and parted late. Next morning I got on board a good sea-stock of porter, wines, and eatables of various kinds to supplement the ship's fare, and I also took twenty tons of potatoes as a speculation. In the afternoon we were towed down to the Heads, Mr. Baird sticking to me to the last moment, when I bade him farewell, and he returned in the tug boat.

It was July, 1851, when we commenced our trip. We had a very pleasant but uneventful voyage, and arrived with the whole of our stock safely in San Francisco. There were crowds of people come to see the unwonted spectacle of horses being landed from such a distance, and as they were really good stock, and in capital condition, they attracted a good deal of attention.

When placed in the market they brought extraordinary long prices, and Mr. Turner netted several hundred pounds more by the venture than his most sanguine anticipations led him to expect. My modest speculation in "murphies" also paid well. I sold my twenty tons at a very high figure, the California market not being very well supplied at any time then with vegetables.

I remained a month in town and lodged at an hotel in Broadway with Mr. Turner, who was amazed at the evidences of wealth and prosperity he saw on every hand. The town had still further largely increased, and was increasing, large stores and hotels going up in every direction; but the morality of the place had not improved, robberies were as frequent as ever, although the Vigilance Committee, now a very powerful body, were doing their best to suppress crime. They had still a very great "down," I noticed, on the Sydney people, or the "Sidney Ducks," as they were called in those days by Californians.

At this period there was a man named Belcher Kay, who was Port-Warden of San Francisco, or, as we would term it, Harbour Master. He had to board all vessels coming and going, and was very highly respected as an official. It afterwards came out that he was the very prince of robbers; he was actually captain of a band of depredators who did nothing else but plunder, principally from the vessels arriving in port, getting all the needful information from their chief, who had every opportunity in his vocation of finding out where prey existed, without suspicion, as he was deeply in the confidence of the Government of San Francisco, and of most of the captains frequenting the port.

There was a ship leaving for New York with a large quantity of gold on board, and a plan was devised between this worthy and his gang to ease her of this part of her freight. The night before the day of sailing, Kay was on board, in the cabin with the captain and mate. At midnight two boats rowed silently alongside, and ten men crept up on deck from them, six of them went down into the cabin, and the others went forward to keep the sailors down below. All on board were in bed; the robbers roused out the captain, mate, steward, and Belcher Kay, and on pain of death ordered them to discover where the gold was stowed. The captain told them it was not yet brought on board. One of the gang told him that yarn would not do, as he had seen the boxes brought on board two days before. Of course he had been advised beforehand by Kay, who now stood looking on, the picture of innocence, and very much frightened, you may be sure. They ordered the captain and mate into their berths and locked them in, and went straight to the lazarette where the gold was placed, and took away the six boxes, containing about six cwt. of the precious metal, put it into their boats, battened the hatch down on the crew, and got clear off. The robbers all wore masks and could not be identified; indeed, until this day, the robbers have never been traced or the gold recovered. A few days afterwards Belcher Kay was missing, and his hat and a small necktie were picked up on the wharf, stained with blood. Opinions were divided on his fate; some people thought he had probably been shot and thrown into the bay; and others guessed that he had obtained his share of the booty and taken French leave of the

service. I am inclined to the latter theory, as I afterwards learned that although coming ostensibly from New York he was really a convict from Hobart Town, in Tasmania, and having played his cards so well, he would hardly go and get shot at the wind-up of his career of successful deceit. However, it is a mystery that has never been unravelled, and is, I suppose, likely to remain so. This robbery, like many more, was charged to the account of the "Sydney Ducks;" with what amount of justice I will not pretend to say.

Mr. Turner and I one day walking up Broadway, we met my old friend Cox, the gold-buyer. I introduced my friend Turner, and as we went along Cox informed us that good fortune still befriended him, and he was almost in a position to give up business for the rest of his days. He told me very mysteriously and earnestly to sell out of my Sacramento property and go to some of the new gold-fields. I asked his reason for this advice, and he said I would soon find out for myself when I returned to my house. Knowing his advice was friendly and given for my good, I made up my mind to go up at once and see what was meant by it. Mr. Turner wished to see Sacramento, and accompanied me. We took our passages in one of the river boats and started. The boats had to call at a settlement, called Benicia, on her route, to land some cargo, and we took the opportunity of going on shore to see the place, which was new to me. A short distance from the landing-place we saw a great crowd of people standing round a large oak-tree, and two men adjusting a lasso round one of the limbs. This we found was an

impromptu gallows, to hang two Spaniards who had

robbed and murdered two miners on the road from the diggings. "Judge Lynch" had condemned them, and they had but a short shrift.

Mr. Turner and I got again on board the steamer, and reached Sacramento early next day, and wended our way towards my hotel. As I neared it I saw large placards posted up in Sixth Street (the house was on the corner of Fifth and Sixth Streets), and these bills purported to caution the public about Barry's house, and to avoid it. This was Greek to me; but on making inquiries, I found that, since I left, the house had become notorious as the resort of the worst characters in the town. The man to whom I let it, named Perry, a New Yorker, evidently was not particular as to his customers, as during my absence three men had been shot in the house, and two taken out of it and "lynched," so it had got a bad reputation; hence the posters. I decided at once that Mr. Cox was right; I had better sell out at once, and I closed with almost the first offer, and parted with the property for 25,000 dollars.

Mr. Turner and I went to Mr. Cox's office; he had just returned from San Francisco. That gentleman congratulated me on being clear of the house, and then told me that the Vigilance Committee had found out that I was from Sydney, and in their blind animosity, especially after the rows taking place in the house under Perry's management, they tabooed the hotel by means of the placards aforesaid; so he recommended me, as before, to remove to fresh fields, where possibly the fact of being an Australian would not be considered a crime. Mr. C. Turner, on hearing this statement, decided that, being also a Sydney man, California might become "too

hot" for him, and intimated his intention of leaving on the earliest possible opportunity and returning to his much-maligned Australian home. Next day I saw him on board the down-steamer *en route* for Sydney, and I returned to Mr. Cox and stayed a few weeks with him at his private house.

At this time immense quantities of gold were arriving in Sacramento; new gold-fields were being opened every week, and one called Reddon's Diggings, 250 miles north of Sacramento, attracted my attention, and I resolved to pay them a visit. I joined two other men and purchased a mule-train of seventy-six animals, also quantities of flour, bacon, &c., and loaded up our mules with 225 lbs. weight each, and commenced our journey to this far-off Eldorado, taking eight hired men to assist us with our train. We were all well armed, having each a fowling-piece and a six-shooter attached to our belts, as we were informed that we should probably find the Indians troublesome in the territory we were to pass through. We followed the banks of the Sacramento River for 100 miles. It was a good road, through a most magnificent country; the valley was uniformly level, covered with luxuriant crops of wild oats, which appeared almost as if sown by the hand of man, and filled with game of every description, which was easily shot down.

We got on finely for five days, and arrived at Neil's Ranche, similar to a station in Australia. This ranche was owned by two Englishmen, who had married two Spanish women, and the rancheros treated us very kindly, and purchased a lot of our flour and bacon, gave us plenty of information as to our route, and

where to cross the river, &c. We rested here for six days, as some of our mules were knocked up. One day the stockmen, or "vaqueros," shot two grizzly bears, and brought them in. There were about twenty Spanish stockmen employed on the ranche, and the herds of cattle were innumerable.

After leaving our hospitable entertainers, we had the worst part of the road to travel, and when we crossed the river we had forty miles to go before we reached our destination, Reddon's Diggings, in just one month from leaving Sacramento. The population was about 2000, principally people from Salt Lake and Oregon, there being very few as yet who had found their way from Sacramento. Provisions were awfully scarce when we arrived, and we disposed of our flour at five dollars and our bacon at four dollars per pound. The diggings generally were rich, the majority of the miners making as much as one pound weight of gold per day.

I found out one day while here that "Judge Lynch's" jurisdiction extended thus far north. Seeing a crowd gathered together I ran over, and found a man undergoing the playful operation of having his ears cut off; upon inquiry I learned he had been detected stealing flour from a neighbour's tent, and at once had summary Californian justice dealt out to him.

Just as we were cleared out of our stores three large pack trains came in from Oregon with goods, and the market was glutted. I sold out to my mates, as I felt that I had enough of a packer's life for a time. There was a frontier fort called Reddon's Fort about ten miles from the diggings, which had originally been

built by the Spaniards, and this was the only place where provisions could be obtained in that part of the country, and if this depot ran short, the people had to depend on the mule trains from Oregon or Sacramento.

CHAPTER XIII.

Paradise at last—Shasta Butte—Hostile Indians—Massacre for massacre—River-bed shining with gold—Wild beasts for neighbours—Victims—Fabulous wealth and famine—A roaring business—Robbed—Pursuit and capture of the robbers—A little lynching by the way.

AFTER selling my interest in the mule train, I went to a small settlement called Shasta, about forty miles north from Reddon's Fort, on the Oregon track. Some very rich creek diggings had been found here, and a great many of the miners had brought their families, and settled down and farmed this retreat in the wilderness. It was a remarkably quiet, pleasant place, and I made up my mind to settle down here for a while.

That winter a tremendous snow-storm occurred, and a great number of people lost their lives travelling from Oregon to Shasta. I stopped on until the spring came round, when I learned that a party of pioneers were going to Shasta Butte Valley to take up land, and I managed to get included. There were twenty in the party; they were mostly from Oregon, and several were Englishmen. The valley was situated about seventy miles from Shasta City, and our route lay through a very rough and difficult country, peopled by hordes of Indians; the road followed the Pitt River for about fifty miles, and this track was infested by a tribe known to be the most hostile in California.

We passed one encampment apparently without being

noticed, as we were not molested. I should say there were at least 800 men and women, exclusive of papooses or children, in this village. The Pitt River was abundantly supplied with fine salmon, and the hills around were covered with deer, and on these the Indians lived. We passed on, and after travelling three miles further, we camped. We had forty mules with us, each man rode one and led another carrying his blankets and provisions. After we had turned in we could hear the Indians whooping and uttering their fiendish war-cries, and we determined to increase our distance from them as soon as possible. After midnight we got up and saddled the mules and loaded our swags, and started just as day was breaking, and the next day we arrived at our destination at the head of the valley. It was a magnificent spot, and one of the finest pieces of country I had yet seen in California,—well grassed, well watered, and with an inexhaustible forest of splendid timber convenient. We camped alongside the butte which gave the name to this earthly paradise, turned out our mules, and set to work to build a larger hut. We were engaged at this and surveying the country for three weeks, when the party split up, each man taking up 1000 acres, and each lent the other assistance to fence. Some of the settlers were married men, having left their families in Oregon; these now went for them, and settled down for life. The valley being sixty miles long by twenty broad, there was little fear of overcrowding for some time.

Down the valley to the west of the butte there was a pass through the mountains leading into the Modoc Indian territory, and a great many emigrants came

this way with their families and household goods, and swelled the population of Shasta Butte.

One day our peaceful settlement was rudely disturbed by eight horsemen riding in through the pass at a furious rate, who told us the horrible story of the murder by the Indians of over 100 emigrants, who were coming in; the savages had also stolen all the mules and provisions and burnt the waggons. The population of the valley at this time was about 500, and immediately on receipt of this terrible news a meeting was called together, and eight men deputed to go to another settlement thirty miles away, called Yreka Valley, for assistance in avenging this bloodthirsty deed. The population at this place was about 2000, and they responded heartily to the request: 500 men armed themselves and came over at once to Shasta Butte, we mustered a contingent of 300, and the 800 men, well armed and generally well mounted, elected four captains, and set out to exact a severe retaliation on our natural foes.

We went through the pass, the eight men who brought the news, and who had been part of the emigrant train, leading us. We camped that night, having started late, three miles from the scene of the tragedy. In the morning we soon arrived at the place, and a horrible sight was presented, the naked bodies of murdered men, women, and children lying about in all directions among the charred waggons and household goods. The Indians had stripped all the dead bodies before leaving. The sight was indescribably horrible, and made every man clench his hands and set his teeth hard with a half-muttered vow

of vengeance. About three miles off we descried a small lake, and smoke in several directions round the lake, and we concluded the Indians would be found there.

Ben Wright, an old frontier man, took the lead, by virtue of military experience, and divided our force into four detachments, and despatched them to different positions, at a distance of about half a mile from a belt of tulies which surrounded the lake, and within sight of the fires, round which we calculated there were about 600 Indians. We waited until darkness set in, and, at a signal, made a rush into the fringe of scrub, but found the fires deserted, the Indians being evidently scattered around the lake. We withdrew, and kept a sharp look-out until daylight, when the Indians showed in a body outside their leafy barrier. We immediately charged them, shooting down men, squaws, and papooses indiscriminately. The slaughter—for it could hardly be called a fight—was over in half an hour, and we reckoned that scarcely fifty out of the mob escaped; the rest were despatched to the "happy hunting-grounds" without the slightest show of mercy, and the poor emigrants were fearfully avenged. The loss on our side was trifling, ten killed and twenty wounded, the onslaught being so sudden that the foe could not make any stand at all. We searched their camps round the lake, and found most of the property of the murdered emigrants. These savages were a portion of the Modoc tribe, who were noted for their savage, predatory habits. Their weapons were bows and arrows, although a few had rifles, a bullet from one of which

managed to reach me, and inflicted a slight wound in the leg.

Among our party were a lot of men from Missouri, who were accustomed to Indian warfare, and had many bouts with them. They cut the scalps from the heads of the dead savages, and stuck them on their ramrods for trophies. Returning through the pass, we overtook four waggons with new settlers and their families, and they told us there were twenty others, loaded, coming on behind, from Salt Lake City, the Mormon settlement. There were great rejoicings after our return to Shasta Butte, and it was thought the severe lesson inflicted would keep the Modocs quiet for some time.

A considerable town was now being formed, and population poured in very fast. Yankee traders began to show up, and business became very brisk, and this seemed somehow to rouse up the vagabond spirit within me once more. I concluded I must be moving, so I sold what land I had, and bid good-bye to Shasta. I rode over to Yreka, where a new gold-field had just been opened, and thousands of new-comers were pouring in. Four men accompanied me. When about five miles from Yreka one of my companions dismounted, to get a drink in a creek we were crossing. He had hardly stooped down a second when he cried, "Get off, boys, and come and look here!" We hurried off our mules, and there, in a crevice of the rock, the gold was shining plainly. The lucky discoverer obtained one pound weight of the precious metal in an hour. It being late in the afternoon we camped, and that night we all joined in partnership to work the creek.

We fossicked here for four weeks before any other diggers came to disturb us, and in that time obtained 120 pounds' weight of gold among the party. Then some other men put in an appearance, and the gully was soon rushed. In two months from the date of our discovery there were 1000 diggers there busily at work, and many tons of gold were taken out. The creek was called after our thirsty mate who first saw the gold, and was known after as Stewart's Diggings.

Winter was now coming on, and I decided to go to Yreka for a spell. We divided our gold, and I found I had sixty-one pounds' weight for my share. I found Yreka a very comfortable place to winter in, but everything was frightfully dear. The tracks were all snowed up, and the mule-trains could not travel, so that there was at times a scarcity of provisions. However, I could obtain all I wanted, having plenty of money, and enjoyed myself accordingly. There were three large gambling saloons in the settlement, into which I often strolled, but, with my early Californian experience of "monté," I did not try my luck at the tables. Most of the miners from the outlying diggings made the town their winter-quarters, and, as every one had plenty of gold, the place was pretty cheerful.

In the spring of 1852 I left Yreka for the Salmon River, at which place a new rush was reported, where the diggers were getting gold in immense quantities, and as yet there were very few at the place. I saw one party start out for the new rush, and on the following day I was on the road, with nine others, each mounted on a mule, and leading another with our swags.

We had pretty difficult country to pass through, but managed to cover thirty-five miles the first day, and camped on the bank of a creek. It was a glorious moonlight night; we hobbled the mules and turned them out, keeping two made fast near the tents to get in the rest with in the morning, cutting a lot of wild peas, which grew here in great profusion, for their forage. In the middle of the night the two tethered mules commenced snorting at something and broke away in terror; one of the men got up and looked out, and roused us all up saying there must be Indians about. We immediately armed ourselves and sallied out; one of the men, accidentally stumbling, discharged his pistol, and wounded himself in the leg. Two of the men fired at something ahead of us, and rolled it over; when we got to the spot we found it was a huge grizzly bear they had killed. In this part of California the grizzly bear, panther, and Californian lion are very plentiful. There had been other bears about that night evidently, for all our mules stampeded, and it took all the next day to get the mob together again. The rest of the party went to collect our mules, and I remained in the tent with our wounded comrade. Our party did not return till near nightfall, and during the day we heard a great many reports of firearms, and my patient, Jones, would insist that our mates were engaged with the Indians, and we passed a day of terrible anxiety. However, they all returned safely, and during supper we asked them what all the firing was about; they were surprised at the question, and said they had not heard the firing, and had not fired a shot that day. While we were talking we heard the Indian war-whoop.

We immediately flew to our rifles and prepared for a scrimmage; another whoop was borne on the wind, and at the same time a party of twenty well-armed diggers rode up to our camp.

These men were *en route* for the Salmon River, our destination, and, leaving Yreka some hours after us, had overtaken us. We agreed to travel together, and felt pretty safe with this strong addition to our forces. Many of the new-comers were originally from Oregon, and were well used to Indian warfare, having had many tussles with them theretofore. We formed ourselves into watches that night, ten men in each for so many hours. Just at daylight one of the watches saw an Indian crossing the creek, and gave the alarm. We were up in an instant and took our arms; at the same moment a volley of arrows flew over our camp from the top of the creek bank. We at once charged up the bank and came face to face with about seventy Indians, with eight mules loaded with swags, evidently stolen property. We fired as fast as we could, and wiped-out forty of the savages, and captured the mules, the rest taking to flight. We returned to camp, had breakfast, packed our mules, and started once more on our journey.

We got about two miles on the road when we came across nine dead bodies of diggers, who had been apparently bound for the same place as ourselves, but had been waylaid by the murderous Indians and slaughtered mercilessly. There were also two dead mules; those we had taken from our foes that morning had belonged to these poor fellows, and we were thankful that they were amply revenged. We dug a large hole and buried the bodies together; some of them had many

arrows in them, and all were stripped naked. We searched around but got no further clue as to who or what these unfortunates were, so we passed on, and left them in their lonely grave in the wilderness.

We had occasion before reaching our journey's end to perform the sad ceremony once more. Our mate, Jones, who had shot himself in the leg, got very bad on the journey, which was exceedingly rough travelling; and, mortification setting in, he died. We consigned him to mother earth, and kept on.

We were now in very broken country, and had to cross a number of deep cañons, the vernacular for ravines. At one where we camped I picked up two pieces of gold when I went down for water in the morning. I showed them to my mates, and wanted them to stop and prospect the cañon further; but they were too eager for the Salmon River, and we pushed on, reaching our destination that night. The thirty of us now joined in one party; and as we had eighty mules, and provisions were very scarce, we despatched ten of our mates with the mules to Shasta for a large stock of necessaries. I did not envy them the trip, for they had to cross about the roughest piece of country in all California.

We who remained set to work in the river, and before the men with the mules returned we had netted, off one bar in the stream, close on two hundredweight of gold. When our provisions arrived we were offered fabulous prices for them. We did sell some, and obtained ten dollars per pound for salt, and all other goods in proportion. There was almost a famine in the camp, and money was little thought of; the men could not live on gold, however p'entiful.

There were now about a thousand miners on the river, a great many having arrived from Yreka and other places, and many had to leave on account of the scarcity of provisions. I have seen mules frequently killed and the meat sold at four dollars per pound, and very often none other was obtainable. I remained here for six months, until our party dissolved.

I took my share of the gold and two mules, and joined some men who were homeward bound with their "piles," which was the diggers' term for a sufficiency of gold. There were twenty-five of us started for Shasta City, and I do not believe each man carried less than eighty pounds' weight of gold on the saddle with him. I had eighty-seven pounds' weight myself, part of which I obtained at Yreka, but the greater part at Salmon River. We were four days reaching Shasta, which I found transformed into a large and busy town. When I left in the previous year it mainly consisted of canvas tents and but few houses; now it possessed whole streets of stores and hotels.

A banking institution had just been initiated, called "Adams's Bank," and I there deposited my gold for safe keeping, and took lodgings at the Eagle Hotel, and looked round to see how the land lay. I fell in with a smart business man, named James Lodge, and joined him in starting a sale-yard; and we made money fast, principally by the purchase and sale of mules; at the same time I carried on business as an auctioneer. We then built a large meat-mart, and christened it the "City Market," and erected spacious cattle and slaughter-yards, and very soon did a roaring trade in the butchering business.

In the fall of 1852 we obtained a contract for the supply of meat to the troops at Fort Reddon, which paid well. We purchased beef on foot at 7½ cents per lb., and our contract price to the commissariat was 30 cents, which might be considered a very fair margin for profit. Mr. Lodge kept the business in the sale-yards going, and I bought all our cattle, and attended to the outside business generally.

At this time there were about 3000 men at the fort, a great many of whom had come from Monterey when the war ceased, and were *en route* for Oregon. One day I was returning from the fort after having received a sum of money on account of our contract—I had 1300*l.* in my saddle-bags—when I was bailed up by four highwaymen, who made me dismount, and they then eased me of my saddle-bags. After inspecting the contents, one of them considerately remarked to his mate, "Give the poor devil a few dollars to help him on the road," which he did. I said very little to them, as I thought it very possible they might complete the job by putting a bullet through me: they were all masked, and dressed as Mexicans, but appeared to speak English very well. This happened about twelve miles from the fort; and as soon as the robbers left me, I galloped back and saw the commandant, Colonel Wright, and informed him of my mishap. He asked if there was any possibility of overtaking them. I said if no time were lost they might be caught; I could identify their horses if I could not tell the men; and it was likely they might be fallen in with at Neill's Ranche or Tecumah House, about forty miles from the fort.

The colonel immediately ordered twelve well-mounted

men to accompany me, and we set off in pursuit. We rode all night, and at daylight we saw, distant about a quarter-mile, four mounted men coming up from the bank of the river. I said to the sergeant, "I believe those are the men we want," and we immediately galloped to the spot. The men, on seeing us, crossed the river, by plunging in and swimming their horses; but it was an awkward crossing-place, and we saw one of them swept off and drowned; his horse turned and swam to one side. None of our party seemed to fancy swimming the river, and began to look for a safe place to make the passage. I called out that I would give fifty dollars to each one who crossed with me, and five followed my lead. We plunged our horses in and came out safely on the other side; the remainder of the troop went further down and got safely over. The six of us let out after the fugitives and soon got sight of them. When we neared them they dismounted and fired at us, shooting two of the soldiers and one of the horses. They then let go their horses and got behind the trees, and dodged from one to another, and it was nearly an hour before we finally captured them. They were the right men, for I found my money intact and also a lot of gold dust, probably taken from some poor diggers. They were desperate characters, and one of them whom I captured myself said to his mate, "If you had done as I wanted, this would not have happened," meaning, I suppose, that he had recommended despatching me, on the principle "that dead men tell no tales." It was found that they had been "sticking up" in all directions, and had actually murdered two rancheros. We took them to the fort,

where one of them, a Frenchman, but who spoke English well, offered to turn approver and split on his gang if the colonel would not hang him. He turned a deaf ear to his overtures, and ironed them and placed them in the guard-room until morning, when they were sent on to Shasta in a waggon to take their trial.

When the waggon came to Clear Creek Diggings, where about 1000 men were working, the news of their capture spread like wild-fire, and the entire population turned out, stopped the waggon, took out the prisoners, tried them by Lynch-law, and hanged the three on one tree. A deal of trouble was thus saved to the Government, and their inevitable fate was only anticipated.

CHAPTER XIV.

Taking a wife and giving a feast—Slaughter of Indians—A gigantic swindle—"Captain Jack," a lady—A public dinner abruptly ended—Return to Sydney—Prospecting for more gold.

THE winter of this year, 1852, was a very severe one, and almost put a stop to mining pursuits throughout the country. The diggers crowded into Shasta and entirely exhausted the accommodation of the place. It was "lodging on the cold ground," and no mistake; a dollar a night was cheerfully paid by frozen-out miners for the privilege of spreading their blankets under a roof; and the floors of every hotel were crowded nightly. My partner and I were making money fast at this time. I had the roughest part of the business, no doubt, and often had to camp out, when driving cattle, covered with a buffalo rug, with the sky for a canopy.

At last, I thought, as matters were moving smoothly, I would try home comforts once more, and decided to get married again. I was at this time courting a young woman who came from the States and was serving in the Eagle Hotel, a house I frequented. After a few preliminary visits, I popped the question, was accepted, and we were married at once. My wife was a famous business woman, and objected to any fuss; but I insisted on doing the thing in style, and invited about 300 guests, and gave them a spread; which is doubtless remembered in Shasta to this day. It cost

me about 500*l*. I then purchased some property at the north end of the town, and lived privately.

On the banks of the Pitt River, about twenty miles from Shasta, there were a lot of nomadic tribes of Indians, who occasionally made incursions into the neighbourhood of the town, and stole everything they could lay their hands on. One night they set fire to some grass stacks and nearly burnt the town down, and carried off a lot of mules. This was intolerable; and meetings were held, and the community called upon the authorities to take some steps to abate the nuisance.

We had at this time a sort of local government; and a gaol built for evil-doers: 200 men were called out, who were to go and exterminate the Indians. The majority who volunteered were persons who had suffered injury at the hands of the red man. The Government arranged to pay them, and I was appointed to take command of the troop. My wife was greatly against my going, and, as if to please her, Colonel Wright, of Fort Reddon, superseded me by sending one of his subaltern officers to take charge, and I did not accompany the destroyers. They were out six months, and in that time they drove nearly all the predatory tribes from the Pitt River. They showed no quarter, but slaughtered all they fell in with, men, women, and children. It certainly seemed a savage retaliation, but there was no other course open, and it may be believed that it was long ere Shasta was again troubled with Indians.

I now sold out of the sale-yards to Mr. Lodge, and took another partner, a German named Vanwe,

into the butchering business, which had now become almost too extensive for one to manage. I had a long journey before me, having to proceed to a ranche in Napier Valley, about 200 miles distant, to receive a lot of cattle I had bought some time before from a Spaniard. I started, and was about eight miles on the road at a place where the coaches changed horses, when a messenger came up in hot haste with a letter from my partner, containing the unpleasant news that Adams's Bank had stopped payment that morning. As all our capital was deposited in it, I hurried back at once, and found the report was only too true; we were almost ruined!

This association was one of the greatest swindles ever worked in California, so prolific of smart Yankee "operations." The headquarters of the institution were in San Francisco, and agencies were to be found in almost every town up-country. When the fountain-head dried up, the branches collapsed; in fact it was a preconcerted thing, for every one of them stopped on the same day, and thousands of trusting people were ruined. My partner and I lost about 12,000*l.* by this mishap; and if we had not had a lot of stock which we had previously paid for, and our little property purchased, it would have been a case of "eternal smash" with us also. It was rumoured that the safe from the bank containing the money was put into a van and was on the road to Sacramento. Ten of the deluded clients of Adams and Co. posted after the van and stopped it; but neither safe nor money was there, and we all bid good-bye to our hard-earned cash. I was so disheartened by the blow that I offered to sell out to

Vanwe for a mere trifle, intending to proceed to Sydney, where gold had just been discovered, but he persuaded me to keep on, at least for a time.

I again departed to bring the cattle from Napier Valley which we had purchased from a Spaniard named Valon. I intended to make Hide's Ranche the first night, but lost my road through inattention, and probably thinking of Adams and Co. At last I pulled up at a shanty on the roadside, which had apparently recently been erected; it was kept by two Frenchmen. Here I obtained forage for the horse and myself, of which we both stood in much need. Shortly after, two men rode up who turned out to be stockmen from Hide's Ranche, who told me I was ten miles out of my road. We left together in the morning and arrived at the ranche about four in the afternoon. I had had many dealings in cattle with Mr. Hide, who was very glad to welcome me, and insisted on sending his men to bring my cattle from Valon's Ranche while I spent a few days with him. I remained five days. While there a man named Kit Carson came to the ranche with a drove of sheep from Salt Lake. This was the first mob of "jimboks" I had seen driven since I left Australia. There was a young person in this party who was ostensibly a sheep-dealer—and evidently well up to business—who interested me strangely. We rode over the ranche together and conversed about stock and cattle-dealing, &c., and the dealer displayed a considerable knowledge of the subject.

On the second day of their stay I discovered my quondam friend was a female in man's attire, and was known under the sobriquet of "Captain Jack." She

could ride well, throw the lasso, and was a dead shot; altogether, she was the most remarkable specimen of the feminine gender I ever fell in with. That night Mr. Hide determined on a little jollification, as it was possible I might never be under his roof again. I had informed him of my intention to sell out and return to Australia. There were a few Spanish women living on the ranche, and "Captain Jack," who among her other accomplishments was a splendid dancer, got up a Spanish dance called a "fandango," or something of the kind, and amused us famously; indeed, I think it was the merriest night I had ever spent while in California. The "Captain" accompanied Mr. Hide and me into Shasta next day. Hide went home with me and stopped a few days.

In the meantime, I asked my wife to give a party and to send an invitation to "Captain Jack." She did so, and Jack came dressed as a regular swell, in male attire of course. Mrs. Barry had heard me speak so often of "Captain Jack" that she had a great desire to see this curiosity of her sex. When our guests had retired, she told me that she wished no further acquaintance with such a strong-minded party. I thought at the time the "green-eyed monster" had a little to do with the matter; but, if so, there was little cause, and "Captain Jack" dropped out of our society. I saw her leaving Shasta, well mounted, dressed in boots and breeches, a revolver at her belt and a pair of pistols in the holster, and thought that any young man who trifled with the affections of such an Amazon was likely to come speedily to grief.

In a few days Hide's men arrived at Clear Creek,

twenty-five miles off, with our cattle; and as I was in treaty to sell out to my partner, he, Mr. Hide, and two others went out to value them. This completed, a valuation of the rest of the property belonging to the firm was made, and my partner took everything over, and paid me 5800*l.* for my share and interest in the business. I had my dwelling-house, some horses, and other property which I busied myself in disposing of; and when the Shasta people found that I was determined to leave, they very kindly gave me a public dinner, at which champagne flowed pretty freely.

In the midst of the revelry four men galloped into the town with the news that the Pitt River Indians had returned; for at this time a number of families from Oregon had settled on the river, the husbands and fathers were away digging, and the Indians had swooped down on the camp and murdered about thirty white women and children. This startling report immediately broke up our convivial party. A meeting was forthwith held, and about 300 men at once volunteered to go and exact retribution, and if possible wipe out this special tribe of savages. Of course I was one of the 300, and away we went on our mission of vengeance, the four men who had given the alarm leading the way.

When we arrived at the scene of the massacre, a horrible sight was presented, dead and mutilated bodies lying in all directions among the wreck of their household goods. A detachment of our party remained to bury the dead, and the rest pushed on in pursuit up the river, but returned in two days, having been unable to find the marauders. We turned back to Shasta,

and on the road fell in with a very old Indian, accompanied by his squaw and two fine little Indian boys. Some of the party shot the aged couple, and would have sent the boys also to the happy hunting-grounds, but were prevented, and we brought them in with us.

A party of men was despatched at once by the Government to seek the savages; they were determined not to allow this outrage to pass unpunished. The captive boys were handed over to Colonel Wright, the military commandant. Being an old acquaintance of the colonel, I asked him as a favour to allow me to take one of the youths away with me, and I would try and civilise him. He was good enough to do so, and I took my young savage home. My wife had lately been confined, and was now recovered; I disposed of the house and other property, and got ready for another flitting. At this time a steamer came up the river to within thirty miles of Shasta, and my late partner, Vanwe, drove us all down to the landing, where I parted from him with regret, and going on board the small steamboat, we cast off, and commenced our journey to Sacramento, which was 250 miles distant by water.

The boat was very much crowded with passengers, but we managed to squeeze in for the voyage, and reached Sacramento pretty well tired out, but without any mishaps. I found the town immensely improved since I had left it, and the population better organised and a little more civilised; a good deal of their antipathy to the "Sydney Ducks" had apparently died out. Business was remarkably brisk and flourishing, and my wife tried to persuade me to start once more in business, but I was bent on seeing Sydney again, other-

wise I might have stopped. We remained three weeks, and then left for San Francisco in the steamer *New World*, where we arrived safely; and I took a ready-furnished house in Broadway, and waited for the first ship for Sydney.

In two months a large American vessel, the *Kit Carson*, was laid on, and I took tickets for cabin passengers for self, wife, and child, and the young Indian boy. I also shipped as a venture forty tons of flour, one hundred American stoves, and one hundred Colt's revolvers, which I had purchased pretty cheap, the Californian market being then glutted with these goods. We had a good many fellow-passengers; among them were Madame Anna Bishop, the great singer, and a celebrated harpist named Boxer, who died shortly after his arrival at Sydney. Madame Bishop married the purser of the vessel, whose name was Schultz. Captain Crewell, of the *Kit Carson*, was very much addicted to drink, and was under the influence of liquor during the whole voyage. The vessel's safety was often endangered by his conduct; the provisions were scanty and inferior; and altogether the passage was miserably uncomfortable. We got very little value for our 20*l.*, the price of the cabin passage.

At length we arrived at Sydney somehow, and were greatly relieved on getting ashore in safety. I disposed of the goods I had brought, and realised a very handsome profit out of the speculation. I was not long ashore when I fell in with my old friend and fellow-voyager Baird, who had been out with me in the *Flying Fish*. I was then staying at an hotel, but finding that Baird had a house to let at the Glebe in Sydney,

I rented it, and, having furnished, we moved into it at once, and my friend Baird lived in the house adjoining.

I found out that by a singular coincidence he was now short of cash, although he had some property. I had thousands, and as he had been kind to me in my adversity, I told him he could have a thousand pounds to start in any business he liked. He wanted me badly to purchase a barque lying in the harbour, fit her out, and go on a whaling cruise; but I steadily set my face against that—I had had enough of whaling. He informed me that my old employer and benefactor, Mr. Boyd, had started for California in his yacht the *Wanderer;* he had called in at some of the islands, and while at Owhyhee the natives had set upon him and killed him. I was very much shocked at this intelligence, and felt as if I had lost a near and dear relation. I have been ashore at the place, and know the treacherous character of the natives well. I should have thought Mr. Boyd knew better than to trust himself with the cannibals, but he was always a fearless, trusting fellow. Peace to his "ashes"!

I was thinking seriously of going up to the gold-fields, which were then creating a great stir. Sydney was beginning to feel the effects of a gold discovery; people were flocking in from all parts, and business of every kind became excessively brisk. I was going down George Street to the Bank one morning, when I met a man named William Fox, who had been a mate of mine in the early Californian days. He had just arrived from Melbourne, and had a lot of quartz specimens, containing gold, with him. I invited him home with me, and he stopped a few days, and said I had

better accompany him back to Victoria and invest in the quartz reefs his specimens represented; and as I thought it was not a bad idea, I at once made up my mind to go. I went to Baird and asked him to accompany me and have a look round, as he might meet with something advantageous; and he agreed. We were passing along the street and saw a crowd, which we joined, and found they had assembled to see "Bill Nash" carried out of a gold-broker's office by five policemen and taken to gaol. It appeared he had been gold-buying, and by using false weights he had been amassing money fast, and robbing the unsuspecting diggers. He was now found out, however, and, being tried, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. This was the celebrated character I mentioned in the earlier part of my work as having driven his carriage before that of the Queen, &c.

My wife and I went to Windsor to see my little girl. She had grown and prospered well; and when I spoke of taking her into my charge, her adopted mother would not hear of it; she was as much attached to her as if she were her own. As there was no help for it, I left 200*l.* for her use, and we came away. Mrs. Barry was very anxious to accompany me on my trip; but as she had an excellent neighbour in Mrs. Baird, and had made a small circle of acquaintance, I persuaded her to wait until I had prospected the new country.

CHAPTER XV.

A bad spec'—After the whales again—Melbourne—Bushrangers—A clearing—Quite a spree—Lady-birds of passage—Nearly nipped by "Black Bill"—Broken down—Re-rigged—A scattering party—£1000 disappearing—Moving on.

In the spring of 1855 Bill Fox, Baird, and I went down to Melbourne. When we arrived everything was in disorder, the natural consequence of the neighbourhood of the gold-fields. The hurry and bustle of business reminded me of the palmy days in San Francisco. The town was full of people of all denominations and nationalities, and a man with a little capital and prudence could hardly go wrong in making money. I remained in Melbourne, and Fox and Baird went up to the Steiglitz Diggings, where the quartz reefs were, to buy an interest if possible. I joined a horse-dealer named Cotton, and went largely into the business. I made a trip to Hobart Town, and purchased and shipped a cargo from there to Melbourne, on which I lost money; and finding that that business would not pay just then, I abandoned it.

At this time I received a letter from Baird and Fox from Steiglitz, asking me to come up. I went immediately, and found that they had expended 800*l.* in buying an interest in a quartz claim—all their money in fact—and as yet had got no returns. The prospects from the stone were pretty good; but I imagine the gold was lost in the crushing process, which was the

primitive Californian one, a common Mexican arrastra, simply two huge boulders dragged round in a trough by a horse, attached to a cross beam and upright post. At any rate, the fact was patent that they had got nothing for their outlay; and, there being little appearance of future dividends, I persuaded Baird to come away with me and look at a schooner I had seen lying at Geelong for sale, and if she suited him I would buy her, and give him a start in the intercolonial trade.

We went down to Geelong, but could not come to terms about the schooner, so we went up to Melbourne again. There was a fine brig called the *Jane* lying in the river Yarra for sale. Baird said she was well adapted for a whaling vessel, so I purchased her for 2400*l.*, and became a shipowner. I installed Baird at once as captain. He managed to ship a few hands, and we took the brig down to Sydney for a fit-out. In a very short time Baird got his complement of men, his number of boats and all whaling gear, with two years' stock of provisions, and when all was ready I found the outlay had cost me 4000*l.* I arranged with Captain Baird that he should have one-eighth of the profits, if any, of the cruise, and 2*l.* per week wages, and if he made a successful voyage he should become half owner of the brig on his return. The *Jane* was towed down to a place called Spring Cove, near the Sydney Heads, and a large party, including Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Barry, and myself, went down and spent the last night on board, and were pulled up by the crew in the ship's boats next day.

On the following day my investment was under

weigh, and if good wishes availed she was sure to make a fortunate trip. I looked round for a week or so, but saw nothing suitable to go into; and as inactivity did not suit me, I determined to return to Melbourne, that place offering more scope for business at this time, and, besides, it was time I was adding to my cash account; the whaling speculation had made a considerable inroad, and the balance to my credit did not now exceed 1800*l.*

I called a sale at my house, and disposed of all the furniture, &c., and left for Melbourne with my wife and child and the Indian boy, who by this time had become very much attached to us, and was very useful. On arriving I banked my balance, and rented a furnished house in Collingwood, in the suburbs of Melbourne.

Strolling down Bourke Street one day I met an old acquaintance named Tom Labey. He was doing well, and was in a large way in the flour trade. I asked his advice as to what he thought might be a safe speculation to start in. He said that lots of vessels arriving at the wharves brought bullock-hides and sheepskins, and I might do worse than commence as a buyer of all I could get. I adopted the idea, and bought and sold these commodities for some months, and found it to be a very profitable game. While thus engaged I one day fell in with a cattle-dealer named Tom Jones, an old friend of mine in the early days in Sydney. We immediately fraternised, and the result was that he persuaded me to join him and go up-country buying cattle, and driving them on to the various gold-fields and sell them.

We soon made our arrangements, and Jones and I

and the Indian lad started for a station I was acquainted with to purchase a mob of cattle. I took about 1200*l.* in cash with me in twenty-pound and fifty-pound notes, which I took the precaution to carry in a broad belt under my clothing, as "sticking-up" was very rife in those days, and I soon had occasion to be thankful for this foresight. We called at a roadside house in the Black Forest for refreshment and a feed for our horses.

After I had satisfied the inner man, I went out to the stables to see how the horses were feeding, when lo and behold! the steeds had flown or had been spirited away. I immediately went back to the house and reported our loss. The landlord seemed to take the matter very coolly, and merely uttered the word "bushrangers"; and as the Black Forest was one of their noted haunts, we concluded it was all up with our quadrupeds. The landlord asked if we had lost anything else, and Jones said he had a lot of money sewed up in his saddle, but did not satisfy his curiosity as to the amount, for it began to enter his mind that his questioner knew more about the abstraction of our horses than he cared to divulge; and Jones, who was a very outspoken fellow, made no secret of his thoughts, but flatly told him so. The Indian boy had seen the landlord talking to three men while we were inside, and the landlord had told him to go into the house, and this strengthened our suspicions of foul play, and we determined to wait and see further into the matter if possible.

Poor Jones told me secretly that he had 800*l.* sewed in the lining of his saddle—rather expensive lining, I

thought just then. About two hours after we had missed our horses eight mounted policemen rode up to the house. We immediately told them what had happened, and of the money in Jones's saddle, and our suspicions of the landlord. Six of the police, accompanied by Jones on one of their horses, set out to look for the bushrangers, and two stopped with me at the house. About two hours after the party left, the Indian boy came running in and told us our horses were coming up the road. We went out, and at the moment four men rode by at full gallop; but one of the horses, which I took to be mine, stuck up his rider and refused to pass the house.

There was only one police horse in the stable, but he was immediately brought out, and one man mounted and rode after the gang, and the other officer and myself ran down the road to where the horse was playing up with his rider, and refusing, despite whip and spur, to move on. The mounted policeman fired at this man, who immediately jumped off the horse and ran into the bush, which at this place was remarkably dense and almost impenetrable. I jumped on the horse the robber had left, and saw now that it was Tom Jones's steed. I also held the policeman's horse while he and his mate scrambled into the thicket after their prey. They succeeded in catching him in about ten minutes, and we took him back to the house and secured him.

We saw by certain but almost imperceptible signs that our worthy host and the prisoner needed no introduction; they were evidently no strangers to each

r. The policeman and I overhauled Jones's saddle,

and found a new piece of flannel sewed on the inside, and just as I was about to rip it open, Jones and the party of police returned from their unsuccessful search. I handed over the saddle to allow Tom to make his discovery himself, telling him we had got his horse and saddle back, and also the rider. Tom opened the lining, and to the astonishment of the party exhibited from this hiding-place 800*l.* in bank-notes, and some bank-receipts. He handed 50*l.* as a reward to the policeman who had captured the robber, and I gave 50*l.* to be divided among the others. They decided to stop that night and try and devise some plan for the capture of the rest of the thieves, and cause a restoration of my steeds also; and in this we were successful, as the sequel will show.

It was now dark, and one of the policemen interviewed the prisoner, who upon a promise of leniency told all he knew about the robbery and his companions. He said the gang were in a bushy gully when the party of police passed, and they immediately turned back after they went by. He also told that two of the thieves were brothers of the landlord, who had actually planned the robbery, and it was arranged that the rest were to return at night and rob us of what we had, the horses being taken first to cause our detention. He said the three brothers were "old hands," that is, ex-convicts from Hobart Town, and advised the police to keep out of the way for a few hours, and they would possibly capture the whole gang, who were sure to return to the house. Upon receipt of this information the sergeant in command took the landlord into custody, handcuffed him and put him in the stable with the other

prisoner, and placed a guard over them, and stationed the rest to watch for the coming of our free-and-easy friends.

About 4 o'clock in the morning three men came on foot to the back door of the house, and, knocking softly, said, "Are you asleep, Jack? get up, and let us in." The sergeant opened the door, and Jones and the four officers pounced upon them, and had them down and secured before we in the front of the house could get round to assist. It was lucky they were taken by surprise, as each of them had revolvers, loaded, in their belts. We found the horses fastened up about one hundred yards from the house.

After breakfast we accompanied the police, who took their five prisoners to a small town about twelve miles distant, called, I think, Heathcote, where they were charged before a magistrate with robbery, and committed to Melbourne for trial, and we were bound over to appear as witnesses. The sessions being close at hand, we were obliged to forego our cattle-dealing for a time, and attend the court at Melbourne. When the day came, we gave witness against the gang, and four of them were sentenced to two years' hard labour each, and the landlord got clear off, but was again arrested on leaving the court on another charge, and returned to gaol. This broke up at least one gang of these murderous pests for a time.

While in California I thought I had heard enough of violence and robbery, but Victoria seemed to carry off the palm in those days. There were regularly organised gangs of marauders, who were called bush-

[redacted]s, who permitted no one to pass without being

fleeced; and it is possible, seeing then, and afterwards, the columns of advertisements in the daily papers for missing friends, that many poor fellows were sent out of the world by some of these miscreants, who had no earthly excuse for their criminal occupation, as employment was plentiful, and gold obtainable at the diggings with very little labour.

I stayed a week or two in Melbourne, and found out that my wife did not like the place; it certainly was very lonely for her, having no friends or acquaintances. She asked me to take her back to Sydney, and leave her with Mrs. Baird, of whom she had grown to be very fond, she being the first and only female acquaintance Mrs. Barry had made since we left California.

Captain Baird had been gone now about eight months in the brig; and I thought I might learn some intelligence of him, and arranged to make a trip to Sydney, and leave Mrs. Barry as she desired. I saw Jones next day and informed him of my change of plans, and told him as the Indian boy and he seemed to agree very well, he could take him with him; he was a capital rider, and would be very useful to him. Tom was very glad to get him; and this matter being settled, we went and had a little parting "spree," which I think must have degenerated into a complete fuddle, as we found ourselves in the morning minus our cash and our watches; and it served us right. Of course we "kept it dark," and next day Tom and the boy started up-country in the cattle trade. He was to keep the boy for twelve months, and give him two pounds per week and pay his expenses, which was not so bad for the young Californian savage, I thought.

I took my wife to Sydney in the steamer, and installed her with Mrs. Baird, who was very glad to have her back again, as she felt very lonely herself without her husband. Just then the whaling barque *Lady Emma* arrived in port with a full cargo, and knowing Captain Bulger, I went on board to ask him for news of the *Jane*. He informed me that Baird and himself had been together three months since, and that at that time he had got about 700 barrels of oil on board, and had parted with him to cruise at the "Three Kings." I was overjoyed to hear this account, and now felt assured that, barring accidents, Baird would have a lucky voyage. Captain Bulger wanted me to resume the whaling business, but I declined, and told him that my mind was made up to go back to Victoria; something told me that I should do well there, although just then Sydney was in a very flourishing state, and many persons tried to persuade me to start in the butchering line there; but something drew me Melbournewards, and go I must.

I arranged matters with my wife, who tried hard to get me to settle down in Sydney. I placed 300*l.* in the bank to her account, and taking the residue of my stock of cash, I bid good-bye to her and Mrs. Baird, and left in the Melbourne steamer. We were twelve days on the passage, and had frightful weather. A great many female passengers were on board and were terribly frightened. It was one continuous scene of terror and alarm, and I decided, when at last I set foot on shore, that I would try and give lady-carrying vessels a wider berth in future.

There was a very old friend of mine named Lake

keeping an hotel in Melbourne, and I told the cabman to drive me to his home; and I took up my lodgings there for one month before I commenced to do anything to speak of. I purchased a horse, saddle, and bridle, paying 50*l.* for the turn-out, and rode out with a party I had made an appointment with to look at some horses in a paddock four miles from town, which were for sale. The man, who was called "Black Bill" —he gave no other name—went into the paddock with me, and we rounded the horses up; they were a first-class lot, and adapted principally for coaching. I asked him where was the owner of the mob; he said he was in Melbourne, but he was prepared to deal about them. I told him I preferred to deal with the principal always. He pressed me very hard to make him an offer, but I began to suspect there was something wrong. I put him off by telling him I would consider over the matter, and let him know my intentions that night, intending meanwhile to make inquiries.

When I got home to the North Melbourne Hotel I asked Lake if he knew "Black Bill" in the horse-dealing line; and although he knew nearly all this fraternity then in Melbourne, he pleaded ignorance of this gentleman's acquaintance. I told him he was coming in in the evening, and he would have an opportunity of giving me his impressions of him. "Black Bill" arrived in due course, accompanied by a rough and dirtier-looking vagabond than himself, and introduced him as the owner of the horses. Lake, who had been scrutinising the pair, formed a similar opinion of them to myself, and advised me to have nothing to do

with them, and at last went so far as to give them a gentle hint that their room would be preferred to their company, and they thereupon left.

In the morning Lake drove me out to the paddock where the horses had been; but they had disappeared, also the pseudo-owners. It was fortunate that I declined dealing with these gentry, as I afterwards learned that they had stolen the mob from a station in the interior. They were disposing of them some time after in Ballarat, and were arrested and tried, and sentenced to four years each for horse-stealing.

I rambled about Melbourne for some time, but could see nothing suitable to go into. During my peregrinations one day I fell in with a man named Seward, whom I had known in San Francisco, at a time when he was in a large way of business, and reputed to be very wealthy. But now a sad change had come o'er the scene; poor Seward was shabby, and actually without a shilling, as he himself informed me;—by a series of misfortunes in business he had lost all his wealth. I was very sorry for him. I handed him a pound note, and told him to go up to my hotel and I would see what could be done for him when I returned. I went at once to Mr. Thomas Labey, and asked him if he could find him employment in his office. I recommended him as a first-class business man, and a clever accountant; and Labey told me I had better send him down to the office. I found Seward waiting for me when I returned, and he was overjoyed to hear of the chance of employment. Next day I gave him 20*l.*, and he got himself a good fit-out of clothes, &c., of which he stood in much need, and I accompanied

him to Mr. Labey's office, who, after a few inquiries, installed him as clerk, and I left him an altogether different being from the day before.

I now grew tired of inactivity, and decided to take a trip to the gold-fields. I sold my horse and went to Geelong, *en route* for Ballarat; but in Geelong I met an old friend of my early days, named Harry Dewing, who, in company with a partner named Lascelles, was running a line of coaches to the gold-fields. I found there was an opening here, and I gave 1000*l.* for a share in the business. Coach-driver's wages were 12*l.* per week, and I thought, being a tolerable whip, that I might as well earn that amount myself, and accordingly mounted the box of the Ballarat Coach. Thinking I was settled now for a time, I sent to Sydney for my wife and child. I had been driving for some time, when at last, by an unlucky accident, my career as a "Jehu" was cut short. I used to drive through Steiglitz, a digging township on one of the roads from Geelong to Ballarat; and about five miles from this place there was a very long and steep hill to descend. One day in going down with a load of twenty passengers the wheel-brake gave way, and the horses, getting frightened, bolted. My nerves were pretty steady, however, and I held on to the leaders until near the bottom of the hill, when the coach capsized, and my freight scattered in all directions. One woman and a little girl were killed outright, and a young man had his leg broken, and several other passengers were slightly injured. One of the pole horses had his leg broken, and I had to shoot him. An hour afterwards the down coach arrived and took the wounded passengers back to

Geelong, and another was sent up to continue the journey so unhappily interrupted. It was an accident which might have occurred to any driver at any time in the same place, and I could not lay any of the blame on myself; but when I got back to Geelong I told Dewing I would drive no more. Of course there was an inquest, and as there was considerable rivalry and opposition in the coaching business at the time, there was a clamour about furious driving, &c.; but it was held to be an accident, and one for which no one felt more regret than myself.

After this I was employed principally superintending our yard and the line on the road. My wife arrived from Sydney, and we took a house at New Town, furnished it and lived for some time in contentment; and Mrs. Barry grew to like Geelong as a residence better than any place we had been in as yet. My usual luck about this time again showed itself. My two partners began to grow careless, neglected business, and drank heavily. I offered to sell out to them, but they declined, and in six months my 1000*l.* was a dead letter. The firm had to seek the protection of the Insolvent Court, and I found myself once more on my beam-ends almost, with only about 400*l.* in cash remaining. However, there was the whaling brig, which might soon be expected in port with a full cargo; so I looked on matters philosophically, and thought they might have been much worse.

I told my wife one day I thought I would go back to Sydney and await the arrival of the *Jane*, and at this, for the first time, she showed a little temper, and turned restive, telling me that we had done nothing

but travel about since leaving California. Of course I could not deny the fact, and remarked that we would have still "to move on." I immediately called an auction sale, sold off all the furniture, and we went up to Melbourne direct, and put up at my old quarters with Mr. Lake in the North Melbourne Hotel.

CHAPTER XVI.

Giving a brute a thrashing—Poor Peter, the Indian boy—Wreck—Ruin—Good Samaritans about—Climbing the ladder again—Quartz fever on—A christening party—Disputed territory—The lawyers at work—An unparalleled crime.

I INFORMED Lake of all that had transpired since I left him; and when the recital was concluded he advised me to go into better speculation than coaching, or the chances were I would soon "go broke" myself; and I agreed with him. One morning my wife and I were walking towards the cattle-yards when she cried, "There is Peter!" and sure enough there was Peter, the Indian boy * I had left with Tom Jones, riding to the yards; we walked towards him, and immediately he perceived us he jumped off and ran to us with tears in his eyes, asking us to take him back, and he would never leave us again. When he got a little quieter I asked him where his master was; he said he thought he was at a paddock some distance off, where he had a lot of fat cattle ready for the market. He told me that he was worked very hard, and would like to get back into my service. We took him to the hotel with us, and I got a horse from Lake and accompanied the boy to the paddock, which was about six miles out. Peter was very much afraid Jones would beat him for not returning sooner. I was sorry to see that the lad had evidently been cowed, and determined if possible to put an end to the

* He was sometimes called "Frisco."

system. At the paddock there was a house at which Tom Jones lodged. Peter knocked at the door, which was opened by a young woman, who said that Jones had not returned yet. A man also came to the door, who asked my business, and said that Jones was away looking for Peter, and when he came home he would very likely give him a good flogging. My blood boiled at this remark, but I said nothing as yet, merely telling Peter to come over to the paddock with me. The man accompanied us. He told me that he had charge of the ground for the owner in town, and collected the fees for pasturage of stock left there. On the road he told Peter to go and put a saddle on his horse; and the lad seeming averse to doing his bidding, he told him he would lay the whip over his shoulders if he was not smart about it. I asked him if he ever flogged the boy. He said he had not done so yet, but Jones frequently gave it to him pretty sharp. I concluded from this that the poor lad was being hardly treated, and determined to remove him at once.

I had waited for an hour, and there was no appearance of Jones, so I told Peter to get his horse and accompany me back to Melbourne. He went to the stable for the purpose. When the man in charge saw him going, he told him to stop, for he was sure Jones was looking for him. I said, "Never mind Jones; if he is always flogging the lad it is time he got into better hands," and I told him to come away; whereupon the man seized the bridle and pulled the boy off the horse. He fell heavily and seemed hurt. I dismounted, and asked the inhuman brute what his name was; he replied, Foxon. Whereupon I told Foxon

I would summon him to court next day for assaulting the lad. Peter made some remark, and Foxon turned, and struck him on the head and knocked him down. My patience was now quite exhausted, and I at once felled the ruffian and kicked him soundly. He got up and pitched in, and being a big, strong fellow, we had a pretty severe tussle. However, I got the best of him, and gave him a good, well-deserved thrashing.

We were thus engaged when Jones rode up, and, as I was bleeding pretty profusely, he did not know me at first, and asked in some astonishment whatever was the matter. Foxon began to enlighten him, and said I was stealing the boy, when he interfered; hence the present row. I went over to the stable, and Jones followed. He asked me what was my business with him or the boy, and as soon as I had spoken, Jones said, "Is that you, Barry?" "It is," said I, "what is left of me." He said, "What a pity you did not tell Foxon who you were, and this unpleasant affair would not have happened." I told him I kept quiet, as I wanted to find out how the boy was being treated, and had found out from Foxon, previous to the fight, that he (Jones) had been in the habit of horsewhipping him. He denied this strenuously, and when we went to the house and confronted Foxon, he denied having ever told me that Jones had been guilty of ill-using the boy; and he further denied pulling the lad off the horse. This was more than I could stand, and I raised the whip I held to strike him, when Jones interfered, and saved him another well-merited drubbing.

We then left Jones, Peter going back with me to my lodgings, and I found that beyond working the lad sometimes excessively, Jones had never ill-treated him, but had threatened to flog him sometimes, with a view of enforcing his wishes. However, I had got at the right party in Foxon, and I was satisfied. Jones wanted me to join him in business, saying he had done extremely well, and stock-dealing was then a paying game, but I declined, as I intended to go to Sydney to see about the *Jane* and my whaling venture. Peter left his service that night, and Jones was very sorry to part with him. He gave him 100*l.*, a gold watch, and a fine lot of clothes, for, as he told me, he had really been very faithful and useful to him in the business. Mrs. Barry was very glad to get poor Peter back again.

I stopped on with my old friend Lake for nearly three months, and Jones was a constant visitor. One night we were playing a game of cards, when Lake came in and handed me a Sydney paper to read. I saw something was wrong, and gave it to Jones, who read out the startling and unfortunate news that the brig *Jane* had been wrecked on a coral reef somewhere in Torres Strait, during a heavy gale of wind. She had gone to pieces, and the captain and fifteen of the crew were drowned. This was a terrible blow; nearly all I had to depend on gone at one stroke of misfortune. I could not rest, and at once set off for Sydney in the hope of finding the report untrue. I left my wife behind, and the lad Peter to keep her company, and arrived in Sydney in a few days, when I had my worst fears confirmed. The news was only

too true. I went out to the glebe to see Mrs. Baird, and found the poor woman nearly out of her mind, and I almost forgot my own sorrows in thinking of hers. I had only lost my money, but she had lost her husband, and was left, I was sorry to find, but poorly provided for—and she had six mouths beside her own to fill.

Just at this time two whaling vessels arrived in Sydney which had been out in the same gale in which the *Jane* was lost, and a subscription was started for the widow and family of poor Baird, and in a few days the sum of 500*l.* was collected and handed to her, which doubtless would in some degree lighten her sorrows.

I stayed in Sydney for a few weeks, idling about. At last I thought it was no use indulging in unavailing regret. My money was gone beyond recall; everything was going out and nothing coming in. It was time for me to try and climb the ladder once more. I was offered a vessel to go on a whaling voyage, but my taste for this pursuit was gone, and I proceeded back to Melbourne, where I rented a shop from a party, and started in the butchering business. The shop was in King Street, but being a new-comer and almost unknown, I had a hard battle to fight, and, after ten months' hard work, was unsuccessful, and had to give in, as it was a losing game.

I thought as I was apparently unfit for the town, I might succeed better in the country, and taking my wife and boys I went up to Ballarat, which was then a very busy place. Gold was being got in large quantities, and it was a grand field for employment.

Money was plentiful, judging from the number of hotels and places of amusement, which were crowded nightly. I landed there with just 300*l.*, the only remaining portion of my accumulations. I placed 250*l.* in the bank, and looked round for employment.

I one day fell in with an acquaintance of my early days in Sydney of the name of Sweeney, who was now a cattle-dealer and slaughterman, and was making a rapid fortune at the business. He offered me a job to go up-country and buy him a mob of cattle for the Ballarat market. I gladly accepted his offer. I made my preparations and left on my journey. I was away three months, and succeeded in buying cattle very cheap at the different stations, and got them safely to market. The trip paid Sweeney well, and he was proportionately pleased, and paid me well for my efforts.

On my return, I heard of a chance to go into business at a place called Brown's Diggings, about eighteen miles off. I at once got a horse and proceeded there, but at the time I did not like the look of the place, and returned to Ballarat and joined a man who was just starting in a retail butchering trade. We pushed the trade vigorously, and I introduced a novelty to the pleasure-seekers of Ballarat which pleased their tastes, and put a good deal of money into my pocket at the same time.

As I before stated, the numerous hotels and places of amusement were crowded every night, so I bought a lot of baskets and hired twelve decent lads to carry them at night and hawk "saveloys" round those places. A slice of bread was given with the "bag of

mystery," as some rowdies called the luscious saveloy, for which one shilling was obtained without a murmur, and I need not assure my readers it was a very profitable speculation. We kept on at this business for some time, and by dint of hard work and energetic pushing we soon put together a tidy sum of money; in fact, things were once more looking up.

One morning an acquaintance came into our shop and exhibited a fine lot of quartz specimens which he had obtained from a reef at Brown's Diggings, and wanted me to go out with him and look at it with a view to working it. I sent my mate with him, who shortly returned, very bad indeed, with the quartz fever. He said the stone looked to contain about one-half gold. We must sell out of the business and go reefing. I was very loth to give up the trade, which was now well established, and trust once more to the fickle goddess; but my mate's glowing description and picture of a fortune to be made in two years upset my prudent resolves, and we sold our business and proceeded to our new Eldorado. I was well satisfied with the appearance of the reef, and we were not long in forming a company of ten to work the lode. Machinery was at once ordered, and I built a house close to the claim, and brought over my wife and family from Ballarat.

During the erection of the crushing-battery we were employed in getting stone out, and raised about 100 tons, which we estimated, moderately enough, would yield six ounces of gold per ton. When our battery was ready to commence, we invited a lot of the neighbouring diggers and others, and held the orthodox

ceremony of christening the machinery; and plenty of libations were poured out to our future success, and matters were started auspiciously. This trial-crushing yielded 1500 ounces of gold, and caused tremendous excitement. It so far exceeded our anticipations that I began to think my old luck had not deserted me, after all. I was offered 4000*l.* for my tenth share, and declined to sell. I stuck to the company for thirteen months, and cleared 4800*l.* to my share, and then sold out for a good price; and it was fortunate I did so, for very shortly afterwards the stone became very poor, and eventually the reef "ran out." My mate did not sell out when I did, although he had the opportunity; but very shortly after the reef failed he was again in luck, and made a lot of money.

At this time there was a deep alluvial lead of gold being worked on Brown's, about 120 feet sinking, which was in very wet ground, necessitating the introduction of steam-power for pumping, &c. I, with two others, went into the furnishing business; that is, we supplied the parties in the claims on the wet lead with engines and necessary gear, receiving shares in the returns for payment. This run was called the "North Britain Lead," the majority of the miners being north countrymen, and the rest principally Cornishmen.

One of the Cornishmen, named William Maddren, and his party had applied to the Government for a mining lease of an extended area, such things being then unknown on the gold-diggings, although a law authorising such applications had been passed, but which

was unknown to the greater body of miners generally. The notices, if posted on the ground in accordance with the regulations, had been placed in some place where they could not be observed; doubtless with a purpose, as, if they had been seen, objections would have been lodged, and the lease would, or could, never have been granted; for during the time the lease was being negotiated the ground applied for was marked off in ordinary claims, machinery erected, and, in one which we had furnished, gold was being obtained in large quantities. Just as we thought matters were looking bright, the Government stepped in on behalf of Maddren and party, and stopped us by informing us that we were trespassing on leasehold ground granted to the "Great Britain" party. This was in 1857, when Mr. John O'Shaunassy was at the head of the Government, during whose reign many "shady" jobs of the kind were manipulated. However, we refused to surrender our ground, especially after the enormous outlay we had been at to develop it, so the Government placed an injunction on all our claims to desist from working until the matter was somehow adjusted.

At the time there were over two thousand miners in the place. A very large public meeting was held to protest against the injustice of throwing all the rich ground into the hands of monopolists by the system of leasing large areas. In later years, as the easily worked ground gave out, the system has worked well; but at this date we considered it was unnecessary and oppressive to the individual miner. I had to take a prominent part in the agitation, as indeed the most of my lately acquired capital was invested in the very

ground in dispute. The public meeting inaugurated a subscription to fee the best legal talent available, and in a few days the sum of 1800*l.* was collected. I was deputed to go to Ballarat and engage a lawyer; and I did so, and retained Mr. McDermott; the lease party having engaged a barrister named French. To distinguish the two parties, we were named the "Anti-Lease party." I was one of a deputation sent to Melbourne to confer with the Government in the matter, but we got very poor encouragement in that quarter. We were informed that the lease had been legally granted to the "Great Britain" party, and we would have to give up possession.

We left, and determined in our hearts to give it up only to superior force. While in Melbourne on that trip a terrible affair happened. The convicts at the hulks at Williamstown, in Hobson's Bay, broke out and murdered Mr. John Price, the Inspector-General of convicts. The murder was committed under exceptionally brutal circumstances, and five of the convicts were executed for the commission of the deed. I have already alluded to Mr. Price in my early career, having met with many while travelling through the colonies who had been at some period under his iron rule, who all spoke of him as a strict, tyrannical taskmaster, and predicted such a fate as subsequently befell him, "the wish in many of these instances being father to the thought." This feeling at length culminated in a horrible death, he being literally stamped out of existence by the iron-shod heels of the ruthless murderers; and I think that in the annals of crime for all time the manner of it has no parallel.

To return; on arriving back on the diggings we resumed work in our claims, and refused to obey the Government in the matter of giving up our means of livelihood. We worked on—until finally stopped—for about five months, and obtained a very large quantity of gold.

CHAPTER XVII.

Warlike preparations—Exciting scenes—A compromise—Death of poor Peter—Brisk competition—A quiet spell—Horse-flesh "firm"—Afloat.

In consequence of certain rumours, I was despatched one day into Ballarat to see Mr. McDermott, our legal adviser, to get his instructions how to proceed. I found the town in a ferment: 250 troopers had arrived from Melbourne to enforce the majesty of the law, and put us out of our claims at Brown's. This force was just starting when I arrived in Ballarat.

I immediately sought out the lawyer, and represented the case to him, and told him that our party were determined not to give up the ground; and it was quite possible there would be bloodshed, as the majority of the diggers on Brown's would support us. He replied that we were quite in the right, and on no account to render up the ground or leave possession of it, unless by force of arms; and with this warlike message I turned back.

As it was imperative I should reach Brown's before the body of police, I went to James Bull, at Bath's stables, and hired a thoroughbred in place of my hack. I made a contract with him that if I injured the horse during my flying ride I was to pay him 100 guineas, the price he valued the animal at. I set off at racing pace, and overtook the troopers at the halfway house, where

they were getting some refreshment. As I flew past, Captain Sheridan, who was in charge, called out to me to stop. It took some little time to pull up, and he and Captain Elliott rode up. Sheridan asked me if my name was Barry, and if I was not one of the "Anti-Lease" party, and, in fact, the ringleader. I told him he was quite correctly informed in all these particulars; that I was largely interested in the ground in dispute, and others and myself had nearly our last shilling laid out in the claims; and was it likely we were going to give it up without a bitter struggle? He replied that he wished to caution me, and to request me to repeat the caution to others, to use no violence, or there would assuredly be bloodshed. He had his instructions to enforce the law and turn us out, and he would do so. I said, "Be that as it may, we will not give up our rights unless compelled to do so by main force." Sheridan answered, "Well, I have cautioned you, and upon your heads be it."

With this I rode off at my original pace, and never drew rein until I arrived at the Black Swan Hotel, in the main street of Brown's Diggings; when, immediately upon my dismounting, the poor horse fell dead as a stone; the pace had been too fast for her, and a vision of 100*l.* to pay loomed up. However, there was no time to waste in regret; there were about 1000 men waiting in the street, all armed, for it seemed they had already got an inkling of what to expect, and they anxiously enquired what advice the lawyer had sent. I gave them the message, and reported my conversation with Sheridan, telling them that police would probably arrive before six o'clock.

On this intelligence being given, five delegates were despatched to Italian Gully, a neighbouring diggings, to rouse up the diggers there. Very little in those days was needed to stir up the mining population to resist oppressive measures, and the Government had had a lasting lesson in this matter at the riots at Ballarat in earlier days.

The troopers, on arrival, were picketed at the police camp, where the crowd followed them, but made no demonstration. In the morning, there were assembled about 1500 well-armed diggers, and we confronted the police. Captain Sheridan produced a document and read it to the crowd, detailing his instructions, which were to evict us from our claims, and place the ground in the hands of the applicants for the lease, the Great Britain party.

When he had ended, I was called upon to mount a stump and explain our side of the question; which I did to the best of my ability, the crowd during the whole time keeping solemn silence. After I had concluded my statement, Captain Sheridan said, "Barry, I recognise in you the ringleader of these misguided men; I ask you, once for all, will you give up possession to the legal owners quietly or not?" I replied that we considered the proceedings of the Government in the matter to be illegal and unjust, and we would not surrender one inch of the ground unless compelled to do so by force; and in this we were advised by our lawyers.

At this reply, Captain Elliott, who was with the main body of police, came forward and drew his sword, saying, "Barry, we arrest you." I motioned him back,

and told him to sheath his weapon, or there would be instant bloodshed. Sheridan spoke of proclaiming "martial law," but the crowd stood firm, and only waited for the signal from me to fire, and few of the troopers would have been left to tell the tale.

After some further parley, a kind of armistice was patched up, and Sheridan called upon me to disperse the crowd, who quietly broke up to meet again in the morning. I was not sorry when the movement took place, as I had been on the "stump" for over an hour, and if shots had been exchanged I should have stood a poor chance, being between the two fires. A large public meeting was held that night, and we at last agreed to allow ourselves to be carried off the claims under protest, but not to stop working, nevertheless.

In the morning the scene of the previous day was repeated; there was the imposing array of police drawn up, and the crowd of earnest and determined diggers surrounding them. We stated our terms of surrender of our rights, which were accepted. Maddren and party and Captain Sheridan went quietly to the claims and took possession, and a note of our protest, no one being allowed on the claims but those gentlemen.

This quiet method of settling the business proved the best in the long-run, for the claim-holders all got compensation for what was evidently a Government blunder; indeed, some went so far as to say that it was a premeditated swindle, in which some of the members of Government were concerned; and with such a handsome prize in view as a large patch of

extraordinarily rich alluvial ground to be had for a little straining of the law, it is possible that such was the case. However, it was a fortunate thing the matter was got over without a serious disturbance. Had compensation not been faithfully promised and given, a second edition of the Ballarat riots would undoubtedly have eventuated, and much blood would have been spilt. I believe, had we been allowed to work the ground, we would have each realised about 30,000*l*. As it was, I lost about 1000*l*., and considered myself rather lucky I was not once more run aground.

When all the bother was over, I started again in the butchering business, and put up a good slaughter-yard at a place called Smythe's Creek, and did a very good business. The "Anti-Lease" arrangement had given me considerable notoriety, which I was not slow in turning to account.

I have said nothing about the Californian Indian lad. At this time he was in the service of a friend of mine in the hay and corn trade, in Ballarat. One day when I was there the poor boy came to me, complaining of pains in his head. I took him to a doctor, who said he had a severe attack of fever. On learning this, I drove him home with me to get proper nursing; but it was of no avail, he gradually grew worse, and in a few weeks breathed his last. Mrs. Barry and myself grieved greatly at the poor fellow's death—he had been so uniformly grateful and affectionate to us. We buried him far away from the hunting-grounds of his forefathers, and he was probably the only specimen of the American Indian ever laid in Australian soil.

A good many rival butchers now started in business on Brown's, and the opposition became very warm. Having a good sum in ready cash, I was enabled to buy cheap, and I commenced what is known as a "cutting trade," that is, selling at cost price, or even below it. At last my rivals sickened of this unprofitable game; they clubbed their resources together, and bought me out of the field.

Being once more adrift from business, and seeing nothing in the locality suitable to make a fresh start in, I decided, as my health was not particularly good, to go down to Melbourne and have a spell, of which I stood much in need; the life of excitement I had been leading for many months began to tell. I had now three of a family, and the wife and youngsters and I shifted our quarters to Melbourne. I took a ready-furnished house in Collingwood, where we lived for twelve months, and enjoyed fully all the pleasures that Melbourne then afforded.

I one day fell in with a man named James Cotton, a horsebreaker and dealer in a large way of business. I went into business with him, followed the markets, bought up raw colts, broke them in and sold them. I found this a profitable business, and in a few months cleared a good round sum of money by it.

In the horse-market one day, when I was engaged disposing of some colts, I received a blow on the hat, and on turning round found myself face to face with my old chum, Tom Jones, the cattle-dealer. We retired to a convenient "pub" for a chat. Tom was very sorry to learn of the Indian's death, and said the life he led with him, principally in the open air, suited him best,

and I should have left him with him; however, it was too late now for remedy.

At this time—early in 1861—news arrived of the gold discoveries in Otago, New Zealand, and I endeavoured to persuade Jones to join me in the speculation of taking down a cargo of horses to the new Eldorado; I knew from former experience that it was certain to pay well. He declined, but offered to let me have a mob cheap, which he had running on a station eighty-one miles up-country; they were light-draught animals, and from their description I knew they would suit; so the next day I left with him to see them. I found them to be the right article, and I at once made a deal; I bought forty head, hired a couple of stock-riders, and drove them down to Melbourne. I tried them in the sale-yards, and such good prices were offered that I parted with twenty of them; the rest I despatched to a paddock to be branded with my own brand.

I attended the markets regularly, and at last got together seventy head of good upstanding animals, such as I concluded would suit the New Zealand taste, and then looked round for a vessel to charter for their conveyance to Otago. I succeeded in chartering two vessels, the *Mary*, brig, and the *Eliza Goddard*. I purchased a lot of spring carts and sets of harness and other things, shipped them with the horses, took my wife and family, and set sail for Dunedin, Otago, in the *Eliza Goddard*, the brig *Mary* having sailed the day before. This was in the year 1862 (February). We had a pleasant passage, and arrived at Port Chalmers in eight days with our freight all safe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

New Zealand—Buying and selling—Sold!—Duck-shooting—The fish trade—On the road—A primitive establishment—Pig-hunting—Burglars—Confidence misplaced—"Doctor" Barry!—Chilblains slack—A stampede.

THE Otago gold-fields were in their prime at the time I landed, and their attractions proved too much for the crew of our vessel, who deserted to a man, and went up-country to the diggings.

I took my family to Galbraith's Hotel, in Port Chalmers, where we remained for a few days, until I got my horses, &c., to Dunedin, where I found an excellent market; cattle of the description I had imported were then bringing good prices, and I realised well from the speculation.

Accommodation in Dunedin in those days was very scarce. I had to pay 4*l.* per week rent for a small room, but at last succeeded in hiring a house in the North-East Valley, to which I took my family. I retained two of my best horses and one spring cart, and looked round for something to begin at. I was in a new country, and I was determined not to be particular what line I started in, provided it was likely to pay.

One day I was on the wharf when two whaleboats arrived loaded with fish. I purchased the lot, put them into my cart, drove round the town and retailed the lot. At night on counting up I found I had made

a very good day's work indeed. "There's corn in Egypt yet," I thought, "I will follow up the trade." I made inquiries, and from advice given I purchased two vans and hired four men; two of them were fishermen, and had seine-nets and all the necessary gear for making a "good haul." I was informed by the same friend that the Waihola Lake, twenty-three miles from town, abounded in mullet, and all I had to do was to go there, fish, load my vans, drive on to the diggings, and make a rapid fortune.

I purchased a boat for running out our nets, and left on the expedition—probably the most foolish one I ever set out upon. One might have thought my verdancy would by this time have been entirely rubbed off, but it seemed I was "green" as ever, and was completely sold by my waggish adviser. We arrived at the romantic Waihola Lake, camped, and hobbled and turned out the horses, having no feed with us for their use; the space would be required for our mullet (?). However, the grass was magnificent, and the animals fared well. We made our preparations, and set to work and fished diligently all the long night, and were rewarded by the capture of one unwary eel!

In the morning, as we were overhauling our gear, an "old identity," that is, an old Scotch settler, came riding by and asked us, "What in the name o' heevin we were deein there?" I replied, "Fishing for mullet;" at which he burst out laughing, and said, "Ye'll hae tae fush a d—d lang time ere ye cotch ony mullet here, deil a mullet's in till't," and rode off. Then, for the first time, it dawned upon me that I had been sold. However, I gave the lake another night's trial, and in

the morning added three more eels to our stock, and tore our nets all to pieces; so I concluded Sawney was right—"Deil a mullet" was "in till't," and packed up and turned back townwards.

We got as far as Dyer's Ferry, on the Taieri River, and camped. I then fell in with some boatmen, who came up from the Taieri Heads, who, upon hearing of the failure of my fishing excursion, said they could get boatloads of the finny tribe in no time at the Heads, if I would pay them a price for them; so I concluded all was not yet lost, and arranged to prosecute the fish trade a little further. I paid off the men I had with me, and then returned to town.

Six boats left for the promised fish, and I remained with my horses and vans and amused myself duck-shooting on the lake, which at this time was crowded with waterfowl. After eight days waiting I began to feel as if another "fish sell" was intended; but Dwyer at the hotel assured me that the men would keep their promise. There had been a heavy gale of wind meantime, which probably detained them. The day after, I was delighted to see four of the boats arrive loaded to the gunwales with fish, some of them weighing 40 lbs. each. They were principally of the species called "habuca," a very coarse specimen, but excellent where quantity was before quality.

I loaded up my vans, and hired a man to assist me in driving, and just then an old Ballarat acquaintance came along tramping to the diggings; his name was George Harrison, a butcher by trade. I let him into the speculation for a nominal sum, and off we went. The roads were lined with men travelling to the diggings,

and on the first day at Tokomairiro we sold out one van load, principally to the diggers camped there, *en route*. We then pushed on to the Woolshed Diggings, six miles further, and camped.

Next day we started for Waitatruna, and some of the corpulent "habuca" began to smell rather loud. We were compelled to halt at a creek and relieve them of their intestines, and on we went again; the fish trade evidently required to be done in a hurry. We got to Waitatruna, where there were about 800 miners, who wanted a change of food, and I retailed the remainder of the fish at the modest price, looking at their condition, of 3*s*. per lb., and was truly glad when the last "habuca" disappeared.

I had had enough of the fish trade for some time, and drove on to Gabriel's Gully. These diggings were in their prime at this time; every one appeared to be doing well, as also at the neighbouring gully known as Wetherstones. Harrison wanted me either to start in our own business or go gold-digging; but I wanted to look round awhile, and after settling up with him we parted. I got an idea that money might be made readily on the diggings here at fellmongering; the butchers and others killing cattle and sheep were throwing aside their hides and skins for want of a market.

I sold one of my vans, and putting the two horses to the other, went straight back to Dunedin, where I saw plenty of chances to commence business; but I fancied I could get along, in my rough-and-ready style, better with the digging population. I purchased a very large boiler and other articles necessary in the trade, and

despatched them, along with one ton of salt for curing the hides, per bullock dray to Wetherstones, where I intended to commence operations. Cartage was a very considerable item in those days, and I paid 190*l.* for the carriage of my goods, freight to the diggings being 80*l.* per ton. The trip then occupied the bullock teams about a fortnight, as the roads were much as Nature made them. I sold my fish van in Dunedin, and purchased a large spring cart, to which I added an excellent tilt or covering; and embarking all my family and a few household goods, commenced the pilgrimage to Wetherstones three days after my goods had left.

We had a miserable journey, rain fell nearly every day, making the roads so boggy that very few miles were accomplished daily, and, to add to our discomfort, there were few places on the route where firewood was obtainable, and mostly we had to boil the "billy" with speargrass.

At last we arrived at our destination, and here there was also a great scarcity of wood; and for several days we had to retain our movable residence, as I could not get any timber to erect a house. At last a dray arrived with quartering, and I purchased some at 1*s.* per foot, put up a frame and covered it with canvas; stone, iron, or weatherboards for house-building were unknown in those primitive times. I hired some men, and got a lot of square holes sunk in the ground, as a substitute for vats, to run melted tallow into; the rough fat cost nothing; this as well as hides and sheepskins were thrown away. I engaged labourers to go round the various slaughtering-places and collect everything of [illegible]e. I salted the hides ready for market, and filled my

vats with tallow. I had also tradesmen at work making up "small goods," which I supplied to the retail butchers. I had a confidential managing man, named Edward Gitters, who looked well after the business, and for nine months I did a "roaring trade" and made money fast. The slaughtermen then bethought themselves to charge for the hides, &c., and the profits suddenly fell below par; however, I got even with them before long.

At this time meat was an enormous price, and the hills around the diggings were teeming with wild pigs, the probable descendants of those liberated by Captain Cook 100 years before. I got some men to sink a large paddock, forty feet square and eight feet deep, into which I intended placing the wild porkers, when caught, tame them down and feed them for the market, and give the diggers a cheap and pleasant change of meat. I had four good hunters out on the ranges, and the taming establishment was kept well occupied. Two of these Nimrods afterwards became men of note; one, William Smitham, became Mayor of Cromwell, in Otago; another, Maxwell, fell heir to a large fortune, and, if I mistake not, a title also; the two others, Hancox and Carmichael, are, I believe at the time I write this, not many miles distant, engaged in gold-mining.

The fat pigs fit for the butcher were killed and dressed on the ranges, for which I paid them 10*d.* per lb., and so much per head for the lean animals which went into my paddock to learn manners and taste the fruits of civilisation. I bought an immense pig from them one day, weighing 560 lbs. when

dressed. This fellow had given them some trouble, and nearly frightened Smitham to death. He had been after this giant of the hills by himself, and in a secluded gulley the boar turned and got him down, and was proceeding leisurely to tear him to pieces, when his dog went in and attracted the monster's attention, and his mates hearing the noise came to the rescue, and with the aid of the dogs and their long pikes managed to despatch the ferocious brute; but one man got badly hurt and one of the dogs was killed in the encounter, so pig-sticking was not altogether without danger in those days. Since then the animals have become very scarce, giving way before the settlers, and retiring to the most inaccessible fastnesses in the lofty ranges farther back.

What with pigs and fellmongering, &c., I had, I considered, done very fairly; and having a large stock of raw hides and tallow on hand, I felt the necessity for a trip to Dunedin to dispose of them. The night before I left, the pig-hunters came in to get a settlement of accounts. We all went over to Gabriel's Gully, and the men got rather too much liquor. Some dispute arose between them relative to money matters, and I had great difficulty in preventing them from quarrelling outright. This difference broke up the party, and from thenceforth they gave up hunting the cheerful porker. They had each made a nice little sum of money at the game, which shows that the resources of even the wild hills of New Zealand may be turned to good account by men of energy.

We were going home from Wetherstones that night, I were about 400 yards from my property when we

heard the report of firearms. Three of us went back, and ascertained that the shots had been fired after some retreating burglars, who had "stuck-up" a small storekeeper. These men were arrested next day by police-sergeant Bracken; were tried and convicted, receiving each one year's imprisonment. They were awfully bad characters, and it is a pity their career was not then and there ended. They were named Kelly, Burgess, and Sullivan, afterwards the notorious West Coast murderers, of whom I shall have occasion to speak further on.

I left next morning on horseback for Dunedin, and going through the Woolshed Diggings my horse fell dead under me, and I had to carry the saddle six miles to Tokomairiro, where I purchased a remount and proceeded on my journey, arriving safely in Dunedin next day. I purchased another spring cart, and a lot of goods, which I thought would sell in the diggings; and after knocking round for a few days and meeting with nothing of interest, having transacted all the business which brought me down, I returned to Wetherstones.

I found everything upside-down when I got back. The men had been on the spree all the time I had been away, so I at once discharged every one of them except my manager, Gitters, whom I sent to Dunedin with two tons of tallow in casks. I had every confidence in this man, but it was evidently misplaced; he sold the tallow in town and levanted with the proceeds. I could put up with the loss, but I did not like such ungrateful treatment from a man I had trusted so much. I went to town in search of him, but he was not to be seen. I gave up the search and returned, as it was only

throwing good money after bad, and travelling in those days was rather an expensive affair. I have frequently lost money in the same way. I could easily make it, but my unfortunate lack of education compelled me to trust to others in business matters, and often, as in the above instance, I came out a loser.

That winter on the diggings was a very severe one, and business generally was very dull. I kept on at the "small goods," supplying the retail butchers. My profits suffered little diminution, as, no matter how little gold is being obtained, the digger must eat to live. One day something occurred which gave me for a time, and in a similar way, almost as much notoriety as Professor Holloway, the pills and ointment celebrity. A digger passed, limping sadly, and complained of having chilblains; and indeed very few on the diggings that winter, in consequence of the intense frost, were free from them. I gave him some of the boiler skimmings, which I suppose consisted mainly of fat and neat's-foot oil, distilled from the tripe and cowheels during the process of cooking. He took it home and rubbed his feet, and lo! a speedy cure. He gave some to others with the complaint, and they were healed; and the fame of "Barry's Mixture" spread.

On the following Sunday about twenty diggers came to the house in search of the elixir. I saw there was some profit to be made out of my fellow mortals' distress, and for the first time in my life determined to turn it to account. I told them I had none by me just then, but if they would call in two days I would have some prepared. Putting on an air of wisdom, if that indeed were possible, I said the ingredients for makin

the "salve" were difficult to get, but I would do my best, as it was a pity to see so many fine, strong fellows helpless from such a miserable disorder.

I went to work and collected all the small bottles and pots I could find, purchased some scent to give the "salve" a foreign flavour to the nose, and, when ready to commence as a patent medicine vendor, I had a sign painted and hung up:—"W. J. Barry. 'A Perfect Cure' for Chilblains. Apply early." My place was literally rushed. No nostrum during the cholera season ever sold so rapidly; and half a guinea was cheerfully paid by the sufferers for a small bottle of the "Perfect Cure." Of course it reads like a joke at this date, but it is a positive fact that my mixture cured hundreds, and Messrs. Holloway, Cockle, or Ayers are now welcome to the receipt—it has served my turn. I was dubbed Doctor for a long time, and actually made more money by the "Cure," comparatively, than by anything else I was ever engaged at in trade.

As the winter passed, chilblains got slack, and eventually disappeared, and the "Doctor's" occupation, like Othello's, "was gone." Business generally fell off, so I sold out of my yards and menagerie, and opened a butcher's shop; got a couple of my old Nimrods back again, and started them on to the hills with a large copper boiler and necessary appliances for the proper preservation of the game, alias pigs; and for a time we did a large business together, and the hunters waxed rich; but just at this time the news came of the discovery of the Dunstan gold-fields by Hartley and Reilly, and off they started.

Presently, nearly all the population of Wetherstones

followed; the place was deserted almost, and business existed only in name. I soon grew tired of this state of things, and one morning I said to my wife, "This work won't do; I shall shut up shop and go and see the new rush." I got in two horses, packed my blankets on one, and riding the other, I bade good-bye to wife and family, whom I left comfortably situated, and started in search of the Dunstan Rush.

CHAPTER XIX.

Turning cash briskly—Swimming for gold by the pound-weight—Sailing down stream at a horse's tail—A narrow escape—A monopoly—An open market—£1000 cleared in five months—A town cleared in no time—A subsequent clearing of grog.

I HAD little difficulty in steering my course to the new rush. The whole country was alive with people journeying thitherwards, and in two days I arrived on the Dunstan Flat, where now stand the incorporated towns of Clyde and Alexandra. The flat and all along the banks of the Clutha River were covered with canvas tents, and everyone appeared to be getting gold easily.

I journeyed up the river a couple of miles, and returned. I found everything in the shape of food at extraordinary prices, except mutton, which was reasonable enough at 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb. The 4lb. loaf was 7*s.* 6*d.* per loaf, and flour was 21*l.* per 200lb. bag. Recollecting that flour was only 3*l.* per bag at Gabriel's Gully, I saw a good speculation in that line, and I immediately sold one of my horses with a pack saddle, and hastened back.

When I arrived I found some one had forestalled me, and all the flour was bought up. I happened to learn that a bullock team was close at hand with a load of flour, and at once rode out and met it, and purchased the lot at 3*l.* per bag; and going four miles further I met another team, and purchased that also, and de-

spatched them both on to the Dunstan. There were five tons in the two loads, and I contracted to pay 90*l.* per ton carriage. I left home again four days after the drays, and went back to the rush. I found matters still very brisk, and bread raised to 8*s.* for a small loaf. When my flour arrived a fortnight afterwards, the drays were "rushed," and I could have sold at almost any price, but I had already disposed of it to one man for 21*l.* 10*s.* per bag, and felt well satisfied. Three days after, ten drays arrived with flour and other goods, and the price fell at once.

The Bank of New South Wales started an agency at this time, and I deposited my cash there for safe keeping. The Dunstan now began to assume the appearance of a town. Hotels and stores went up in two long lines on either side of the street, and business made rapid strides. There was a baker's shop next to the bank, which I saw would make an excellent stand for a butcher's shop, and I made up my mind to have it. I had considerable difficulty with the occupier, but at last succeeded in buying him out. I at once fitted the place up for business.

There were at this time only two other butchers, who were supplied by two neighbouring squatters, Messrs. Low and Shuman. When ready to commence, I went to these gentlemen for stock, but they refused to supply me, even for cash. They had arranged only to supply the two places, and they would not even permit cattle or sheep to be driven or killed on their run; and as most of the new gold-fields were on their station, this was a poser. I had gone to very considerable expense for nothing, for a butcher's shop without meat

was not calculated to be a paying concern. I hardly knew what to be at, and finding two men I knew going up the river to have a look round, I acccompanied them.

When at Hartley's Beach, a place where an immense lot of gold was obtained, we met some men going down for provisions, who told us that on the opposite side of the river, at the junction of the Kawarau and Clutha, there were five men who were getting gold by the pound-weight; but there was no boat, and the river was, and probably is now, one of the most dangerous streams in the world to swim in. I fancied I could swim a little, and one of the men with me, Bill Kelly, a Sydney native, could swim like a fish, so I thought it would go hard but we would join the party who were getting gold by the pound-weight.

When we arrived at the spot opposite to the rich ground, we saw about fifty men sitting on the bank, looking at the lucky fellows on the other side, and wondering how they got there, and how they were to participate in their luck. I at once went down to the river's edge and began stripping. The crowd looked on in amazement, and predicted a speedy death; but I paid no attention to their remarks, and tying my clothes in a bundle on my head, I called to Kelly to come on. He said if I arrived safely on the other side, he would follow. I took the stream higher up than I expected to land on the other shore, and plunged in, and reached terra firma almost at once. The current, running about ten miles an hour, sheared me over at a tremendous rate. The stream here was 150 yards wide, and a fearful depth. It is possible I had the

honour of being the first man who ever swam the Clutha at that date.

Kelly, on seeing me safely landed, at once attempted the passage, following my tactics, and was nearly across when he got into a whirl or eddy and came near drowning. On seeing him struggling, I ran up and plunged in and took hold of him; and one of the men who were working there reached out a long-handled shovel, which I grasped, and we were both pulled ashore. A few minutes more, and one or both must have been drowned; as it was, Kelly lost all his clothes and thirteen ounces of gold, which were in his pocket. He solemnly vowed he would never again attempt to swim a New Zealand river, and I think he kept his oath. I divided my wearing apparel with him to cover his nakedness, and we fraternised with the diggers, who were astonished at our foolhardiness. They had been on this beach a fortnight, and had obtained 18 lb. weight of gold, they told us. There we were in the midst of treasure, but had no means of obtaining it, Kelly having lost our tin dish along with his clothes. However, one of our new acquaintances lent us a washing-dish, and we prospected round all day and got about an ounce of gold. During the night the river rose, which it does frequently and very rapidly, and overflowed the golden beaches, preventing us from obtaining any more gold for a time.

At this time men found their way up the river on our side, and brought the news of an extensive rush up-country, called Fox's, on the Arrow River, a tributary of the Kawarau. I decided to go back to the Dunstan, and my mate Kelly joined the five men

working the river banks. Not knowing the road back on the west side of the river, and the new-comers telling me that it was very rough travelling, I thought it advisable to return by the same route I had come, so bidding my comrades good-bye, I stripped, and once more taking to my paddles, I recrossed the river safely, and travelled down to the Dunstan.

I found the place very busy; hundreds of men passing through daily for the new rush, although gold was being obtained then, and for a long time afterwards, on the river banks. New arrivals never thought of stopping, but pushed on for the new Eldorado. It is singular, but true, no matter how well a community of gold-diggers may be doing, the report of a new discovery immediately unsettles them, and down come the tents, and off they go. It was always so in my time, and doubtless if such a thing were to occur to-morrow a general stampede would be the result; although I am sorry to see that generally the real, old-fashioned, genial gold-prospector and digger, like many other good institutions, is gradually passing away, consequent, I suppose, on the want of excitement—no real *bonâ fide* gold discoveries having been made of late years.

This new rush was caused by the discovery of gold by two shepherds in the employ of a Mr. Reece, manager of a sheep-run in the Lake district, and was named after an old Californian acquaintance of mine, William Fox, who was prospecting in the neighbourhood, and came across the shepherds. He was a genuine prospector, and was very successful, I believe, at the first of the new rush. Indeed, gold was easily

obtained, and the gold-fields enlarged in extent daily by new discoveries.

Of course I could not stay behind the crowd, and joined a Mr. Grindley in the stock-trade, and we started with a mob of sheep for Fox's. We had to go up the Clutha River about eighteen miles before we could cross. We got over safely and proceeded on, arriving at our destination after considerable difficulty, and found we were forestalled; Mr. Reece had stocked the market with cattle and sheep. We set to work and fixed up a yard with scrub, and sold a few of our sheep to the diggers, alive; but trade was slack, and Grindley decided to travel further on to Skipper's Creek, on the Shotover River, where a rush had set in, and a good many diggers had located themselves. We got there all right, and Grindley immediately commenced killing, and retailed his mutton at 1*s.* 9*d.* per lb.

Shortly afterwards a misunderstanding arose between us, and I left him to strike out a new line for myself. I bought an old white horse from one of the diggers, and one morning started down the Shotover, which runs through a terrific country. At one place I attempted to swim the horse over the river and nearly came to grief. The current was too much for my poor old Rosinante, and down stream we went. He rolled over several times, and I grasped his tail in desperation. We came at last into a gorge, with smooth perpendicular rocks on either side. The poor old grey managed to gain a sort of temporary footing on a foam-lashed rock, where he was buffeted all to pieces; and indeed I was little better off, and began to think it was time "to send in my checks." However, I managed to keep in mid-

stream, and at last cleared the awful gorge, and crawled ashore on a beach where eight kindly Welshmen were working. I stated my misadventures, and they supplied me with dry clothing and a night's lodging, of which Samaritan help I stood in great need, being nearly exhausted.

Next day one of the party was going into Fox's township, and gave me a ride on his packhorse. I could not have walked it, I was bruised from head to foot, and my body generally was of a black-and-blue tint. I was very ill for a fortnight afterwards, during which time I stopped at Fox's house, who had started a store and shanty—a sort of hybrid public-house, common enough in those days, although unlicensed and unlawful, where he appeared to be making money fast. And here I thank him for his kindness to me during the time I was suffering from my buffeting with the current of the Shotover.

At this time the place began to assume a settled aspect; a police camp was erected, and the police and all the Government paraphernalia put in an appearance; gold was being obtained in immense quantities, and many miners went home with their piles from the Arrow. Fox wanted me to start in business; but I wished to get back to Dunstan, to see if I could do anything with the shop I had erected there; so I purchased a fresh steed from him, and departed on my way down-country. When I arrived at the junction of the Clutha and Kawarau Rivers there was a ferry boat on the river, so I had not to swim this time; and, indeed, I was getting rather nervous on the matter after the Shotover experience; there was also

a town springing up there, called Kawarau, but afterwards known as Cromwell when the Government took it in hand. I have a deal to relate concerning this now prosperous town, but will leave it till the time arrives in which my experience of its amenities occurred in the order of this narrative.

I arrived at the Dunstan that evening, and found that during my three months' absence the town had enlarged very considerably, and frontages on the main street had increased in value accordingly. I determined to make another effort to start in business, as I liked the place, and again went to the squatter for sheep and cattle, but in vain. My old acquaintance Harrison had the whole trade to himself, and persuaded the squatter that if I obtained meat I should spoil the trade and their little game at the same time; and it was quite likely. I only waited for the opportunity, and it shortly came.

Two men arrived with a mob of cattle, who cared nothing for the restrictions placed upon cattle-driving and slaughtering on the runs. They commenced killing their beasts; and my shop being all ready, I got it filled with meat, and very soon broke up the monopoly. I had previously inserted the thin end of the wedge, having with another man commenced the small goods trade, to the detriment of the butchers. I lowered the prices, and soon began to do a roaring trade. Matters were looking up, and I despatched a young man down to Gabriel's Gully to bring up the wife and family, which errand he accomplished speedily, and we were again united. In a short time a new slaughter-yard was built, and any one could get supplied with meat, and in

consequence butchers' shops became numerous, and the trade was cut up very considerably.

The rush to the Hogburn, the present Naseby, now occurred; also one to the West Taieri: in fact, rushes were of weekly occurrence all through the country, and the population was continually on the move. The Dunstan, as a matter of course, became almost deserted, and I saw it was necessary to be again on the wing.

After letting my shop, I joined a Mr. James Dawkins, and hearing that there were about 10,000 miners at the Hindon Rush, we betook ourselves thither, and found the report correct. It was indeed a bustling place. All the frontages to the main street were pegged off, and extravagant prices were asked for a business site. I fell in with a member of the Hebrew persuasion who had pitched his tent on one, and taken out a business licence. I know not what he had to sell, nothing appeared in his "shop." I managed to strike a bargain with him for the stand, and immediately we got a place put up. I bought a slaughter-yard from a Mr. Lancaster, Dawkins bought and drove up the cattle, and we pushed a good trade; so much so, that we each cleared 1000*l.* in the five months the rush lasted.

Dawkins was away one day for cattle, when one of the greatest gales of wind occurred I ever remember. The buildings in Hindon were mostly canvas or calico erections, set up with round poles from the bush; and when the gale had passed, these round poles were all that remained of Hindon. One hotel-keeper rode off and left his place in disgust, telling the crowd about to

"wire in," they were welcome to what was left of the wreck; and as there happened to be a very considerable amount of grog undamaged, which the diggers did justice to, many of them got drunk and fighting, and not a few were locked up. There was a great deal of robbery and plundering going on at this time, and Hindon became quite demoralised. When my partner came back, I offered to sell out to him and go back to the Dunstan. He closed with my offer; we settled matters, and I went down to Dunedin.

CHAPTER XX.

"Mobs" of horses—Thugs—Cromwell (not Oliver)—Losses and compensation—A good stroke of business—Farming at a loss—Roasting a bullock and growing famous—A "spill" or two—Arrowtown—Hayes Lake—Queenstown.

I WAS now, in the year 1863, once more in Dunedin, and saw everywhere signs of vast improvement, present and to come; the "old identities" were beginning to be alive to the situation, and were bestirring themselves to get a share of the good things going, consequent upon the gold discoveries.

I purchased a mob of horses for the Dunstan market, and hiring some men to drive them, started up-country. On arrival I found a ready sale; horses were in great request; the gold-fields were being so rapidly peopled, and scenes of action changing so frequently to places to which no practicable roads for wheeled traffic existed, that all goods and provisions had to be packed; and for this service the horses were needed—and the trade was then the best going. I sold out, and left again for Dunedin to purchase another mob.

On my road down I stopped at a place called Lowe's shanty, a roadside house. There were three men there whose looks did not at all impress me with a belief in their honesty; and my instinct proved correct, for they had only just been liberated from gaol, and were the stickers-up, or highwaymen, mentioned by me before at

Wetherstones—Messrs. Burgess, Kelly, and Sullivan. These men, as it afterwards leaked out, were lying in wait for a banker named Yates, who was known to have been purchasing a lot of gold, and would pass that way on his return to the Dunstan. One of these scoundrels asked me if I was going to the Hogburn, a neighbouring diggings. I replied no, that I was going on to Dunedin. While talking to him, Mr. Yates, their intended victim, rode up, and was fortunately accompanied by six diggers, also mounted, who were going on to the Dunstan, and would necessarily accompany him home. Seeing this, the highwaymen thought their diabolical plan of robbery, and possibly murder, wasn't likely to work, and decided to leave Mr. Yates alone upon this occasion; and certainly in this instance "discretion was the better part of valour," for John Yates was not a man to lightly part with his valuable charge. Some of the villains would probably have gone to their doom earlier; and in the interests of society it would have been a blessing; for three greater Thugs or assassins were never chronicled in the annals of crime. In a future chapter I shall have to relate some of their subsequent proceedings, and their final end at the hands of the hangman.

We all stopped at this accommodation house that night, and at daylight I started on my way at a very rapid pace, intending to put a good many miles ere dark between the questionable company of the previous night and myself. The road at this time was very lonely, and I found my thoughts often wandering back to those ugly customers. However, I reached Dunedin in safety, and found my journey a fruitless one; horses

could not then be purchased so as to be turned into profit up-country; so I at once retraced my steps and returned to the Dunstan. My wife was glad to see me, but complained, and possibly with some reason, of my running about the country and the frequent and long absence from home, and begged of me to settle for a while, and again start in the old business as a butcher: so to please her I did so; but business was very slack just then at the Dunstan, and the slow trade did not suit me very long.

In the fall of 1863 I rode up to Mr. Robert Wilkin's station on the Wanaka Lake, to see if I could purchase the good-will of a butchering business he owned at the Kawarau Junction. He was from home, in the neighbouring province of Canterbury, but I succeeded in dealing with his overseer, Mr. Carter, and purchased the business. The Government had proclaimed the place a township, and gave it the name of Cromwell. It was rapidly going ahead, and things generally looked bright. I sold my property in Dunstan, and removed my wife and family to Cromwell. I took up a good frontage, under the Gold-field rules, put up a good shop, and the business was handed over by Mr. Carter, with whom I entered into an agreement:—he was to supply all the meat I required; and if any opposition was started he would reduce the prices to me, so that I would be enabled to undersell any and every competitor.

Having made a very fair start, matters went well with me. I made money very fast for six months, and fitted up a comfortable home for my family, and fancied that at last I was settled. But my dreams of

quietness and comfort were soon disturbed; "mine ancient enemy," George Harrison, and another man, arrived upon the scene with a large mob of cattle. Harrison had somehow made a lot of money, and thought he would have no difficulty in again supplanting me in the trade. He and his mate put up a shop, and commenced what is known as "cutting," that is, selling for a lower price than his neighbour. I thought that two could play at that game, and lowered my prices so that it would be impossible for them to live at the business. I have since found that this is but a foolish sort of business, and only created fun for the public, who reaped all the benefit.

There were about 5000 diggers and others working in and around Cromwell at this time, and to the many stores in outlying gullies in the diggings I despatched pack-horse loads of meat daily, besides keeping the carts constantly carrying meat far and near, without a shade of profit. This battle lasted for several months, and Harrison had cleared off all his cattle. Hearing that he had purchased another large mob, I thought I had better go and see Mr. Carter upon the matter. I rode up to the Wanaka station, but he was away from home, so I returned and shut up shop, heartily sick of losing money.

Just at this time, as if to make amends, fickle Fortune sent me news of some property which had fallen to me. It had been purchased in my name, for my future benefit, when I was almost a boy in the colony. What appeared to be Crown-land grants in my favour had been found among the documents of a person named Frost, who had died suddenly at

Adelaide, South Australia. Three gentlemen who were formerly acquainted with me had seen these papers, and wrote to me, asking me to send a power of attorney for them to act on my behalf. On receipt of this they would forward me a draft for 1000*l.*, and when they had established my title to the property, they would retain all the revenue which had accrued from it from the date of the grant in my favour until that time. I thought the proposition rather a peculiar one at the time, but I was very ignorant as to the conduct of such matters; and, as the prolonged opposition in trade had made heavy inroads in my cash balance, I determined to accept the 1000*l.* and the terms offered. I sent the power of attorney as requested, and shortly after received the promised remittance of 1000*l.* In a future chapter I will give the sequel to this stroke of luck.

When I shut up shop, as already stated, my opponents concluded, I suppose, that they had put the finishing stroke to the game, and having it all their own way, raised the price of meat to 1*s.* 4*d.* per lb. The public could not, of course, see the force of paying the extortion, and created a tremendous fuss, and many of them came to me, wanting to know the reason why I had ceased supplying them. Several diggers thinking that I was run aground for want of capital, kindly offered me any amount I chose to name to continue the business, and drive the rivals out of the field, saying at the same time that they would never put up with such a barefaced imposition. I declined these kind offers, having not yet got to the end of my tether, so far as capital was concerned. I bided my time, knowing that the evil would soon become into-

lerable to the public. I intended to wait for the juncture, and then go in and give Messrs. Harrison and Co. the *coûp de grace.*

In a few days, seeing that my shop still remained shut up, they were lulled into a false security, and at the end of a fortnight I noticed one day that their two shops were crammed with excellent meat, and the weather excessively warm, and then laid my mine. I got my men together and killed five splendid bullocks and fifty sheep, which I had brought in and hung up around the shop, after all Cromwell had retired to rest. I also got a large sign painted with the inscription, "The Right man in the Right place; no monopoly;" and hung it up in front of my premises. The good people of the town and the diggers were joyfully astonished in the morning to see me once more "standing at the receipt of custom." Immediately, I had more trade than I could well accomplish. My opponents were floored. They could not sell a pound of meat; and, as it was very hot weather, it had all to be thrown in the river. After a few days' feeble struggle against me, backed by public support, they had to give in, and closed their shops.

I thus broke down a monopoly which had been a source of great loss and irritation to the district. I lost a deal of money, and I am sure that Harrison must have been severely crippled. The public, while the opposition lasted, were the only gainers; and now that it was at an end, and I had fixed a fair and moderate charge for this necessary of life, they very generously came forward to mark their appreciation of my game struggle, and presented me with a handsome gold *watch* and chain, with a suitable inscription. To com-

memorate the occasion, a bullock was roasted whole and dispensed, along with other creature comforts, to the large crowd who had assembled, and a very jolly time was spent, to be long remembered by Cromwell and its environs.

Having now, in the year 1864, got rid of my antagonists, I settled down steadily to the trade, and did an immense amount of business, having the district almost wholly to myself. The connection between Cromwell and the country lower down the river Clutha, was a pack-bridge, erected over that river by Mr. Henry Hall. Waggons with stores and goods had to unload, and everything was packed across on horses; but the Provincial Government decided at this time to erect a substantial traffic bridge, which was accomplished in a few months, at a cost of over 30,000*l*. I have since heard competent judges say that a suitable one could have been erected for half that sum; but the Government of that day did not appear to study expense greatly, and at this time large numbers of men were employed throughout the gold-fields constructing roads and tracks, so the up-country districts reaped the benefits of their lavish expenditure.

A number of people with farming instincts began to settle down at this time on the foot-hills of the Mount Pisa range, at the back of the Cromwell flat. Thinking this might be a good speculation, I took up a section, and commenced farming, with a view of supplying the Cromwell market, but I soon found I was not cut out for an agriculturist. I made money rapidly at the meat-trade, but the farm was a gulf which swallowed it up almost immediately. I therefore abandoned the idea of raising corn, and turned my

attention to raising pork and curing hams and bacon, and found this to be a much more profitable game. I introduced a splendid breed of swine, which were much admired, and many of their descendants may now be found in the up-country districts of Otago.

Now, at the end of 1864, the Cromwell bridge was finished, and being likely to prove an immense boon to the place, it was deemed fitting to commemorate the day; so a general holiday was held, and an immense crowd of people, about 4000, collected at Cromwell. To do my part as a townsman, I roasted a bullock whole, and dispensed it to the multitude.

ROASTING THE BULLOCK.

Champagne and other less mild liquors flowed freely; *speeches* were made, and the day wound up up-

roariously, many of the crowd having drunk "not wisely, but too well." This bullock-roasting, &c., extended my connection, and I found myself almost famous. The new bridge enabled me to send my carts across, and I despatched meat and small goods as far as the Dunstan, and largely increased my trade.

Cromwell was now growing into a large place, and the supply of cattle in the immediate neighbourhood was becoming rather scant. I had therefore to travel farther afield for supplies. I started up-country one day with my eldest son, to bring down a mob I had purchased from a cattle-dealer named Smith. When I arrived at his place my horse broke down. Next day, he lent me a young one to go and get the cattle together. The brute was very fresh and, as I mounted, he made a sudden spring and threw me on to a pile of timber, where I lay for some time scarcely able to breathe, and I found that some of my ribs were fractured. Just at the moment a Mr. W. Scoles, a friend of mine, was passing in a buggy on the road to his farm. He kindly took me up, and drove me over to the hospital, but found on arrival that the doctor was away in Queenstown, Lake Wakatipu. Scoles at once took me there, and I got my hurts attended to by the surgeon. Mr. Scoles kept an hotel at Arrowtown, and insisted on driving me to his home. There was a little boy with us in the trap, and just within a few yards of the "Royal Oak" Hotel, our destination, the buggy-wheel came in contact with a stone and we were all pitched out. Fortunately, none of us were hurt, but it did not improve my bruises, already inflamed. Scoles laughed heartily at the mishap, without much improving my spirits or temper.

Finding I should be unable to mount my horse for a few days, I sent my son forward to Cromwell with the cattle, and remained at Arrowtown to recruit. I spent the time looking round the district, and found much improvement to wonder at and admire. Since I had last seen the place it had indeed gone ahead wonderfully. The town, as I think I have mentioned before, was named after the golden stream on whose banks it stood, from which immense quantities of gold had been obtained; but at the time of writing these memoirs its Pactolean sands are about exhausted. Fortunately the district, unlike most goldfields, possesses immense agricultural resources, so that the gradual decay and abandonment which is generally characteristic of worn-out diggings is not at all apparent here. There is an immense area of good land under cultivation, and the settlers are continually crying out for more. The "earth hunger," as somebody calls it, is deeply felt in this place, and consequently land has risen to an extraordinary price. The scenery is now becoming quite English-like in its features. There are three extensive flour-mills driven by water-power, and one, Mr. Peter Butels', about a mile from the town, is a beautiful spot. A miniature lake is formed by a large dam constructed to store water for the mill. It is surrounded by a dense growth of willows, poplars and other shrubs, forming a pleasant retreat for the townsfolk and visitors in the summer. It has been stocked with English trout, which are thriving amazingly. I have seen them, already over a foot long, disporting themselves in the shallows of the stream and reservoir. In future years this will become a very *Paradise for* Izaak Walton's disciples.

Two miles farther on the road to Queenstown is Hayes Lake, surrounded by smiling homesteads and farms. The water is generally so still that the beauties of the surrounding scenery are reproduced on its broad surface, making it look like a grandly painted picture; the trout have also found their way into the lake. Ten miles further is Queenstown, on the shores of Lake Wakatipu, one of New Zealand's largest inland seas, being about 60 miles long by 14 in width. The beauties of this sheet of water have been so often described by abler pens than mine, that it will be needless to enlarge upon them. At the time I write there are three steamers running constantly on the lake, supplying the many settlers on its shores with their requirements, and carrying wool, timber, and other produce to the various depots, from whence they are despatched to Dunedin or Invercargill by waggon-teams. When the railway to Kingston, at the foot of the lake, is completed, Queenstown will be in direct communication with the seaboard at Dunedin and the Bluff Harbour. It should then recover whatever prestige it has lost consequent on the decreased gold returns, and will undoubtedly become the most important up-country town in Otago. Its wonderful scenery and bracing climate attract visitors from all parts of the world in search of health or the picturesque. No need to go to Switzerland, the Alps are reproduced at Lake Wakatipu, with the pleasant concomitants of an Italian climate. I trust I shall live long enough to see my prediction in this instance verified.

CHAPTER XXI.

Horse-racing—A mayor's (not a mare's) nest at Cromwell—Mayor Barry—Everybody "tight"—History repeating itself (Cromwell at Whitehall again)—Lively councillors and a livelier mayor—A pugnacious government—Sir George Grey on the scene—A respectable spree—An earthquake—Charged by a bullock—An old chum—Turning over, and taking money out of, horse-flesh—Faithless "Nelly Gray"—A "spill"—The way to "do" the racecourse—Sleeping on a clothes-line—Hard lines—Steering a bullock across stream by the tail—Mayor again in spite of myself. Oh, that it had been never "mair"!

A FORTNIGHT'S rest having repaired my fractured ribs, I bade good-bye to host Scoles and returned to Cromwell, where I found my son had arrived safely with the mob of cattle.

In this year, 1865, the first annual race-meeting was instituted in Cromwell, and a very fair bit of sport was the result. The sporting fraternity showed up from all quarters, and many were the shifts they were put to; the stabling accommodation of the town was quite unequal to the requirements, and in fact it was execrable. I added a little to my popularity on this occasion by erecting a temporary grand stand for the public. After the race-meeting a Jockey Club was formed, which is, I believe, still in existence, and the races have ever since been run on correct principles, and the Cromwell Annual Meeting is deservedly popular with the sporting community to this day.

Up-country towns now began to feel the want of local government, and the Municipal Act was brought to bear. Cromwell, with the rest, must of course

have a Mayor and Corporation; and I was persuaded to stand for the Municipal chair. I was nominated along with two merchants residing in Cromwell, and the election came off in August. There was tremendous excitement over the matter, and money freely changed hands as to the result. The poll was declared at four o'clock in the day, and I was returned as the first Mayor of Cromwell by an overwhelming majority. My supporters were uproarious over my success; and, procuring a chair, placed me in it, *nolens volens*, and carried me, shoulder high, around the town. To say that liquor flowed freely is a mild way of describing the saturnalia; the fact is, I believe the whole town, and a considerable crowd from the outlying diggings, got most outrageously drunk.

The old story of "placing a beggar on horseback, &c.," was well illustrated in my case; the honour was too much for me. I tried, ineffectually of course, to do the "grand seigneur," and came to grief. I neglected my business, and everything went to the dogs. I had got into a position for which I was unfitted, hence the result. However, I do not much regret it; I had a pleasant, if a busy, time of it. I purchased a buggy and pair of bays, and did a deal of driving about, to the entire neglect of my own affairs. There was much municipal work to do; and as I was "a willing horse," the public, with their usual generosity in such cases, allowed me to do it. Bye-laws had to be passed, streets to be formed, and a variety of other matters to be attended to; and I have at any rate the satisfaction, if a barren one, of pointing to the now important town of Cromwell, and saying I helped to make it.

The following year, notwithstanding my experience of these vanities, I allowed myself to be over-persuaded, and was again nominated for office, and once more returned. On again taking office, I found it no sinecure; the councillors were generally very disagreeable, quarrelled among themselves, making my position anything but a bed of roses; it led eventually to a scene which is, I suppose, unequalled in the history of the doings of any deliberative body in the colonies, or elsewhere.

I had private business in Dunedin at this time; and having appointed a temporary chairman to act in my absence, I left for town. I had been in Dunedin a fortnight when, on taking up a Cromwell paper, I found, in the report of the doings of the Council in my absence, they had passed a vote of censure upon me, the Mayor. It appears some of the councillors reported that I had received a letter from the Superintendent of the Province on Municipal business, which I had suppressed. I certainly had received a letter from that gentleman; but, as it was entirely private, it was not at all necessary to show it to my colleagues; at least I thought so, and fully made up my mind to put them right on the subject as soon as I returned.

I finished the business which brought me to Dunedin, and, with the "pair of bays" aforesaid, I reached Cromwell in two days. On my arrival at the bridge, I was met by some of the townspeople, who immediately adverted to the vote of censure, and regretted that such a course had been adopted by the council. I told them that I had hurried back from town on receipt of the news, and they could safely leave the

matter in my hands, as I fully intended to see to the bottom of it.

That evening, I called a meeting of the Council in the Town Hall, our deliberations being generally public. The ratepayers mustered that night in great force, expecting some fun, and they were not disappointed. I called upon the Town Clerk to read the minutes of the three meetings which had been held in my absence. The book was then handed to me to sign, and to confirm the said minutes. I took it in my hand, and said, "Gentlemen, before signing my own condemnation, I should like to know what this vote of censure upon my conduct was passed for; I consider it a most cowardly proceeding. I am sorry that courtesy compels me to address you as gentlemen; for had there been one such among you, this action of the Council would never have been permitted; the vote was most uncalled for." On this, a great sensation was visible, and some of the councillors commenced wrangling. I called them several times to order; and finding I could not restore peace, I ordered the public to leave the hall, and told the clerk to lock the door and hand me the key. He refused to do so, and I locked it myself, and put the key in my pocket.

The row among the councillors still continued, so I told the clerk to clear away the furniture, and "we would have it out." At this stage, two of the councillors fell to fisticuffs, one of them crying out: "If there was any fighting to be done, he was about." Seeing that this was the man who had proposed the vote of censure, *I* stepped up, and at once knocked *him* down. Two of the other councillors leaped through the window.

Finding matters had gone beyond my control, I opened the door, and the rest appeared glad to retreat. Next day I was charged by my opponent, before Mr. Stratford, the magistrate, with an assault, and fined, and thus ended the farce; but, after all, considering the turbulent times, and the unruly people one had to deal with, I still think I took the proper way, if a forcible one, of putting my councillors "straight."

Shortly after this, Sir George Grey, the Governor of New Zealand, who was making a tour of inspection of the Otago gold-fields, arrived at Cromwell. An address was read to him by the Town Clerk, on behalf of the Mayor and Corporation, to which he replied in suitable terms. I then conducted Sir George and his suite, consisting of Captain Hope, Major Richardson, and several other gentlemen, over the town, the bridge, and all places of any interest; and I also got some of the diggers to show samples of the gold obtained round about. His Excellency expressed himself highly pleased with all he saw; and we had a long and interesting conversation upon early colonial history, as I happened to have seen Sir George when he was Governor of Adelaide in Australia many years before, when we were both much younger men. He seemed to like to meet an old "colonial" like myself, and was kind enough to offer to serve me in any way which might lie in his power. I thanked him, and told him I was satisfied with my present prospects; but if ever I should require his aid, I would not hesitate to apply.

In the evening we had a grand banquet, at which Sir George Grey and his party were entertained right royally. I had the honour of addressing the guests;

and I rather fancy my style of oratory amused them somewhat. They all laughed heartily at my stories of my early colonial life. The town was full of people from all quarters, and a very jolly time was spent by all.

The Governor was kind enough to ask me to drive down with him to Clyde, and introduce him to my brother Mayor of that town. I got my buggy ready and followed Sir George's coach. About halfway to Clyde an immense crowd, on foot and horseback, accompanied by the Mayor of Clyde, met us. I got out and introduced him to the Governor, whereupon the crowd gave three cheers for Sir George Grey, and then three more for the Mayor of Cromwell, "Old Jack Barry"; and we drove on to Clyde. A grand ball was given there in honour of the distinguished guest, and a pleasant night was spent by all. The Governor and myself had a very long yarn about old times; and on parting with him he was pleased to say that in all his travels through the gold-fields "he had never been entertained by any one as the Mayor of Cromwell entertained him."

I returned to Cromwell, and settled down steadily to business. I shortly required another mob of cattle, and having heard that there were some for sale at the Messrs. Boyes' Station, on the Karawau River, near Lake Wakatipu, I went there, taking my son with me.

We arrived all right at the homestead, which is very prettily situated at the embouchure of the Karawau River, from Lake Wakatipu, at the foot of the Remarkable Mountains. This range can be seen from very many points in Otago, and is covered by perpetual snow. I purchased the cattle I wanted, and got them yarded. Just when this was completed, a terrific

subterranean rumbling was heard, unlike anything I had ever heard before in my life. The cattle were very much frightened and nearly stampeded from the yards. Presently another, and louder, rumbling noise occurred, and the earth heaved and rolled like the sea. We knew then that it was an earthquake, and, being quite unused to these *temblors*, I felt as if sea-sick, and the men around generally did not seem much better. In fact, it must have frightened one of the brothers Boyes very much, for he shortly sold out his interest in the station and left for home.

The cattle in the yard, upon the occurrence of the second stroke, became so quiet that one could have gone amongst them without danger, although they were at first awfully wild. This earthquake was about the most severe one felt in Otago. I imagine considerable damage was done in Queenstown and the neighbourhood by the cracking of houses and falling chimneys.

Next morning I left with the cattle for Cromwell, and had not proceeded far when one of the bullocks turned and charged the horse I was riding. Before I could get out of the way, he drove his horns into the poor beast and killed him almost immediately; the mob then broke away, and made back to the station. We had to muster and yard them before I could make another start. The station-holder did not seem to like being troubled in this way often, so found horses and men to send me and the cattle clear of his run. I afterwards got on well with the mob, and got them safely yarded shortly afterwards in my yards at Cromwell, and was enabled to show a good supply of beef *to my customers.*

Having business in Dunedin, I put things in proper train again, appointed a chairman to represent me in the Council, and went to town. One day when walking through the cutting in Princes Street, I met my old friend Mr. Jones, better known as "Johnny Jones," whom I think I have before alluded to as an old acquaintance in my whaling days.

The old gentleman was delighted to see me. He had been one of the successful ones, and was now one of the wealthiest men in Otago, owning town land in Dunedin, and farms and sheep stations in various parts of the provinces. He was following bay whaling at Twofold Bay when I was there as overseer for Doctor Hemley, at which time we became very intimate friends. I went down to his office with him, and had a few hours' talk over old times, and what we had each done since. He said he had often heard of Barry, Mayor of Cromwell, and his doings in that capacity; but it had never occurred to him that it could be his old chum of years ago, and he again congratulated me. He then asked me to go down to Wakomati, where his family resided on a large estate he had acquired there. The carriage was brought round, a grand turn-out, and doubtless many people who saw us start wondered who I was.

All the way down my old friend continued chatting about the old times, and tried hard to persuade me to bring my family down, and settle near him. He would take care to make my path easy; but as things were looking pretty well with me in Cromwell, I declined his offers, which I have many times since regretted. His offers were, I am sure, dictated by a pure spirit of

friendship, and it would have entailed no disgrace or obligation to have accepted them. He introduced me to his sons, John and William; the latter I had nursed often when he was a boy in Sydney. "Johnny Jones" had a splendid property called Bidgood Station; but I am afraid the boys were of a different stamp from the sire. They were, in fact, rather wild, and my poor old friend told me that it was quite likely these sons would eventually break his heart. He has now gone to his last home, and whether his forebodings were prophetic we shall never know.

At this time an advertisement from the Government appeared in the papers, calling for applications from persons fitted to fill the position of Chief Inspector of Stock for Otago; and Mr. Jones insisted upon my applying for it. He got one of his clerks to draw up the application, signed his own name as a recommendation, sent it to the Otago Club and other places, and obtained sixty signatures of gentlemen interested in pastoral pursuits.

I forwarded the application, and shortly after found that a gentleman who had filled the position four years before had applied, and was again appointed, his previous experience doubtless causing his preferment over me. Mr. Jones was very much vexed at this, and again tried to persuade me to relinquish Cromwell and settle in Dunedin; but I was blind, and could not see the propriety of the step. Wishing him good-bye, I returned home in a buggy which I had purchased. These vehicles were always saleable up-country, and I could generally make a small profit out of them when I had done with them.

I was doing pretty well at this time, and was almost as well known as the proverbial town clock—rather too much so at times, I began to find. If any poor devil was hard up, or some tradesman in difficulties, Jack Barry seemed to be the man to apply to. If I found them really in want, or that they had a good principle within them, they never applied in vain; and it is now some consolation to reflect that I possibly did some little good in this way in the days of my prosperity.

A rush had now set in to the west coast of New Zealand, and a great many diggers were daily leaving Otago; those coming through Cromwell mostly had horses, but preferred to take the coach from this point, selling their horses. I went into the business, buying their animals almost at my own prices. I then started a livery stable, got a large connection, and made money by the venture for some time.

Although things were looking well all over the district, and lots of gold were being obtained, the diggers would persist in rushing away to the new Eldorado, and this proved a considerable drawback to me, as many of them, on leaving, owed me pretty heavy bills for meat, which they could not, or neglected to, pay when departing. However, this used to be inseparable, to a certain extent, from a gold-field business of whatever nature, and provoked little comment. If the men were lucky, they paid honourably; if not, why it did not much matter—at least, that was my creed.

Settlement in the up-country districts now seemed to have fairly been determined on; wives and families were pouring in, and many new institutions sprang up;

amongst others, that of horse-racing becoming quite a furore. Every little town had its meeting. This year in Cromwell we had 800*l.* to be run for, which brought a number of good horses from other places to compete, and resulted in one of the best up-country meetings I have ever seen. I had three or four horses myself, and succeeded in pulling off two "events."

I rode in one race called the "Hurry-scurry" myself. The distance was one mile and a half; there were sixteen horses in the race, and I was mounted on a very fast mare called Nelly Gray. Before starting, a Mr. Taggart, who was riding an animal called Limerick Lass, supposed to be the fastest one-mile horse of the day, came up and said, "Barry, this race will lie between your horse and mine; let us agree to divide the stakes." And I agreed.

The flag fell, and off we went; Taggart and I leading. We had not gone far, when one of my stirrups gave way, and over I went, all the ruck immediately behind passing over me. A lot of horsemen rode up, making sure I was killed; but I jumped up, shook myself clear of the dust, and seizing a riderless black horse close at hand, I rode across the course and took up the straight running alongside Taggart, and nearly beat him on the post. When we pulled up he could not understand the joke. He said, "You started on a grey filly, and here you are on a black gelding." I said, "The race was a 'hurry-scurry,' and I have hurried all the way, having to use two horses to do the distance in." Every one laughed at the feat of riding a mile-and-a-half race on two horses, and coming in second after all, but probably they did not see me

cutting across the course to save time. Anyhow, Taggart's forethought saved me the stakes, and I was thankful. At forty-eight years of age, it was not a bad feat.

Cromwell was greatly crowded during the three days of the race-meeting, and the insufficient accommodation at the hotels produced many laughable incidents. People had to sleep anywhere. Billiard-tables were utilised, and so were fences and clothes-lines; but I will not vouch for the truth of the latter.

A few days after, the scene was repeated at Clyde. My son William, who rode a race at the meeting for a gentleman named Glassford, met with a terrible accident, which nearly sent me out of my mind. Coming up the straight running, the horse fell and rolled over him, injuring his spine. We all thought he was killed. He was at once removed to the local hospital and attended to. He was two years under medical treatment, and is now deformed for life. This accident caused me to lose a large sum of money, and decided me to give up racing for some time.

My men were down at the Clyde races, having driven down in one of my spring carts. They had got on the spree, and I thought it would be the safer plan to drive it home myself. All my friends tried to dissuade me from starting so late in the evening, but I was obstinate and would go. An old friend of the name of Whetter, a Cromwell resident, was with me. We had two horses in the cart, one running in what is called an "outrigger," and a large board or sort of tray nearly covered the top of the cart.

The road from Clyde to Cromwell, thirteen miles,

follows the river Clutha all the way. It is at no time very safe, but is particularly dangerous on a dark night such as this was. Driving round a turn where the road wound round a gully, we were capsized. Whetter was thrown down the gully, about 100 feet, and landed under a big rock, the large board following him and covering up his head. I went with the vehicle, and was found under it. The horse that was in the outrigger got loose, and the shafts were broken off. A man happened, fortunately, to be passing at the moment of the accident, and ran to a house half a mile away for assistance, which soon arrived, and we were extricated from our perilous position. Whetter was nearly killed, and I was very much bruised and cut about the head. We were carried to the house already mentioned, and the doctors were sent for.

The report that Barry and Whetter were killed reached Cromwell, and a lot of people came down, with my wife and Whetter's family—to view the remains—in a terrible state. But, thank God, it was not so bad as that. We were removed to Cromwell, where we were laid up for some time, but got all right at last. It is miraculous how we escaped being killed. I have often looked at the place since, while passing in daylight, with a shudder, and felt thankful to Providence that it was no worse.

Shortly afterwards, my son not getting on very well, I took him down to the Dunedin Hospital for better attendance. It seemed to me at this time as if I had fallen in with one of my periodical streaks of ill-luck. While in Dunedin, this time, a Mr. Haggitt, a solicitor, spoke to me one day in the street, and told me to call

at his office, as he had something of importance to tell me. After lunch I went to see him. He told me that a friend of his, lately arrived from New South Wales, had mentioned that there was a probability of my claims to the property, of which I have spoken some pages back, being shortly recognised, and it was likely I would at any moment be sent for, to be identified as the owner thereof. I thanked him, and asked him to communicate with me if anything further cropped up, which he promised to do. I learned that my boy was very bad, and went and stopped that night in the hospital with him; next day he was much better, and the doctors assuring me that he was now out of danger and in good hands, I thought I would take a look at home.

I took the coach and arrived at Cromwell, where further disaster awaited me. There had been a very heavy rain-storm, and some water-races on the hillside at the back of my farm, used for carrying water for mining purposes, had broken away, torn up and carried off the soil with five acres of potatoes, destroyed all the fences, and drowned a lot of my pigs. I was so cut up over this matter, that I determined to get rid of the property. I was heartily sick of farming; it had cost me over 2000*l*., and I sold out to one Mr. Towan for 300*l*.—farm buildings and stock, &c. He is there yet, and has done well; but he understands the business. I did not.

Soon after this flood I had to go up to Mr. M'Lean's station, about twenty miles from Cromwell, on the east bank of the Clutha River, to bring down a few head of cattle I had purchased. I started with ten head, and at one place had to swim them over the Clutha,

which is in all places a rapid, dangerous stream. I had one assistant with me, but he was of little use. When the bullocks had taken the stream, I noticed two of them had got their heads under water, and were likely to drown. There was a boat alongside the bank, at the crossing-place, into which I immediately jumped, and pulled for the cattle. I was engaged punching one in the head with the oar, when I lost my balance and fell overboard. I managed to get hold of the tail of one animal, and came out safely on the opposite side, the boat drifting down the river to a bar, where it grounded, while five of my bullocks were drowned and swept away. I had then to strip and swim to the boat—a feat which few would care to perform, I dare say. I got in, and took it to the side on which our horses were, swam them across, and rode home, leaving the man to bring on the remainder of the cattle.

The election for mayor was again about to come round, and I was asked to stand once more. As I had already found the title of mayor but an empty honour, and, in fact, personally a dead loss to me, I declined, but was persuaded to sign the nomination paper, little thinking I should be elected, as I never took the slightest interest in the election, which was a contested one. I was away from home on the polling day, and on my return I found myself, by a large majority, in Whittington's position, "thrice lord mayor," not of London, but of Cromwell. There was no help for it; I had "greatness thrust upon me," and accepted the position.

CHAPTER XXII.

A golden mirage—A substantial bargain, though—A "bright" prospect—Debt—Aurora bought, and the lawyer "sold"—Baiting the ladies with "soft goods," and catching them—400 per cent. profit—Capsized—Fainting (feinting) among the ladies—"Shouting" for clients—Marks of friendship—Two black eyes—A good outlook—Walking into luck, and champagne—General satisfaction—The way of the world—On the sea—On the sick list—In Australia again—Stumped—A friend to the rescue—Revisiting old scenes—Hunting—Coming to grief—Coming in "at the death"—A scrape with "a young lady."

In this year—1867—my friend Mr. Wilkin, with whom I had been dealing in stock for years, sold one-half of his run to Mr. Loughnan, who fixed his homestead nine miles from Cromwell. I thereupon commenced dealing with him for sheep and cattle, finding the distance very much more convenient for my business and the market.

One day I was away at a place called the Nevis, a famous gold-field, purchasing cattle, and in returning over the Carrick Range I found a quartz reef, from which I brought in some golden specimens. I showed them to some of my friends, not telling them whence I had obtained them. A few days after I went out to the station and showed them to Mr. Robert Loughnan, who at once agreed to make one of a party to prospect the reef. I turned my horse out on the run, and he drove me into town in his buggy. We soon made up a party of our friends, and we then drove down to Clyde and applied for a prospecting area, which was granted.

When the news became generally known, a great

rush set in, and the Carrick Range was marked off in quartz claims for miles, many of which are being worked at the present time, and some have paid handsomely.

We had a trial-crushing from our reef, which yielded seven ounces of gold per ton. We then erected a battery to crush for ourselves, and named it the "Royal Standard," and put on a lot of miners to raise stone. The yield all at once fell off to two ounces per ton; so I went out one day and looked over the reef and workings. I then came to the conclusion that the lode was not a permanent one, but only what is called a "blow" of quartz, and decided to sell out. I had an offer, and disposed of my interest, clear of all liabilities, which were pretty heavy at the time, for the sum of 200*l.* cash.

Just at this time important quartz discoveries had been made at a place called Bendigo Gully, sixteen miles from Cromwell on the Dunstan range, and there was very great excitement over one claim, called the "Aurora," which, from specimens shown, appeared to be nearly all gold. I went up and tried very hard to get an interest, but no one was inclined to part with any.

Hearing that the company were about to erect a crushing-battery, and intended despatching one of the shareholders to the Arrow to purchase one there called the "Criterion," which was idle, I thought I saw my way clear to getting a share in the "Aurora." I rode off at once to the Arrow, saw the plant, and learned that Mr. W. Robertson, of Queenstown, had the disposal of it. I at once rode to his place, and was not long in concluding a bargain. He considered it bad property at the time. I gave him a cheque for 50*l.* on account,

and went on my way rejoicing. On my way down I met an old friend, Mr. John Perriam, a merchant and settler residing near Cromwell, and a shareholder in the famous Aurora. During a short conversation he told me that he was on his way to purchase the Criterion plant and battery at the Arrow. I mentioned that he would have his journey for nothing, as I had bought it the day before from Mr. Robertson. He would not believe my statement, and asked what on earth I wanted a quartz battery for. I said I had purchased it as a speculation—such things were handy in the house; he laughed and rode on, but I knew full well the laugh would shortly be on my side.

When I arrived at Cromwell the excitement was greater than ever; people were quartz mad. The Aurora Company were in a hurry to realise, and had determined to erect a battery at once. Some of my friends, to whom I had mentioned the matter, said my speculation at the Arrow would yet turn up trumps.

Next day Mr. Perriam returned, considerably chafed at my smartness, and offered to buy the plant. I asked him what he would take for half his interest in the Aurora; he said 1500*l.* I then offered him the battery for one half his share and 200*l.* cash; he closed with the offer, paid down 150*l.*, and sent off men and waggons and horses to take down and transport the plant to the Aurora Mine without delay. This piece of work cost I believe about 560*l.*

Shortly afterwards the battery was erected, and of course there must, as is usual in such cases, be a christening and pouring out of champagne and the like. The day arrived, the battery was gaily decorated, and

abundance of good things provided for the visitors, of whom there were some hundred or two. I, as Mayor of Cromwell, was called upon for an address. I gave it amid cheering; Mrs. Perriam, with a few appropriate words, dashed the bottle of champagne against the huge wheel, which at once revolved, set the stampers in motion, the golden ore was thrown in, and the Aurora battery was an accomplished fact. Toasts, speeches, eating, and drinking followed, winding up with a ball in the evening.

These are very pleasant breaks in the monotony of a gold field; but, alas! how often do the bright hopes engendered by such displays meet with bitter disappointment. In fact, it is almost the rule, and, as the sequel will prove, this was no exception: "it is not all gold that glistens."

At this time Mr. Robert Milkin sold the remainder of his run to Mr. Henry Campbell. Chambers Brothers purchased the cattle on the upper portion of the run, and I bought those on the lower. This was a bad speculation for me, over which I lost heavily; pleuro-pneumonia broke out among the herds, and nearly all died. Chambers Brothers, removing their mob to their own station, had to pass through other runs, and communicated the disease to the cattle on them. Actions for damages followed, and these gentlemen were nearly ruined. My ill-luck was cropping out again with a vengeance.

The Aurora in the meantime had a washing up, with a yield of barely three ounces per ton, in place of ten, as expected. Verily, gold-digging is a lottery.

I went to Dunedin to bring my son home from the

hospital; he was now getting much stronger. While in Dunedin, I found every one in a state of excitement over the Bendigo Reefs. The famous Caledonian, in the North Island, was then pouring out its extraordinary treasures, and men's minds were distracted by visions of wealth to be gained from investments in quartz mines. I had neglected to get a transfer before I left from Mr. Perriam, or I might have sold my Aurora shares at an extravagant price. On my return to Cromwell, the reaction had set in; the Aurora was down in the market and in men's estimation; and to make matters worse, my cash balance had dwindled to very small dimensions, and I found myself in debt. But I very soon cut the knot. I sold my property where the butcher's shop stood to Mr. Hallenstein, merchant, for 700*l.*, and cleared off most of my liabilities.

I was now out of business for a few months, my term of office as mayor was up, and I felt thoroughly miserable at being out of harness. At last a thought struck me—I would try the auctioneering business. I had done well at it years before in California; why not here? I took out a licence—the fee was 50*l.* per annum—and got a great many sales to conduct. Altogether, during 1868, this branch paid very well.

My old customers were always wondering why I gave up the meat trade, so I erected a shop on an allotment I had in Cromwell, called it the "Smithfield Butchery," and combined the old trade with the auctioneering. My custom came back rapidly, and money began once more to flow into my coffers. I went again to Dunedin, where I fell in with a Mr. Batgate, a lawyer, to whom I disposed of my interest

in the Aurora for 250*l*. It was not a very good venture for that gentleman, as I do not think the company ever paid a dividend, and is now utterly broken up. The mine is still there, and probably some day it may retrieve its character, as I do not think it ever got a thoroughly fair trial. The newspapers continually reiterate "that quartz-reefing is only in its infancy," and this is my belief also.

I met a traveller for a wholesale house in town, named Crickman, who persuaded me to go into the "soft-goods," that is, the drapery line of business. I took his advice, and laid out 200*l*. cash with Watson and Sons, Dunedin, getting at the same time 200*l*. more on credit. I despatched the goods to Cromwell, and fancied I had discovered a new mine of wealth. I opened an auction-mart, and held sales fortnightly, and disposed of the drapery and other things. Without exaggeration, on some of the "soft-goods" I realised over 300 per cent. profit. It was a business I knew nothing about; but I cannot help thinking that some of the purchasers must have been very "soft" indeed.

At this time a Mr. Pearce, from down-country, came to Cromwell, to whom I sold my shop and fixtures generally for 500*l*., and agreed, verbally, not to butcher any more in that town.

The restless fit was on me again, and I must strike out in a new direction. I purchased a large van, and took out a hawker's licence. I filled the van with "soft-goods," and despatched it to the Arrow, having previously sent on flaming posters announcing the coming of W. J. Barry to sell drapery by public auction. I drove up in a buggy, taking with me a

clerk who understood drapery. The goods were all spread out in Mr. W. Scoles's large billiard-room, which was crowded with eager buyers looking out for bargains (?). I sold for two days by auction, and found it to be one of the most money-making ventures among the many I had tried up to that date. The ladies, "God bless 'em," went in spiritedly, and on some ladies' hats I realised 400 per cent. over cost. If any of the dear creatures are to the fore and read this, I trust they will not anathematise me; all is fair in love or war—and in selling drapery.

I then proceeded to Queenstown, to give the denizens of that fair city some bargains. I hired a room from Mr. Denis Powell, a licensed auctioneer and publican, and commenced my sale about five o'clock in the afternoon, as I wished to clear out the remainder of my stock. I continued selling, or, in fact, almost giving things away, until about ten minutes past nine, when the sergeant of police, Mr. Fox, came in and informed me that I was contravening the laws by selling by auction after nine, and must stop. I continued for a short time again, when he gave me notice that he would summon me before the magistrate, so I closed the sale, and intimated to my customers that I should recommence early in the morning, and if I could not sell I should give the goods away, as I intended to thoroughly clear out my stock. The business people of the place were justly wroth, no doubt; but my motto by this time was every man for himself. Next day, crowds attended the cheap auction, and I cleared off the whole of my goods somehow. As I finished, the sergeant brought me a summons as a fitting wind-up.

I attended at court. The magistrate, Mr. Beetham, informed me that he had a good mind to fine me 50*l.* for selling after hours; but as I pleaded ignorance and contrition, he let me off with a caution.

When I returned to Cromwell, I found a Mr. Richard Lancaster waiting for me to conduct a large sale of cattle for him at Cromwell, and also to sell another mob at the Queenstown markets. I made a very successful sale at Cromwell, and Lancaster's men having gone ahead with the cattle, he and I drove up to the Arrow in his buggy. We called on my old friend Scoles, and persuaded him, being an old cattle-dealer himself, to accompany us in the buggy. On our road we passed a man saddling a horse, to whom Scoles called out to come on to the sale. He replied, "All right, I shall be there before you." I was driving at this time, and presently the man we had passed came galloping furiously up, and ran into our vehicle and capsized it, Scoles, Lancaster, and myself rolling down a bank one over the other. The buggy righted itself, and away the two horses flew with it down the hill. They went safely round some very sharp, nasty turns in the road, across a long narrow bridge, which spans the Shotover River, across a level flat on the opposite side, finally running the pole of the buggy into the side of a wooden house, where it broke off, and pulled them up in their wild career.

As soon as Lancaster picked himself up and saw the road the horses were going, he called out that he would take 10*l.* for the turn-out; and it would have been a very speculative price as things looked at the moment. Thinking it would look better if some one showed

traces of the mishap, I pretended to be severely hurt. Seeing two women and others standing at the door of a roadside public-house, a few hundred yards off, Scoles and I went up to the house. The women asked, with great anxiety, if any one had been hurt. Scoles said that he believed Barry was seriously injured, whereupon I immediately fainted away in the arms of one of the ladies, or pretended to do so. They at once attended to me and prepared a bed. Scoles went off to assist Lancaster with the buggy, enjoining them to look after me. Shortly after, the vehicle was brought back, the pole spliced, and the horses harnessed up again, and I immediately recovered. The women looked astonished, as doubtless they were, at my sudden convalescence. We thanked them all for their kindness, and proceeded on our journey. It certainly was a miraculous escape for the horses and buggy. If they had had a driver over the course they took and at the speed they went, I am quite certain total destruction would have resulted.

We arrived, without further accident, at the cattle-yards, and found plenty of buyers in waiting. I got to work at once, and sold all the lot, including horses, &c., rapidly, and at good prices. I purchased an old horse myself for 7*l.*, and rode him into Queenstown and right up to the bar of Mr. Eichardt's hotel, and called for drinks for all in the house. I may here remark that on such an occasion it was expected that an auctioneer should "shout" for his clients. I dare say there were sixty people around, who came up and partook of the drinks, for which host Eichardt is famous.

I now saw a chance of turning my purchase to some

profit. I asked a man at the door to ring the bell and call a sale. There was a man named Laverty, a noted rough-rider, in the crowd; I called to him to jump on behind, which he did at one spring, and then Dick Lancaster got up behind him. I now called for bids for my celebrated steed. I described him as a long-backed animal fit to carry six outside, and the joke took famously. The bidding grew fast and furious, as most of the parties were a little elevated and ready for anything that savoured of fun. I at last knocked poor old Rosinante down to one gentleman for a very high figure, and handed him over; thus finishing the largest cattle sale which had been held in that district, and one which I am glad to say paid me handsomely.

Next day I took my passage in the steamboat to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Wakatipu, about twenty-three miles from Queenstown. The lake here presents some grand scenery to the eye of the tourist in winter; the sides of the Remarkable Mountains, which run sheer down into the lake, are a grand sight; icicles of an immense length and thickness are seen clustered all along the sides and stretching their long arms down to the clear, cold water; bold bluff headlands towering to the skies, and capped with eternal snow, make up a picture the grandeur of which I am too unlettered to do justice to.

I reached Kingston in due course. This was not much of a place at the time; like Mark Tapley's "Eden," it would be the better if built; but ere long it will doubtless be a flourishing place enough, for it is the projected terminus of the southern rail-

ways from the seaboard. I hired a horse here, and rode seven miles to Fairlight station, belonging to a very old friend, Captain Howell, with whom I had been whaling and sharing many vicissitudes in my early days. The captain was an old New Zealand settler, and had married a Maori woman, by whom he had, I think, eighteen children, the girls being mostly very handsome, as, indeed, the female half-castes of New Zealand generally are.

I found Captain Howell just mounting his horse to ride to Kingston, *en route* for Queenstown, his family being all away from home. I returned to Kingston with him, and stopped all night. We had little opportunity for talking over old times and comparing notes, for the house we stopped at was crowded with sheep-shearers, and it is well known they are mostly pretty rowdy company. Captain Howell would persist in plying them with grog. At last they got quite uproarious, and commenced fighting among themselves. The captain and I interfered to make peace, and were each rewarded by a good thrashing. I got a pair of black eyes. So much for the amenities of shearers.

I felt quite ashamed in the morning to travel in the steamer, but Captain Howell persuaded me to go on with him, and we arrived at Queenstown. I stopped with him there for a fortnight; I am sorry to say, celebrating our ancient friendship by drinking and spreeing, until I tired of the miserable fun, and left for Cromwell, where I arrived much the worse for my trip, and 150*l.* out of pocket. However, the auctioneering and cattle-dealing were paying well, and I had too much good sense to "cry over spilt milk."

I found Mr. Henry Campbell waiting for me to conduct a sale of horses for him. I told him horses were now selling for very little. However, he wanted to be rid of them, so on the day appointed I cleared them off, and got better prices than I anticipated.

While engaged at this sale, one of my sons handed me a letter which he had got from the Post Office. I put it in my pocket. After the sale was over, I had forgotten all about it, when my son said, "Father, have you looked at your letter? It bears the Sydney postmark." I then took it out and opened it, and found it contained instructions to proceed to Sydney, for the purpose of being identified as claimant to the property in New South Wales, to which I have alluded in the earlier pages of this book. This put me in great heart. I showed the letter to Mr. Campbell and other friends, and was heartily congratulated on my prospects of being comfortably provided for in my old age, which was now coming on apace. I settled up account sales with Mr. Campbell, and at once began to make preparations for my departure.

Being rather short of ready money at this time, I sold a few town allotments I had in Cromwell, to provide for my family during my absence, and furnish me with means to travel. My old friend John Perriam, of Lowburn, determined to give a grand spree on the eve of my departure. He roasted a bullock whole in one of his clover paddocks, which was laid out with tables and all the necessaries for a great feast for 400 persons. There were nearly that number there, and it was a feast long to be remembered. I drove out with my wife and family, and was received by the

assemblage with cheers; champagne was poured out like water, and I was placed upon one of the tables to address my friends—a task I felt wholly unable to perform adequately: my heart was full, and I only managed to thank them for their kind wishes. The banqueting, dancing, and sports were kept up for two days, and I think every one must have been fully satisfied.

I often look back to that time, and think of my friend John Perriam, whose friendship I value highly, and have ever since retained. He arrived in New Zealand a comparatively poor man; but Fortune proved kind to him, and he is now wealthy and comfortably moored for life. His chief support came from the working man, to whom he is ever a firm and consistent friend. I often wished for some of his canny Devonshire tact: all his speculations prospered, while mine generally failed; but I have no envious feelings, and here wish him a long continuance of Fortune's favours.

It was now time to be off to New South Wales. Having sold all my property in Cromwell but one small cottage, I installed my family in it, and giving them all the money but a bare sufficiency for my wants, I went to Dunedin, taking my son with me.

The property I was about to claim was situated in the town of Bathurst, in New South Wales, and had been purchased for me in 1833, while I was serving my apprenticeship to the butchering business in Sydney. I knew very little of the particulars, which was unfortunate for me, as will be seen further on.

After I arrived in Dunedin I was presented with a

writ from a fellow-townsman of Cromwell for 12*l.* As I knew the amount owing could not possibly exceed 3*l.*, and the persecution only arose from spite, I determined to go to the bottom of the matter. I took the coach next morning, and returned to Cromwell, and had the case investigated before the magistrate, when the amount was reduced to thirty shillings by contra account, and my opponent received the hisses of the community for his unneighbourly and spiteful conduct.

This episode still further reduced my purse, and I had actually to take some from my wife's store to make up the deficiency, and again went down to Dunedin. I had now to wait ten days in town before the steamer *Omao* would be ready for sea, as she was undergoing an overhaul in the dock at Port Chalmers. I occasionally went down to see the vessel, and got well acquainted with Captain Colville, the skipper. His vessel, the *Omao*, was the first which had been docked, the dock having only just been completed. When the repairs were completed, she was hauled out, and I took the steamer with my luggage from Dunedin. Mr. James Macandrew, the Superintendent of the Province, and several other gentlemen, were on board, going down to the port to inspect the dock. As I was known to them, I accompanied them over the dock, and we afterwards adjourned to Dodson's Hotel, where they drank my health, and success in my mission, in sparkling No. 2. It had leaked out by this time what my business in Sydney was; and many people who had possibly looked down on old Jack Barry before, were now very willing to shake hands, &c. When I returned, with my business unaccom-

plished, and apparently a failure, the cold shoulder was again exhibited; but such is the way of the world, and I was always sufficiently philosophical not to permit such trifles to disturb my peace of mind.

Amidst much hand-shaking and health-drinking I left in the steamer, and we shortly cleared Tairoa Head. We went round the coast, calling at Hokitika, Nelson, and Wellington. I went on shore at Nelson, and stopped all night. I fell in with an old friend named Warren, who took me round the town, and to a friend of his who was going to Melbourne in the *Omao*, and introduced me; and we were great friends during the voyage.

Saloon-travelling in steamers is expensive, and with my limited purse I ought to have known better than to indulge in extravagance; but I never had been schooled to reckon cost, and when poor never liked to appear so. Doing as the other passengers did made heavy inroads on my slender stock of money; but what matter, thought I; am I not going to jump right into wealth? and so took matters coolly, and went on, never heeding.

One day on board, I was jumping on the deck with the captain, for a wager, when I slipped, and fell on the combings or something. I thought at the time my leg was broken, but fortunately it was only a very severely sprained ankle. I was helped down to my cabin, and there remained to the end of the voyage.

When we arrived at the wharf in Melbourne, I took out my purse, and—will any one credit my wicked foolishness?—I had only three shillings and sixpence left, just enough to pay cab-hire to the Great Britain

Hotel, in Flinders Street, to which I drove and put up at. I was five days in bed with my sprained ankle before I could venture downstairs, and I can assure my readers most of that time was spent in anxious cogitation as to what was to be done, and regrets for my having so foolishly left myself short of money at such a critical time. I hobbled down, however, and while standing at the door I saw an old New Zealand acquaintance passing. I called to him, and, going into the house, I told him my position, and he at once handed me two pounds; and I immediately felt that all my troubles were over. I dare say there are many men of the same sanguine temperament as myself, who have experienced such a feeling. We went to the bar, according to colonial usage, and took a drink. I was well dressed, had a good gold watch, and my luggage; the landlord asked no questions, and I began to once more feel at ease, and mentally vowed I would never again get into the same scrape—until the next time, perhaps.

My friend Durey and I then took a cab and drove up to North Melbourne, to see an old friend with whom I had been stopping before I moved to New Zealand. We stopped that night, and on returning to my lodging in the morning I found a letter from a gentleman who had called in my absence. I went to his address in Flinders Lane, and found that he was instructed to guide me in the matter of my claim to the Bathurst property. He told me I would require to wait one month in Melbourne, as there were two gentlemen who would arrive from Adelaide at that time, and accompany me to Sydney. I acquiesced in

all he had to suggest. As I stated before, I was completely ignorant of all particulars, and deemed it best to say little, but take the gifts the gods provided. I explained my financial position to my adviser, and he immediately tendered me a cheque for 100*l.*, to meet current expenses. I thanked him, told him I would keep him advised of my whereabouts during the month, and left his office, feeling very important, and in decidedly better spirits.

In a few days, my ankle being nearly well, I decided to go and view some of the old scenes of my previous history. I packed up a change of clothes in a carpet bag, and took the train to Ballarat, where I arrived safely, and put up at Bath's Hotel. I soon picked out many of my old friends and acquaintances, who made a great fuss, driving me daily from place to place. On every hand I saw vast signs of improvement, and very much to admire. After all, Victoria is the place for true enjoyment. I went out to Brown's Diggings, the scene of my former exploits, and of the riot already detailed in these chapters. I saw many of my old friends, and passed a few days very pleasantly.

I fell in with, at this time, an old friend named John Burns, who was in the cattle business originally, and had become very wealthy, and kept a pack of hounds. There was to be a "meet" in a few days, and he said if I would go he would give me a good mount. Although now fifty years of age, the idea of a spin with the red-coats made me feel like a youngster, and I gladly accepted his offer.

On the day appointed we drove to Buninyong, where the club was to meet. We found about twenty gentle-

men in scarlet ready, to whom Mr. Burns introduced me. He gave me a young Prince Alfred colt for a mount, which I felt at once to be up to his work. Kangaroo was to be our game, which were tolerably plentiful at that time in the Buninyong district. We had gone about three miles, when we came across a large ditch, with about ten feet of water in it, over which two of the huntsmen leaped their nags. It seemed so easy, that I put my horse at it. He reached the opposite side, but fell backwards, and we both went under water; but I managed to head him out, and reached dry land without having left the saddle. The rest of the party laughed heartily at my mishap, and perhaps looked forward to many more such during the day from the new chum; but I said, "I am all right; we have a long day before us—plenty of time for improvement."

Presently a large kangaroo was started, and away we went in full cry over as rough hunting country as any sportsman could desire—stiff fences, and broken ground heavily timbered. My colt behaved beautifully. The first fence was a very high dog-leg one, and looked impossible to negotiate; the kangaroo and the dogs got over, and I followed, topping the timber nicely. Only one red-coat followed at this spot, and he came to grief. After a short, quick run the dogs pulled the kangaroo down, and I had the honour of being first "in at the death." Presently two kangaroos got up, and the dogs split; so did the men. After a sharp burst of twelve miles or so the ka[illegible] ran into a flock of sheep, as they will [illegible] the dogs were called off. In this

run my horse had cleared every obstacle, and I can assure my readers some of the fences would stagger an English sportsman. The fence I cleared at the beginning of the hunt was said to be the highest leap ever cleared in that part of the country.

At this time we mustered only ten huntsmen, the rest having fallen away or come to grief on the road. We turned our horses' heads homewards, and, after riding eighteen miles, reached Buninyong, where a hearty supper awaited us, which, with plenty of champagne, was duly done justice to. I appeared to be the guest of the evening, and the general kindness and hospitality of those gentlemen made me feel quite at home. Songs and toasts followed one another; I was called upon, and sang one called 'Ax my eye,' which called forth roars of laughter. I endeavoured to make a speech, and told them of my expectations, and the business which brought me from New Zealand, and, if I succeeded, I should be happy to become a member of their hunt-club. My health was drunk, and, amid many good wishes for my welfare, the party broke up at an early hour next morning.

The doings of that day and my plucky riding, being a stranger to the country hunted over, were commented on in the local papers, and copied into the Otago papers, so that no doubt my fellow-townsmen in Cromwell thought that their ex-mayor had fallen upon good times. My time was getting short, and I may add—as usual—so was my money, and I hinted that it was time to go down to Melbourne. A number of friends came to see me off in the train. Mr. Burns drove me to the station, and on leaving pressed a ten-

pound note into my hand. He must have had an idea of my position, and his generous kindness will not readily be forgotten by me.

I got safely to Melbourne, and to my lodging. I counted my money that night, and found I had just 30*l.* left. The parties I was waiting for would not arrive from Adelaide for a fortnight, so I concluded I must, if possible, economise. I knew very few people in Melbourne, but occasionally dropped across a New Zealand acquaintance, or some one just arrived from thence, and passed the time knocking about, but found it pass exceedingly slow. It is said, "The devil finds work for evil hands to do," and I came, inadvertently, nearly getting into mischief.

There was a young lady, apparently, stopping at the hotel, who looked, like myself, lonely; so I proposed to her one evening to go to the theatre, and she agreed. I hired a cab, and we drove to the theatre. After sitting awhile in one of the boxes, a stranger came in and sat down alongside my charge, and began talking to her in a peculiar style. He said, "You ought to be ashamed to go and leave the child in the way you have done." Oho! thought I, here you are, Barry, putting your foot in it as usual. I heard her reply, "I have been keeping you long enough; I will live with you no longer." He said, "Who is this old chap you have with you?" Old chap, indeed! I had a good mind to pitch him into the pit, but thinking, under all the circumstances, "discretion the better part of valour," I rose and left the theatre. When I got outside I found the woman had followed me, and cried out, "Do not leave me; let us go home;

that man is not my husband; he has nothing to do with me." The man, who was close to her—a very rough sort of a customer—came forward at this and struck me between the eyes, knocking me down like a nine-pin. I could not stand that, and was preparing to retaliate, when a crowd assembled, and a policeman collared my opponent, and lugged him off to the watchhouse.

In the morning I had a pretty pair of black eyes, and had to confine myself to my room for some days. I did not see the "young lady" for a long time again, and it was then under peculiar circumstances, which I will detail in a future chapter. I certainly paid pretty dearly upon this occasion for my sympathy and good nature. Since then I have not asked a strange young lady to go to the theatre.

When my eyes got well, I called upon Mr. Frost, the gentleman who gave me instructions, and found that I should have to wait eight days more in Melbourne. I began to fret at this, as, with my customary improvidence, I had been spending more money than I should have done. I was getting again close-hauled, and then I thought of my passage-money to Sydney, and I recollected a gentleman in business in Melbourne whom I had known in the early days of the Otago gold-fields. I at once called upon him, and explained my position and wants, and he kindly gave me a cheque at once for 20*l*. Being again in funds, I thought it would be better and cheaper to remove to Sandridge, and wait there, as, do what I would, I found Melbourne to be too expensive for my purse.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A long yarn—Too much law—Fogged by the lawyers—700l. clear enough—Everything else very misty—That "young lady" again—Temptation—A lucky escape—Mrs. Jenkins in trouble—"Old Jack Barry" too—Fixed—On the move—At Christchurch—A little philosophy—A little practical application—The mercury below zero—Falling fortunes—Little but debt and pluck left.

I TOOK my luggage, and went down into lodgings at Sandridge, one of the seaports of Melbourne, and spent my time visiting the vessels in the bay, and occasionally running up to Melbourne in the train.

It is astonishing what luck I have in meeting old acquaintances. A vessel arrived one day from the Mauritius; I went on board, and the first man I saw, in the person of the chief mate, was Thomas Winton, who was, as the reader may recollect, shipwrecked with me on the West Australian coast in my young days, and who afterwards had fought at my side in the Chinese war. You may depend we were pleased to meet again after so many years. He accompanied me to my lodgings, and we had a very long yarn to tell each other. When I mentioned the business I was upon he wanted to accompany me to Sydney, but I told him to wait, and if matters went all right I would send for him at once. He spent the most of his time with me until I left.

At the time my friends had arrived from Adelaide I went to Melbourne and had a satisfactory interview with them; my passage was taken in one of the [illegible]ners, and we had a quick, pleasant voyage.

On entering Sydney harbour, thoughts of old times rushed over me, and I recalled to memory the many happy days I had spent there from childhood to manhood: I felt as if I were once more at home. When we landed, I took a cab and drove to an hotel called the Six Lamps—it was also called "Tattersall's"—and sending in my luggage, I secured a room at three guineas per week. It was a good place to stop for one like me, being much frequented by sporting men, whose company I always affected. As it was late when I arrived, I did not leave the hotel that night, and on going to bed I counted my money once more, and found I had only 2*l*. left. I was almost aground once more.

I was five days at "Tattersall's" before my Adelaide friends communicated with me. I then saw them, and was informed that I must be ready to accompany them to Bathurst by rail on the following Monday. I asked them what I was to do in the matter of expenses, having no money. They said that would be cared for; they would deposit the requisite funds in the bank to my credit, and I felt proportionately relieved in mind.

After a prolonged conversation about the business in hand, we left the hotel and proceeded to the bank, where they placed 700*l*. to my account. A large sum might be necessary in prosecuting the search for and retaining witnesses who could identify me as William Jackson Barry since the year 1833.

I may here mention that the property to which I was about to lay claim had been purchased in the above year in Bathurst by a dear friend on my behalf: while I was in the East Indies he died, and nothing was said about it for several years; in fact it had almost passed

out of my memory, until I met, as before described in these pages, a gentleman named Cowper Turner, in California. He had been Attorney-General of New South Wales. He had come to San Francisco with horses, and I purchased some blood-stock from him. In the course of conversation he recollected me in Sydney, and mentioned the fact of this land having been purchased in my name, and said it should now be becoming valuable, as that part of the country was now settled, and a town being built, and some day I should come into quite a fortune. I listened, but did not pay much heed to his words; I was doing well at the time, and did not need it, and in the bustling years which followed I had well-nigh forgotten them, and, being an ignorant man in such matters, I cared little to prosecute a search for property I knew little or nothing about. Then came the letter to Cromwell, and I thought, at last, the time has arrived for action, and being now in Sydney I looked forward with all anxiety to a successful issue to my mission, after a lapse of thirty-eight years, being now in the year 1871.

After a deal of journeying from place to place, and three trips to Bathurst, and having been fully and satisfactorily identified as the "real Simon Pure," I was told that I might return to my family in New Zealand, and when again wanted I should be sent for. I lost all hopes of getting my rights; there appeared to be such a mass of law enclosing the affair, that I could not see through it. Some of the land grants in my name had been changed to others, and the land which had been apparently purchased for me had been resold by the Government under an act called Torrens' Act, passed

many years before, so I concluded to let matters take what course they might, as I was completely wearied out in trying to understand what it was all about.

I went down to Sydney and drew my balance—about 400*l*. After knocking about Sydney, and seeing life for a while, I went up to Orange and the neighbouring mining districts, visited the Peabody claim and others, and many of the copper-smelting works. I brought away a lot of specimens of different ores found in the mines up there, thinking they might be useful for comparison in such a great mineral country as New Zealand. I returned to Sydney. The races were on at the time, and of course I went. I tried to win some money, but, as usual, lost, so concluded to return to my family in Otago before matters got any worse. I took my passage in a Melbourne steamer. After we had cleared the heads, a heavy gale of wind came on, and in all my experience I never saw such a sea on the coast. I never expected the vessel to weather it out till morning; however, at daylight it cleared, and we had a pleasant voyage the remainder of the distance to Melbourne.

On landing at Sandridge, I went to the hotel I had formerly stopped at, intending to remain quietly there until the steamer was ready to leave for Otago. At the breakfast-table I saw, sitting opposite, the identical "young lady" in whose company I got the black eyes so innocently in Melbourne a few months before. She recognised me at once, saying, "I think I have seen you before, sir." I replied that it was possible she had had that pleasure. I began rubbing my eyes, and asked her for the name of her gentlemanly companion

who had blackened them in Melbourne. She began telling me a long rigmarole, and ended by saying that she was going to New Zealand by the first boat, which would be in in three days. I told her, foolishly, that I proposed going in the same steamer, at which she seemed wonderfully surprised and delighted, the reason of which will shortly appear. She asked me to accompany her to Melbourne to the theatre, and she would pay all expenses; but, in view of former experiences, I emphatically declined the honour.

I thought I would go up to Melbourne and stop that night, so as to get out of the way of temptation. I went up, and to the theatre. After leaving there, I strolled down Bourke Street, and lo! here was my friend again. She said, "The boat leaves to-morrow afternoon. Mind you don't lose your passage." I said it would not matter if I did, and passed on. But she was not so easily shaken off, and several times I found her close at my heels. At last I turned and said, "What do you mean, woman, by following me about?" "Nothing," she replied, "except that as we are staying at the same hotel, and going together to New Zealand, I don't see why we should not be friends." Her persistence at last enraged me, and I told her if she persisted in annoying me I would hand her over to the police. Then she unfurled her flag, and abused me worse than a pickpocket. A cab passing at the time, I jumped in, and told the man to drive me to Sandridge, it being too late for the train. She immediately followed, and told the driver she was going to the same place. I began to think I had fallen i- rkable lady indeed, and purposed,

if possible, to find out all about her ere I ventured into the close companionship of fellow-passenger in the steamer with her.

When we arrived at the hotel I paid my fare, and called the cabman in to have a drink. She followed, and in paying her fare she took the money from a long silk purse, containing, I should think, about 200 sovereigns. "It is not for want of money she follows me," I thought, and determined to fathom the mystery of her behaviour. When we went into the parlour she said, "I forgive you for threatening me with the police; no doubt you think my conduct very strange, but have a glass of wine and go to bed, and in the morning I will explain everything to you, and what I wish you to do." We had a glass of wine and I retired, and lay awake for hours thinking over this affair, but arrived at no solution, so at last went to sleep.

After breakfast next morning the young woman said she wished me to come upstairs; she wanted to talk to me privately, and show me something, and I went. She told me she was a married woman and had left her husband; she had plenty of money, which she would share with me if I would assist her in getting away to New Zealand in the steamer as my wife. I was rather taken aback at this turn in affairs, but told her distinctly at once that I would do no such thing; that I was a married man with a large family in Otago, and the thing was impossible. She then showed me her wardrobe, which was extensive, a splendid collection of jewellery, and about 2000*l.* in cash. I was sorely tempted; chivalry and interest urged me to agree to her terms, but I fled the temptress, and determined to

wait for the following steamer rather than take passage with her. She had already taken her passage under the name of Mrs. Jenkins, I found, and the next day I casually strolled down the wharf to see the steamer start. Just before this happened, I saw the police bringing the frail fair one and her luggage ashore, and I immediately dodged out of sight, fearing she might claim me as her husband, as she had proposed. I found afterwards that she had obtained the money dishonestly, and was eventually, I believe, punished. I had lost my passage, and was compelled to remain ten days longer on Victorian soil; but I hugged myself mightily over my lucky escape from the toils of the siren.

I found the time passing very slowly, and I was getting very anxious about my family. I was again feeling the effects of my want of thrift; my money was melting away, so to divert my mind I went up to Melbourne. The fare by train was only one shilling, so it was a cheap indulgence. On leaving the cars I fell in with an old acquaintance named Ryan, a butcher in Collins Street. He asked me to go home with him, which I did, and spent the evening with him. In the morning I accompanied him to the sale-yards, where he was going to purchase cattle, and there I met my old friend Tom Jones, whom I had not seen for years. It was he who had been with me in the bushranging affair in the Black Forest, and who had taken my Indian boy into his employment when I was on Brown's Diggings. We had a great many matters to talk over; he was astonished and amused at my New Zealand experiences; my having thrice Mayor of Cromwell set him off altogether.

He was sorry to hear of the apparent failure of my late journey in search of fortune, and kindly offered me, as he had done before, a chance to join him in the cattle-trade in which he was engaged, and at which he assured me he had now made almost a competence. I had to decline his generous offer. I told him how anxious I was about my family, how precariously they were situated, and that I intended to take the first steamer for Otago and go to them. He then asked me how I stood as regards funds. I told him, poorly. I had enough to pay my way to Otago, and that was about all. He at once said, "Make your mind easy; you shall not go short; come one trip up country with me." But my luggage was at Sandridge, and I very reluctantly said no.

I stopped a few days as his guest at the hotel, and on leaving he walked a few yards with me, and pressed three ten-pound notes into my hand on bidding me good-bye. I hardly know at this day, with my singular carelessness about money, what would have become of me at times had I not fallen in with such true friends as Tom Jones and others. May they long prosper, for they deserve prosperity and happiness; it is only in adversity that true friendship appears.

On the following day I put my luggage on board the *Rangatira*, and in the afternoon we sailed. I had, after paying my passage, 50*l.* in cash, and I fully determined in this instance not to fall into my former errors and run myself aground. But "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," as the reader will learn in due time.

There were twenty of us in the cabin, and forty steerage passengers; we were six days running down

to Hokitika on the west coast, and encountered a heavy gale of wind. This port has a very dangerous bar-harbour, and passengers and cargoes have to be transhipped into smaller steamers, and even these cannot always venture over the bar; but on our arrival it was very calm weather. The captain and some of the passengers were going to land, and I joined them. On reaching Hokitika the captain said he could only spare us one hour, any one lingering after that time would run the risk of losing his passage.

I strolled up the town, which was the outcome of one of the rushes to the west-coast gold-fields, and fell in with many old faces I had known in Otago, in particular a friend of the name of Osbourne, who kept an hotel there. I was in his house drinking a few glasses with acquaintances, and allowed the stated hour to pass by without thought, and the *Rangatira* left without me. My luggage went on in the vessel, and my money also, with the exception of a few pounds I had in my pocket at the time; and here I was again, in spite of all my resolves, in a tight fix.

It struck me I must again look for a friend, and hearing of an old acquaintance named Tom Harris, who had a farm up the Hokitika River, I procured a horse and rode up and saw him, and was heartily welcomed. I explained my unlucky position, and after spending a few days with him he lent me 20*l.* to carry me on to Dunedin, and saw me off in the coach, which went overland to Christchurch. This is a particularly fine part of New Zealand, and any one fond of the picturesque should cross the Canterbury Plains.

We were two days reaching Christchurch. I drove

the coach mostly across the plains, which are generally as level as a bowling-green. I put up at Brown's Hotel, and was astonished to find such a number of old acquaintances in this City of the Plains. Every one treated me very kindly, and I was driven from place to place, and saw everything of note. All were sorry for the unsuccessful issue of my journey to New South Wales. Christchurch is quite an English town, situated in magnificent country, and is, I imagine, about the pleasantest part of New Zealand for families desirous of settling down permanently.

After a few pleasant days I bade my friends good-bye, and took coach to Oamarn, an Otagan seaport, and from thence by steamer to Port Chalmers. I found my luggage at Dodgson's Hotel; it and the small balance of my money were all right. I then went up to Dunedin by small steamer. There was a marked contrast between my arrival and departure. When I left it was in anticipation of stepping into possession of probably 100,000*l.* worth of property—at least the newspapers credited me with that amount, and here I was back again with a few pounds in my pocket, and very little in perspective. As I before stated, "adversity tries friends," and most of those who drank my health and cheered so lustily on my departure now studiously held aloof, and gave me the cold shoulder; so I said to myself, "Well, old man, you have been in the colonies off and on since 1829, and have gained a lot of experience but no money, but you have push and energy left, so buckle on your armour, and make a fresh start;" and with this resolve I paid my coach fare to the Taieri, and left Dunedin as soon as possible.

While in Sydney I saw a Mr. Lake, who some years before had been prospecting in the Lammerlaw Ranges for cinnabar or quicksilver ore; he gave me some directions, and a letter to one Mr. Stone, at the Taieri. I called upon this gentleman, who received me kindly, and made me welcome for the night. In the morning he lent me a horse, and accompanied me to another settler's place, named McKay, to whom he showed the letter from Lake. Mr. McKay said he recollected the circumstance, and believed he could find the said mine, and said he would go and show it to me, and ascertain my opinion on the subject. I told him that while in New South Wales I had visited nearly all the mineral districts, and fancied I should recognise anything I saw there resembling the country. I stayed a few days with him, having sent for my luggage; Mr. Stone having made an appointment to meet us in two days, and accompany us to the ground. My luggage had arrived, and I showed Mr. McKay the specimens of cinnabar I had brought from Sydney, and he then felt convinced we were on the right trail. It seems, some time before, Mr. Julius Vogel and some other Dunedin gentlemen had fitted out a party to prospect the locality, but after a time the search was abandoned.

We went out into the Lammerlaw Ranges to the supposed locality, and prospected about all that day; and in one creek flowing from the mountains we found many traces of native mercury, and several pieces of cinnabar. We returned to McKay's that night, and next day I rode out by myself, McKay being too busy to accompany me; he evidently having little idea of

the value of such a discovery. I met with no greater success on this day; and as I could ill spare any more time, I concluded to let the matter rest; but I am morally certain that a persistent and intelligent search in that locality would develop a mine of this ore, of untold value. Some day, probably, my ideas on the subject may bring forth good fruit.

I bade adieu to Mr. McKay, and travelled on to Lawrence, or Tuapeka, and stopped one day at Basting's Hotel, where I exhibited my specimens, and gave some to the local Athenæum, in the hope that they might provoke discussion among the diggers, and induce a search for other minerals than gold, which are undoubtedly to be found in Otago.

I got a lift with my luggage as far as the Teviot, where in former years, while on my road to the Dimstan Rush, I had picked up a specimen of copper ore. I spent a few days prospecting in the same neighbourhood, and became aware of the existence of a copper lode there, of which more anon. I took some specimens with me, and pushed on to Cromwell, where I arrived at last, and found my family all well, but in debt. I can assure my readers I felt very keenly the fact of arriving in the place where I had once been so well off and respected, with only one ten-pound note between myself and beggary. The townspeople generally expressed sorrow for my shattered hopes; but I found, as in Dunedin, practical sympathy was a rare virtue, and so I determined to look round once more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

W. J. Barry, the scientific lecturer—On the stump—In luck again, and in funds—In court—In hot water—In the presence of death—In great sorrow—Desperation—Other troubles—A brutal son-in-law—Knocking him out of all relationship—To the rostrum once more—To the Shotover River—To the bottom of it—Walking icicles—Warm work with a wild cow—Barry, the commission agent—Bad times—A battle-scene—Ladies in action—Madness—"Murder!"—Jollification—To the North Pole—To business—Selling a young woman, the "chestnut filly"—Knocking her down for 175*l.*

HERE I was, in 1872, after all my struggles and privations of forty-four years, on the lowest rung of the ladder. However, something had to be done. I had my wife and family, a small cottage, an old horse called Shamrock, and ten pounds; not much of a capital to start upon, it may be supposed; but my motto is "Nil desperandum," and I struck out in a new line.

Although, as my readers may suppose, I was not well fitted for the business, I determined to travel and lecture on the various branches of mining, especially tin and copper. Accordingly, I went to the printer and ordered fifty large posters and five hundred tickets to be printed. The posters announced that "W. J. Barry would lecture on copper and tin prospecting, with special reference to the probable existence of lodes containing these ores in New Zealand, &c., &c." After getting these printed, I stopped a few days with my family, and to distract my attention from gloomy thoughts, I went on a trip up the

Mount Pisa range, to search for the existence of copper or other minerals in that direction.

Accordingly, I saddled my old horse Shamrock, took with me some tools, a 'possum-rug, a loaf of bread and some cheese, and started for the top of Mount Pisa. I got there the same night, and camped. In the morning I found my old nag had returned home, leaving me to carry my swag alone, evidently not caring much whether copper existed there or not. I prospected for four days in the neighbourhood, being all the time quite alone. I certainly found copper ore, but apparently not enough to prove profitable; so I returned home, bringing some specimens with me, which I placed with the others. I was knocked up with my trip, and was laid up for a few days after getting back, and things looked very black indeed. There was very little food in the house, and very little money to procure it with.

As soon as I was fit, I started with my bills to Queenstown, with three half-crowns in my pocket, and of these nothing remained on my arrival at my destination. However, I had plenty of friends in Queenstown at this time, to whom I made known my business. I posted my bills over the town, announcing my lecture, and I asked Mr. Malaghan, who was then mayor, if he would take the chair, and he consented. I hired the town-hall, outside of which I hoisted a large blue flag, with the letters "W. J. B." on it, and the night for my maiden attempt came round.

I secured a large table covered with a cloth, on which I arranged my various specimens. The subject being a new one, and my name being known far and

while the house was crowded; the audience listened very attentively to me to the end. I gave them an account of the mineral country I had been through in New South Wales. I assured them of the existence of copper and cinnabar in Otago from personal experience, borne out by the specimens I then exhibited, and concluded a tolerably long lecture by asking any miners present to be always on the look-out for indications, and if possible devote a little of their time outside the ordinary search for gold to the discovery of other ores. I thanked the audience for their attendance, received a vote of thanks from the chairman, and the meeting separated, every one being apparently well satisfied with the lecture. The entertainment was a financial success for me, and I earned some money for the first time since leaving New South Wales. The clouds began to lift.

I may mention here that I had prospected, some time before, a copper lode at Moke Creek on the Shotover River. I sent some of the ore to Sydney for assay, and on receipt of a favourable return I applied to the Provincial Government for a lease of the ground in the usual way. It was refused, government stating that a lease had already been applied for, and, as I afterwards found, by some members of the same government. Feeling disgusted, I dropped the prospecting, and the lode remains unworked to this date.

In a day or two afterwards the Queenstown or Frankton races came off. They are held annually at Frankton Flat, about four miles from Queenstown, a place I think I have before described, near the embouchure of the lake into the Kauman River, and the

course is an excellent one. I went to the meeting, and when I arrived on the course I saw a great many "horsey men" with whom I was acquainted, and got several good "tips" for old acquaintance' sake. I went into the ring and invested the proceeds of my lecture, on the old principle of "nothing venture, nothing win;" and when the races were over I had 250*l.* in my pocket! On the night of the first day's racing, when we all returned, several raffles for horses and buggies took place. I went in, and won two capital horses, one a steeplechaser, called Nigger, and a double buggy, which was raffled for 100*l.* I now began to think in earnest that my luck had again changed, and my spirits rose. I immediately sent off a draft for 100*l.* to my family, who were sorely in need of it, and I felt that the world was not such a bad place after all.

At this time a man named McLaren, who kept an hotel in Queenstown called the Prince of Wales, came and offered to lease it to me for three years. I had known this man years before in Victoria, where he was usually accounted "a queer stick"; however, the stand was a good one, and the house was doing a good business, and I concluded it would suit. There was stock and furniture amounting to about 700*l.*—which I was to take at a valuation and pay 3*l.* per week rent. I had made a lucky hit or two, and had now 300*l.* in cash, two good horses and a buggy, and I fancied I saw my way clear: not a bad investment, my readers will remark, on the three half-crowns I possessed on leaving Cromwell—but colonial life is full of these varieties. I got two friends to back my bills, and leased the pro-

perty. I then drove down to Cromwell to bring up my family. I called a sale, and disposed of the last of my property in that town. The cottage my wife was living in I got 60*l.* for, and I then sold all the furniture and bedding, as there was plenty where we were going. I bade my friends there good-bye, and left Cromwell for a time.

When we got back to Queenstown I had a deal of trouble with McLaren, who evidently wanted to back out of his bargain, and it was several days before I got possession. At length I was permitted to enter, and started business. I did very well, but was continually troubled by my landlord, who had rued his bargain, and wanted me to give him up the house at the end of the first year; but I couldn't see it in his light, and we had rows constantly, and were frequently figuring in court, so much so that I began to sicken of hotel-keeping.

I was giving a dinner one day to my friends, when McLaren came into the house and commenced breaking everything before him like a madman. Of course I could not stand that sort of thing, and taking hold of him threw him out rather roughly. I was summoned to court for this and fined. After this, the persecution of this fellow became almost unbearable.

A few days afterwards I was going to the stable to take a horse out. McLaren was standing by, with a bridle in his hand, and immediately assaulted me, knocking me down and smashing three of my teeth. I immediately jumped up, and a fight took place. In a few minutes, McLaren, although a much bigger and heavier man than myself, called out "Murder!" The

police came and apprehended us both. I afterwards got McLaren bound over to keep the peace; I also got a permission from the court to leave my licensed house for two months, as I was getting tired of this continual worry, and, placing a manager in the place, I left for a trip to Dunedin.

When I got as far as Cromwell I found myself again in hot water. A claim was made by a man named Calclough for money, of which I knew nothing whatever. I immediately returned to Queenstown for some accounts which might have some bearing on the case, for, although uneducated and careless generally, I always have preserved any documents likely to prove of value. I returned to Cromwell, and, when the case was tried, I got judgment, in place of clever Mr. Calclough. I did not continue my journey to Dunedin. Numbers of people were leaving the district for New South Wales and the Palmer gold-fields in Queensland; money became scarce, and hotel business very slack; sickness came among my family; I had a number of people staying in the house who were "hard up"; knowing so well what this was, I couldn't turn them out; they didn't pay their board; my rent of 3*l.* per week ran on and had to be met; as a natural consequence, I began once more to go down hill.

One day my wife called me away from the table, and told me that she felt very strange and ill; she was afraid something was going to happen to her; and she really looked very ill. I tried to cheer her up, and advised her to go to bed, which she did. We had been married twenty-two years, and I never knew her to complain before. She had been always re-

markably strong and healthy. In the morning two of my children came running to the door of my sleeping-room, and called out that mother was dead. I rushed at once to her room, and found her lying on the floor, in a fit. My eldest daughter was trying to revive her. I at once lifted my poor wife into bed, and sent for the two doctors living in Queenstown. They came immediately, and did what they could. She had eighteen fits that day, and afterwards gradually sank, and in ten days left us, I trust, for a better world.

I cannot describe my feelings when I found she had gone. I believe I nearly went mad. We had lived happily together for over twenty years, and I could not realise the fact of losing her.

The funeral took place in a few days, and nearly all the town paid the last tribute of respect by following my wife's remains to their last resting-place. I got all possible sympathy under my bereavement, but it did me no good, and I was utterly unable to look after anything for two months. I was left with six of a family, one very young. My business was failing daily; I was getting behind in money matters. I really began to feel a sort of desperation, and for many months I do not know how matters went.

Some time after this sad event my eldest daughter gave me some trouble, which added to my anxiety. She wished to get married to a man I did not like, or consider suitable. However, she married against my will, and I had to make the best of it.

I was now sick of hotel-keeping, and gave up the business. I gave nearly everything I owned in the housekeeping line to my daughter, to give her a start

in life, and after a few months of her married life my presentiments about her husband came true. He was a worthless fellow; he commenced drinking heavily and abusing his wife. I went one day to the house, and found him drunk, and kicking the poor girl. I took hold of him, and requested him to give it over at once, but he was mad, and persisted. So I knocked him down, and gave him a considerable taste of a similar punishment. The only wonder is I did not kill him outright. In fact, I thought I had severely injured the brute. I then told my daughter to pack up her things and come with me. She obeyed, and I sent her down-country in the coach. Soon afterwards her worthless husband got on a horse, and left the district, and has not, so far as I know, been heard of since; and if he has gone to the devil, so much the better.

My family was now completely broken up, and I had two small children to look after. The boys were mostly able to look after themselves. I was in my fifty-fourth year, very strong and active, but I was almost bankrupt. One expense and another had brought me to the last shilling almost. It would have broken down ninety-nine out of one hundred men, but I managed to survive somehow, God only knows how.

A Mr. Davis, a brewer in Queenstown, advised me to take out an auctioneer's licence, and offered to provide me with the necessary money for the fee, 50*l*. This was remarkably kind, seeing that when I left the hotel I was in his debt for beer. I thankfully accepted his offer, and once more became an auctioneer. He also gave me a commission to

travel for him in the beer trade. I took a small cottage just out of the town, and my daughter kept house for me, and looked after the youngest girl. House rent was dear, as, indeed, all things were at that time, and it took me some time to pull myself together again. I got a few sales, however, and occasionally was sent for to Cromwell, to conduct sales there; and I made money selling on commission for some of the local merchants and others. I was soon able to repay Mr. Davis his loan, and once more began to breathe freely.

I started one day to go up the Shotover River, to look at a mob of cattle I had been commissioned to buy. I was accompanied by a Mr. Ross. We had to ford the river two or three times before we reached the place where the cattle were to be seen. At one of these crossings Ross and his horse stumbled into a hole in the river-bottom, and both went under, and I thought for some time I had seen the last of him, but he came out all right, and I was very thankful. It was in the winter time, and the tracks were all ice. Coming back we both got a good ducking, and had to ride fifteen miles on a freezing night in our wet clothes. I caught a severe cold, and had to lay up for some time. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." I found when I got home that the only horse I possessed had got into a ditch and broken his neck, so for some time after I had to go about my business on foot, and found it very awkward indeed.

In this year, 1874, business became awfully dull throughout the entire district. If I got a sale there were no buyers, or at least no money to buy with, and

for some time I had considerable difficulty in making both ends meet. I bought a lot of wood which was lying at a place twenty-five miles from Queenstown, and started up the lake in the steamer, taking with me a young man named Smith, to assist me in getting the timber out of the bush. While he was getting his dinner he gasped and turned black in the face, and in a few minutes he was dead. He had choked himself with a lump of meat, which had stuck in his throat. The steamer returned to Queenstown, the body was brought on shore, and an inquest held. The doctor extracted a large piece of meat from his throat, and a verdict of "accidental death" was returned. I remained in town until the funeral was over, and again started for the bush.

I called at a small station about twenty miles up the lake; there were some men killing cattle in a yard there, and I went over to give them a hand. They had shot a bullock, and I, being a butcher, went over the rails to stick him, when I was rushed by a wild cow in the yard, knocked down, and severely hurt. I had to return to Queenstown to repair damages, without seeing my wood at all. After such fatality I concluded to sell, and disposed of the timber to one of the steamboat proprietors, and I lost money by the speculation.

I hardly knew at this time what to be at; things were everywhere dull. There was very little gold being obtained, and great numbers of men were out of employment. I went among the farmers, many of whom gave me commissions to sell grain and flour, and I spent nearly six months travelling between the district and Cromwell disposing of produce.

Cromwell at this time was about the only market for the lake district, the land about Cromwell being generally supposed to be unsuited for agriculture, as, indeed, it is in the immediate neighbourhood, except a very small area, generally having no subsoil. Land is being now thrown open near enough to provide a formidable competition in a very few years; but the seaports will be open to the lake district by rail by that time, and thus the supply and demand will be regulated. There is little doubt as to the capabilities of its soil. I have known seventy bushels grown to the acre, fourty-four of oats, and twenty tons of potatoes, and good land in places is practically inexhaustible.

Business matters had now got so bad in Queenstown that things were almost at a deadlock, so many people had left the district, and only long faces were to be seen in the whilom busy place. A large sale of property took place about twelve miles from Queenstown at this time, by the orders of two rival trustees in the estate. A steamboat was engaged to take down intending purchasers to Halfway Bay, near the place. A friend of mine asked me to go down and purchase for him, and I embarked along with the rest.

When we arrived at our destination a dispute was going on between two women as to the property to be sold, one being the wife of the vendor. From words they came to blows, and the old story of "the Kilkenny cats" came near being realised. They tore out each other's hair until their heads nearly resembled billiard-balls, and the blood poured from them in streams. For a savage, tiger-like battle, recommend to the ladies. I could then imagine what the

Amazons of Ashantee must be like. Thinking they would kill each other, and seeing that no one cared to interfere, I went to the rescue, and after some trouble managed to separate the furies, but not without receiving many tokens of attention from their claws on my physiognomy. The sale now commenced, and the wife of the vendor ran about the place annoying every one, with blood streaming from her head and face, crying out that her husband would be ruined. I thought that contingency was passed, looking at his angelic wife, who swore she would burn the place down that night. The sale went on for some hours, and everything went cheap, which made the woman madder than ever, until every one thought she had gone completely crazy.

As soon as the auction was over we re-embarked on board the steamer, and, just as we were leaving, a woman came running down to the beach crying out "Murder," and waving her hat. The captain sent a small boat ashore, and she came on board. She was asked if she wanted to go to Queenstown: she replied she did, for if she stopped in that place she would be murdered, as indeed appeared quite likely from the behaviour of her opponent. She ranged up alongside me, and related her troubles, showing me her scars from the late affray, and they were no joke. I advised her to see a doctor as soon as she arrived. She said she was going to summon her assailant, and she would have me for a witness. I said I knew nothing whatever about her quarrels, and advised her to leave me out of the betting. I was mortally afraid I should be dragged into this nice little mess.

We had an unusually rough passage down, and the cabin being small, the greater number of us had to crowd about on deck as best we could. There was plenty of liquor on board, and most of the passengers made themselves pretty jolly. As soon as I got on shore I ran to the Queen's Arms Hotel, and told the landlord if a woman called to inquire for me to say I had gone down country, to the North Pole, or anywhere, as I fully expected to be dragged into this disgraceful affair. However, it appears the woman took ill from the excitement and exposure, and was laid up after arrival, and in the meantime I got a telegram from Cromwell advising me of a sale, and started early in the morning on horseback.

When I arrived I met the friend who sent the message, at the post-office. He told me we should have to ride to the Nevis that night to see the party who wished to sell, and there was little time to lose, as another auctioneer was trying to get the transaction. My horse was knocked up, so I hired another and we started. We had 25 miles to travel, over about as bad a road as could be found, and I had already ridden 42 miles since morning. We arrived at the Nevis River very late; it was intensely dark, and freezing hard. The house we had to call at was on the other side, and not knowing the proper crossing-place we "cooeyed" for a long time, but could not make any one hear. I proposed to take the river with my horse, and attempt to cross, but it was a very dangerous river in places, and my companion begged of me to stop with him until
'ght. He told me that many lives had been lost
the Nevis; so I agreed to stay with him. We

dismounted, and walked up and down the river bank for four hours, and were nearly frozen to death.

When daylight appeared, the first thing we saw was a foot-bridge 300 yards from where we had camped all night, with the ford alongside; there was about a foot of snow all around. My mate walked across the bridge, and I led his horse through the river. When we had crossed he could not mount again; he fell down, and said he had lost the use of his feet. I tried to put him on the horse, but being a very heavy man I could not succeed. I took off my overcoat and wrapped it round him, and rode off to the house, half a mile distant, for assistance. The people were not up, but after a time I managed to make them hear, and three men got up, and on hearing my story started off with me.

When we got back to my poor friend he had fallen fast asleep—a usual thing in the snow. I thought it was all up with him; but we managed to carry him to the house, and rubbed his feet and body with snow, and poured hot rum down his throat, and after a time circulation recommenced, and he began to recover. He never had a narrower escape from being frozen to death, I'll warrant; in fact, it is wonderful how we lived through the bitter night, unsheltered, in such a region. The Nevis is well known as the wildest and most unsheltered gold-field in New Zealand. There has been an immense quantity of gold obtained there for many years. The supplies are mostly packed over in summer, the Carrick range, which intervenes between the diggings and Cromwell, being impassable during the winter months.

I stopped three days with my friend until he was able to once more mount his horse, and then we rode six miles further up the river to the township, if such it could be called. I found I had to go up a gully behind the township to put a valuation on fifty head of cattle running there; but a heavy snowstorm came on, and we deferred it till next day, when I declined to venture. The owner and three men went off, and by dint of hard work and good management managed to "yard the mob." I looked them over, and we all went back to a small store in the township and put up for the night.

In the morning we let the cattle out, when one of them, a very wild cow, rushed at a man near the rails and picked him up by the coat and carried him three hundred yards on her horns. The stockmen got round her with their whips, and the man fell clear: he was nearly frightened to death, but not much hurt otherwise. The beast then turned and rushed at my horse, and ran her horns into the poor animal, so one of the stockriders went back for a gun and gave her her quietus. I do not recollect having seen a wilder beast in all my experience. The cattle were driven to the place where the sale was to take place, and the auction began. I had to sell a number of horses and a quantity of goods as well, so that the sale lasted three days.

On the third day a young woman came to me and asked me several times if I thought I could sell her. I replied I did not know, but I would try. I stopped the sale of goods, and, getting a halter, I put it round her neck, and, making a cross on the road, I bade her stand on the centre of it; and she obeyed me without

hesitation. I then put her up for public competition. The young lady's hair being very — well, auburn, I called her the "chestnut filly," and called for bids. They were made with great spirit, and continued with vigour until they reached the sum of 175*l.*, at which price the filly was knocked down to a digger named Newton, who handed me 5*l.* deposit, and I gave him the halter, and he and his purchase walked away to the store together. He was one of the lucky diggers, and immediately ordered up a shout, *i.e.* drinks, for the company to drink his health. After this was done I completed the sale, which, upon the whole, paid me well. But I very nearly got into trouble for this disposal of humanity in a free country. The strangely assorted pair went away together; whether they are still together I cannot say, not having been in that part of the world of late years.

CHAPTER XXV.

Knocked down myself—Picking up again—Knocked up—Hard up—Liquidating — Cogitating — Completely cornered — Travelling on "shank's pony"—Pastures new—An idea of authorship!—A fascinating development—Writing a book—A tough job to Barry—No cash—No credit—Nothing but literary progress—An author in grim earnest, and in want—A profitable diversion—Another happy idea—Lectures upon the new book—Looking for subscribers in the bush!—Phrenological curiosities — Rabbits — Duck-shooting — Prospecting among the quartz reefs—Faring badly among the lawyers—Fire!—An illuminated page—Casting reflections.

WHEN my friend and I returned to Cromwell, I found a letter waiting for me, with instructions from a Company in town to purchase 400 head of store cattle for them. I stopped a few days at Starkey's Hotel, and spent an hour or two with my old friends, to show them that I had not altogether gone under, and one morning, at four o'clock, I started off on horseback to fulfil my commission.

After three days' hard travelling, I found myself on the Waitaki River, with my horse completely knocked up. I purchased another at a station there, and turned mine out to grass. Finding I could not obtain cattle there, I travelled on from station to station for twelve days, and managed to purchase 300 head. Riding back to where my horse was turned out, in the dark I ran against a wire sheep-fence and was thrown. I was not hurt, fortunately, but my horse got away, and I had to walk about five miles along the fence until I got to the station, where I found my horse standing

with the saddle under his belly, at the stock-yard, about three o'clock in the morning.

The noise I made trying to catch him awoke some of the station hands. I was in the act of yarding the horse when two of the men ran up, and one of them knocked me down, saying, "Hallo! mate, we have caught you at your little game, have we?" evidently taking me for a horse thief. As I did not care about being again knocked down, I lay on my back, and endeavoured to make them understand their mistake. I told them they had "barked up the wrong tree," and if the overseer had not arrived upon the scene I might have got some very rough usage from the two men, as I was getting riled, and would have tried conclusions with them. They begged my pardon on discovering their mistake, and when I obtained the horse I had left at grass I returned to Cromwell, not much the richer for this trip, having had to buy a fresh horse, &c.

Just about this time the Nevis Races were to come off, and, bearing in mind my luck at the Queenstown meeting, I went over with a few friends in the hope of repeating the coup. But I didn't this time, as will be seen. We arrived the night before the races, and put up at Dan Scully's accommodation house. I got up a few "Calcutta Sweeps" the same night, and made a few pounds. The place was crowded with diggers, and money was plentiful.

Next day I went to the races, backed a few horses, and won 20*l*. On the second day I bet again, but the ring was too many for me; I lost every shilling I had made and brought with me. After the races were over I ran a foot race of 100 yards with a young man and

won 5*l.* It cost me three of this for my expenses back, and when I got to Cromwell I had 2*l.* only left.

There is a peculiar excitement produced by continually running short of cash, and my readers will doubtless think that by this time I had had plenty of it; but it seemed as if no reverses would ever teach me sense, or induce me to be cautious; it was always so with me, and I suppose will be until I am laid under ground.

Licensing day was drawing near, and where to get the 50*l.* to pay for a renewal of my auctioneering licence I could not tell. But my vagabond luck again turned up, and I tided over the storm. I stayed in Cromwell a short time, and a few sales cropped up, and I once more was in funds. I placed 50*l.* in the bank, and determined on no account to touch it except for my licence. I again returned to Queenstown, hoping to get a sale which was coming off. But I was forestalled; a rival obtained the job, and for two months I had literally nothing to do. The clouds were lowering again.

My licence was now out, and whether to take out another, in the face of such dull times, I was undecided. There were two rival auctioneers in the district, and the business, poor as it was, was very much cut up. However, the licence gave a man a standing in the place, and I paid over my 50*l.*, although at the time I was indebted at the hotel for my board, and it looked very like throwing it away, as for six months I never obtained any commission as an auctioneer, and often wished I had the money back. I had to sell my horse and saddle to pay my debts, and travel on

foot from place to place in this, probably the worst year I ever experienced, 1875.

I one day got a sale about six miles from Queenstown, and was trudging thither on foot, a little lame. Parties driving along the road asked, "Barry, where's your horse?" I replied evasively, thinking that to be poor was bad, but that to appear so was worse. I put the best face I could upon the matter, always relying upon my luck, which was sure to come out right in some way, and it did.

When I got upon the ground, there was a great number of people waiting, and I commenced to sell a lot of horses and cattle, and some land; and, as the competition was brisk, I effected a good sale, from the commission of which I purchased another horse and saddle, and "Richard was himself again."

Matters now began to look cheerier; a number of sales fell to my lot, and I also got commissions from three firms to travel and sell for them. I got notice of an extensive sale of farming property at the Arrow, and found that my rival Powell was after it. I jumped on my horse and galloped off, and passed Mr. Powell on the road. I went straight to the gentleman who wished to sell, and he gave me the job, and signed his name in my commission book before Mr. Powell arrived. When he came, and found he had lost his commission, he was in a terrible way, and wanted to pick a quarrel with me; but I would have none of it. We had been bad friends for a long time, and I told him that I would do business for nothing sooner than he should get a sale, for the injury he had tried to do me in Queenstown. This sale had been well advertised,

and with the aid of a few posters, put up in conspicuous places, we drew people from all parts of the district. I made an excellent commission, paid all my debts, and was once more a free agent; but it did not last long. My two daughters came home to me, so I had to rent a house and furnish it, and this melted away the small surplus of my earnings; times got bad; I was laid up with a small touch of gout, and debt very soon stared me in the face once more.

My creditors now became clamorous; some of them sued me, and got judgment. Hearing that it was likely I should be incarcerated in a debtors' gaol, I determined to rid myself of the incubus, by doing what I never before contemplated in my life, but what possibly many a better man has been compelled to do, viz., to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act, or, as it is colonially termed, "go through the mill." I sold my horse to fee my lawyer, and he pulled me through, and I was once more legally, if not morally, clear of debt, and my creditors lamented. But I can only say that if they had not pressed me in the manner they did, in all probability they would have been paid every shilling in due course.

I was again reduced to pedestrian exercise in pursuit of my calling; but as there was nothing to do, I cannot say that it was a very great misfortune; although a country auctioneer in New Zealand has very little chance, if he has to trust to his own means of locomotion in looking for work.

I one day asked the driver of the Cromwell coach to give me a lift there, as I was not yet free from the [illegible] He was a friend of mine, and kindly did so.

When I got down, I fell in with my old and valued friend James Stuart, who had known me in Sydney, when we were almost boys, and thirty years had passed before I fell in with him in Cromwell, while living there with my family. He was keeping the Victoria Hotel, a fine property, owned by himself. He had an excellent sale-yard adjoining, and he told me if I liked I could have the use of it, to hold monthly sales of stock, &c., in; and I jumped at the offer. He further offered to make a home for my eldest daughter at his house, and he also gave me a little money. I felt young again. I borrowed a horse, and rode straight back, got a lady to take charge of my youngest, and brought my eldest daughter down with me. It was very "hard lines": I had no settled home; my family were scattered hither and thither, times were bad, and hope had almost deserted me. But, after all, I had much reason to be thankful to God for the kind friends he had raised up for me.

I advertised the monthly sales; and at the first my good friend Stuart had got a lot of goods together. I made a good sale, and pocketed a small balance; but it was very hard to force a trade in this particular line. However, I determined to keep my pluck up, and push on somehow. I went back to Queenstown, and hired a small office of one room for 2*s.* 6*d.* per week, cooked my own meals, and lived a very hermit; few people are aware of the shifts I was then put to. I frequently had but one meal a day, and that none of the best. I would not ask for credit, and luxuriated for days together on bread and water. I had many quiet cogitations in that little den, and thought I was paying

pretty severely for my former extravagance and recklessness.

One day I felt compelled to ask credit. I think I must have been near starving; the man I went to I had originally owed two or three pounds to, and he refused me. I had a gold ring on my finger, which I had got in California many years before. I took it off and gave it to him as security, and obtained the goods. That man still lives in Queenstown.

One day, Sergeant Morton, of the police force at the time, said, "Barry, what makes you look so downhearted?" I told him the circumstances in which I was placed, and the trick of Mr. ——, the storekeeper. He was very much shocked, and handed me a pound. In my position at that time I could not afford to be at all scrupulous. I took it, and thanked him from my heart.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six had arrived, and I was without money to get a renewal of my licence, and I knew of nothing else than auctioneering to turn to. However, I applied for a licence, and it was granted, but I could not sell until I had paid the fee.

Shortly afterwards, a large sale of freehold property was put into my hands, at Cromwell. My old friend Davis lent me a horse to go down, and promised to advance me the required 50*l.*, to be paid out of the first sale, if I could not get on without it. I went to Cromwell, and prepared to sell the property, when my ancient enemy, Calclough, who was now a rival auctioneer, knowing how I was situated, informed the police that my licence was informal. I at once telegraphed to Mr. Davis, who replied that the money was

paid; and a telegram also came to that effect from the clerk to the corporation. I at once plucked up my spirits and went on with the sale, out of which I made 60*l.* commission, 50*l.* of which I at once remitted to my good friend Davis. I got a few things I wanted, and my money was done; but I had twelve months' licence to go upon, and this was something. I had no horse, however, and it was a very expensive matter hiring one upon every occasion.

Business improved for a short time, and I still made Queenstown my headquarters, living in my little den, and boarding myself. I started on foot one morning for the Arrow, fourteen miles, a very good tramp for a man fifty-seven years of age, and rather lame. Five miles from the Arrow I met the Queenstown coach, driven by Tom Parsons; alongside of him was the district judge, Mr. Harvey, who, when he saw me, stopped the coach, and asked me what I was doing on foot on the road. I told him times were changed now, and I had to use "shank's pony," whereupon the old judge took out a travelling flask and gave me a drink of excellent whisky. I drank his health, and told him the sun would shine on me yet; he said he hoped so, and they drove on.

I got to the Arrow, and had dinner. My old friend Scoles, knowing my position, wanted me to shift to the Arrow and live with him, but I declined that time, and next day I got a lift on the coach back to Queenstown, where I vegetated in the usual manner for some time, with nothing to do except a fruitless journey I had one day, involving needless expense, to the branches of the Shotover River. I went to look at a lot of

cattle for a purchaser. It was a terrible road, and when I arrived the owners had left for Queenstown to see me, so I returned after eighty miles' ride over the worst road in Otago.

When I got into town I was informed a gentleman named Captain Jessop wanted to see me at Eichardt's hotel; I went there, and Jessop, who was a tourist on a visit to the lakes, was sitting with some other gentlemen. On being informed who I was, he got up, saying, "Your name is Mr. Barry?" I said, "Yes." "Then, Mr. Barry, I have read of you and your exploits, and should very much like to have some conversation with you," said he. I replied that I was quite at his service, wondering all the time who he was and what he could want. I said I had only just returned from a long ride, and was bespattered with mud; if he would not object, I should like to go home and make myself presentable, and I would come down later in the evening, and we could talk as long as he pleased. I went home, and after a change I went down, and Captain Jessop, whom I found to be a military man on a pleasure tour through New Zealand, and myself had a very long chat. He had read of me in some paper, and hearing my name mentioned in Queenstown, expressed a wish to see me; hence our interview.

During our conversation, he remarked that I was a very old colonist, and must have passed through many strange scenes during the forty-seven years I had been wandering about. I said he was right; I doubted if an older colonist existed in the South Pacific, and I had seen as many ups and downs as a man with a wooden leg. He laughed at this, and said the history

of my career would be an interesting study: had I ever thought of writing it? I told him I was not a very good scholar, being almost self-educated, and the idea had never occurred to me. Then said he, "If you will undertake to write it, and send the manuscript to me in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, I will have it published, and it may be of some benefit to you in your old age." I was, so to speak, "struck all of a heap" at this suggestion, and, thanking the captain, I promised to think the matter over, and we parted that evening mutually pleased.

The next day the races commenced, and in walking down the street I met Mr. Eichardt, of the Queen's Arms Hotel, who told me that Captain Jessop was waiting for me to go down to the course with him. I went to the hotel and saw him. He kindly invited me to accompany him, which I gladly did, the landlord and four other gentlemen going with us. We were driven down by Mr. Robert Ross in good style. I certainly felt very small in the company, as I had no money to spare for such holidays; but the captain would not allow me to spend a shilling, and this made matters pleasanter, and exactly suited my book.

When the races were over, I dined with Captain Jessop and his friends, and on leaving he called me aside and told me he was quite in earnest about my Life being written, and if I would do my part he would not fail in his. So I told him I had made up my mind I would endeavour to write my history as far as my memory served me—and, fortunately, it is one of the best—and I would communicate with

him when it was complete. We parted with every expression of goodwill, and in a day or two he left Queen-town.

After he had gone, the idea of writing my Life took deep root, and as there was no business doing or in prospect, I bought a lot of paper, shut myself up in my little office, and went at the unusual work of an author; and found it about the hardest job I had ever tackled in my life.

The greatest difficulty I had now was to procure the necessaries of life. Storekeepers were very shy of giving credit. How I managed to exist during this time I can hardly tell now; but I had to sacrifice many small trifles I had long treasured to get food of the scantiest sort. I had got the idea implanted by Captain Jessop firmly rooted in my brain, and I was determined to go through with it, however chimerical it may have seemed to some of my friends.

This went on for some months, until one day I was sent for about a sale at the Arrow. I put away the unfinished manuscript, locked my office, and went over. I called on Scoles at the New Orleans Hotel, told him what I had been doing, and how miserably I was situated, when he kindly repeated his former offer to me to come and stay at his place; I should have a private room to write in, and the yard to hold auction sales in. What could he do more? I thanked him, and accepted the offer. I concluded the sale I came about, which gave me a few pounds; with this I paid some small debts in Queenstown, and removed permanently to the Arrow. I got a large sign painted and placed over the entrance to the sale-yard, and

waited for business, devoting every spare hour to the one cherished object—writing the manuscript.

One day Scoles and I drove out with a pair of blood ponies in the buggy. One of them commenced to play up, and tried to bolt. It managed to break the buggy-pole, and we were nearly coming to grief. In the hands of any other driver they would have played the "mischief" and smashed up everything, but Scoles was a firm hand. After getting the pole lashed, we got home safely. Scoles remarked that this was the third time we had come to grief together; for the future it would be safer to travel separately, and I agreed with him.

The Arrow races were now at hand, and I was appointed Clerk of the Course, donning the red coat. It was a very successful meeting. I rode one match and won it, which was not considered bad by the spectators, for a man fifty-eight years of age riding against youngsters.

The change in the government of the country from the provincial to the county system now took place, and the election of county councillors came off. I was asked by many to become a candidate, but in my impecunious position just then I could not see the fun of it, and declined the honour. When the council met, assessors or valuers were appointed to assess the property in each riding, and I got one of these appointments to the Cardrona Riding. I rode off on my mission, and came during the first day to a party of ten Chinese living in one large hut. There were at this time a great many Chinamen working about the Cardrona diggings. I had a great difficulty in

making them understand the business I was on. I was constantly met by the words "no savee," and almost despaired of being able to do anything with the heathen. Farther on I fell in with one who could speak English, and got him to write in Chinese what I wanted, and after that I had very little trouble. It seems nearly all these yellow-skins can read.

At another place, where there was a crowd of these people, they thronged round me, and I suppose in their lingo were objecting to the imposition of any more rates; however, they were very "cheeky," and I knocked one of them into a water-race, and at one time thought I was going to get into trouble. I jumped on my horse. As I did so, one of the Chinkies threw a stone at me, which narrowly missed my head. I rode up to him and administered a sharp cut with my whip, and galloped off. I had to assess their property at a respectful distance.

I then got into Cardrona, and put up at the house of an old friend. It took me all next day to assess the small township and its surrounding. At night a great many old acquaintances, diggers and others, came to Mrs. Bond's hotel to see me, and a little jollification took place. They asked me to give them a lecture on the manuscript, and I agreed to do so as I returned that way; I must first get my business done. And this gave me a new idea, that of lecturing on my past life, of which more anon.

I rode next day to Alberton, on the Clutha River, and put up at Messrs. Campbell and Maclean's, Wanaka Station, which is situated on the Wanaka Lake, a smaller sheet of water than the Wakatipa; but I

think it surpasses it in scenery; there is more to be seen at a glance, and it is really grand. There are a few sheep stations, and plenty of room for farmers, who no doubt will find their way there ere long. There are also extensive forests of the finest timber. So, if the Wanaka does not one day become a well-settled and prosperous place, it will not be Nature's fault; everything is there but population.

It took me some days to complete the assessment; the properties were very much scattered, entailing a lot of riding about. I stayed at Pembroke, a surveyed township at the foot of Lake Wanaka. It is not much populated or built upon yet, but at some future date there is little doubt of its becoming a prosperous place. No more beautiful spot could be found in New Zealand for a summer residence. I stayed at Mr. Theodore Russell's hotel, the only one there at present: the house is second to none in the colony for real home comfort, and the proprietor is in every sense a gentleman; in fact, the owner and the place are very fitting adjuncts to such a magnificent spot. This is heartfelt praise, and no flattery, so intending visitors to the Wanaka Lake and its environs may depend upon finding matters just as I describe them.

Having completed my work I returned to the Arrow, made up my valuation lists, and handed them in to the clerk of the council; they were satisfactory, and I received my pay, which I need not remark was already anticipated by demands for board, lodging, and other things.

I had now to look after my youngest girl, a child 10 years of age. She was growing rather too old for

the lady who had been kind enough to take charge of her. I had some difficulty in finding some one to take the little one into their home. At last a lady named Mrs. M'Carthy took charge of her for me, and I was relieved of a very considerable load.

Auctioneering, and indeed all commission business, now seemed to be a dead letter, and, acting under the advice of a gentleman named Douglas, who was correcting my manuscript for me, I delivered a lecture on my experience, at Queenstown. This brought in a few pounds, and on my return to the Arrow I delivered another, with a like result. I then decided to make a tour of Otago, and lecture in every town and village, and if possible raise the means to publish my Life without having recourse to Captain Jessop. I had now nearly completed the manuscript up to date, and I asked Douglas what he thought of the idea. He said it might do, if I at the same time procured the names of subscribers for my book. I spoke to Scoles and other friends, and they all agreed it would be a good thing probably; so I packed a few things together, and started out in the character of a lecturer. I knew I was not exactly fitted for the *rôle*, but poverty is a sharp spur, and further, no one knows what he can do until he tries. At least that is my maxim; and though leaving the Arrow with only five shillings in my pocket, and but little experience as a public lecturer, I intended to see what I could do.

On arrival at Cromwell I advertised myself to lecture there on a given date, and on the following night at Clyde. I then went to the Bannockburn, and lectured with success; and from thence to Bendigo, just, as it

were, to get my hand in, for I was not at all up to my new business yet. On the following night I lectured in Cromwell, but the death of the wife of an old and respected resident had cast a gloom over the place, and very few came to hear me. Before I left next day for Clyde, the town was in an uproar: it appeared the county chairman, V. Pyke, Esq., had thrown the Cromwellites over in voting for which town was to be the seat of county government, and had decided in favour of Clyde. The townsfolk assembled and hung his effigy in front of the town-hall. After hanging one hour, it was taken down and paraded through the town to the tune of the 'Rogue's March'; it was then taken to the Cromwell bridge, lashed to a ladder, and a cask attached to the head, and with all due formality lowered into the Clutha, which river flows past Clyde. It was a piece of very grim humour, and if Mr. Pyke had been present it is very hard to say if he would not have been put over instead of his effigy.

When I arrived at Clyde that day I met the Chairman and told him what I had witnessed, and he did not seem to enjoy the joke a little bit. I lectured that night, and got a number of subscribers for my book. The good folks of Clyde were excited very much also, but their excitement took a different form; for, to say the truth, the entire town seemed to be strongly under the influence of John Barleycorn, and made merry.

I passed on, and lectured in every town between Clyde and Dunedin, falling in with a lot of old whalers at Wakonati, who gave me a very hearty reception and a bumper house. It would weary the reader to recount all my experiences on the trip. Sometimes I made

money, and at other times lost it, and expenses were very heavy; but I was used to this sort of thing, as the reader must by this time be well aware. I lectured in Port Chambers and in Dunedin. The Governor of New Zealand, the Marquis of Normanby, was in Dunedin at the time, and I requested his patronage, and received a very polite note regretting that his short stay would not permit him the pleasure.

The races were on at the time. I went to them, backed my opinion as to the merits of a certain horse, and—need I say—as usual, lost. I went to the Governor's levee, and was well received, and while in Dunedin secured a large addition to the list of subscribers. The Mayor of Dunedin, Mr. Reeves, took the chair at my lecture, which was very well received by a critical audience, and I began to feel bolder every hour, and fancied I had struck the right vein at last as a public lecturer.

I, after a few days in Dunedin, struck a line for the country toward Southland, and lectured in every town until I arrived in Invercargill, the capital of the former province of Southland, meeting with many strange adventures, and being put to shifts which nothing but my indomitable pluck would have enabled me to weather safely. Many a time my account after a lecture was on the wrong side of the ledger, but I would not give in, although sorely driven at times to think of giving up the lecturing business. It is much harder work than any one can imagine who has not tried it.

I returned once to Dunedin during this trip. The Davenport Brothers were then performing their cele-

brated trick of loosing themselves after being securely tied by some of the audience. I went on the stage and tied them, but they loosed themselves, though not easily. People laughed, but I fancied I could tie them securely, and published a challenge to secure them so that they could not loose themselves for 50*l*. The night came, I bought my own rope, went on the stage, and bound them. They did get loose, but it took them twenty minutes to do it, and I lost the wager. They said they never had been tied so securely by any one in their lives, and were very much afraid at one time that they were fast at last.

On my road I paid a visit to the Orphan Asylum at Mosgail, and must here bear testimony to the excellent management of that institution; and if all charitable institutions are managed in a like manner in Otago, I give it the palm over the rest of the colonies. I also visited the coal-mines at Green Island, which are well worth inspection. I always carried my book with me, and looked after subscribers, of whom I daily got a goodly number.

While waiting for my lecture-night to come round in Invercargill, I went with a very old Sydney acquaintance, named Daniels, to visit Riverton, where I delivered a lecture. While there I saw an immense tidal wave roll into the river and drive most of the small craft high and dry. This was the first phenomenon of the kind I had ever seen.

From there I went to Orepuki, a small digging township along the coast and in the bush. In going there I travelled over, perhaps, the most execrable road in the world, and at the end of my journey met

with the kindest lot of people I ever saw in my life; their kindness and hospitality to an entire stranger was something quite out of the ordinary way. They came to my lecture, and to a man subscribed for my book. Long life and prosperity to Orepuki and its kind inhabitants!

When I got back to Invercargill, the celebrated Dr. Carr and Professor Bruce, phrenologists, were lecturing there. I went on the stage, like many others, and had my head examined. The professor informed the audience that he never came across a head with such a capacity for memory as mine, and generally gave me a good character; but I have received so many hard knocks in this world, that the professor must have had some difficulty in arriving at a correct diagnosis of my character from the bumps on the skull. Australia, India, China, and many other places have contributed their quota of elevations and depressions, until I think that, after death, it would almost puzzle a geologist to define what I had been.

We three lecturers spent the evening together, and next day I started upwards and homewards, by what is called the southland route, to the lakes. I called *en route* on an old friend, Mr. McKenzie, manager of Burwood Station, who made me very welcome, and we had a long talk over old times in Cromwell, near which place he managed a station in former years. He kept me a few days as his guest, and we rode all over the station, which is a splendid property. The rabbit nuisance in this part of the world is almost intolerable; these little pests destroy thousands of pounds' worth of food and produce annually, and many more thousands

are spent in endeavours to keep them down, but with little success. On his station alone the number of rabbits paid for as being killed was 77,000 for the past eight months. There were ten men employed in the slaughter, who got twopence per skin from the run-holder.

McKenzie then drove me to the Plains Station, adjoining, where we spent two days duck-shooting; and I never saw a better place for sport in my life. We loaded up the buggy with game, and returned to Burwood, where I spent a few days more, shooting rabbits; and Mac brought out his dogs, of which he has a splendid breed, and coursed them.

I was very loth to leave such a pleasant spot, but I had to be moving, and my kind friend McKenzie drove me over to the Elbon, which was then the railway terminus. I stopped that night, and delivered a lecture to the farmers, railway navvies, and others, which paid expenses, and, bidding Mac good-bye, I took the coach, and arrived at Kingston late at night. The *Venus* steamer was ready to start, and I went on board, and in three hours was once more in Queenstown. I spent the night with some old friends, and next day I went home to the Arrow, and landed there much about the same as I left it two months before, viz. with a few shillings in my pocket. However, I had seen something of the country, and had discovered that there were more ways of pulling through life than I had considered possible; and further, that if the history of my Life should be published, the public would be willing to buy the book; and this gave me renewed confidence, so I set to work to complete the memoirs of half a century.

Just at this time the reef discoveries at Mantown, twelve miles from the Arrow, were the chief topic; and I went up to have a look at the locality. I there saw a monster pig, bred and fattened on the place, weighing about 800 lbs., and thought, naturally enough, that where pork like that was raised people could live, and determined to give the place a trial. I had a large sale in hand at the time, of a coal-pit property, but I was jostled out of it by a gentleman, although an auctioneer, holding a high position in the county.

Finding there was no more occasion for my services in the "knocking down" line—in fact, like Othello, I "found my occupation gone"—I went to Mantown, and prospected among the quartz reefs for nearly six months. I found some paying ones, which are probably working now, but the place at the time was a perfect hotbed for litigation, and I, unfortunately, got among the litigants. Between them and the lawyers I fared badly, and had to part with most of the interests I had acquired to pay expenses of law-suits. I had a good friend and backer in Mr. McLean, of Wanaka Station, whom I made a partner in every discovery I made, or I should certainly have been swallowed whole by the "land sharks," who tried, by disputing my right, to put me out of nearly every mining claim I applied for. However, I fought the battle valiantly to the last, when it resulted in a "draw." I still hold an interest in one or two claims at Mantown, which may some day be of value; but the localities are at the present time so difficult of access—in fact, almost inaccessible, from the mountainous nature of the country

—that it will be years before a thorough test can be afforded, and I may then be "sleeping with my fathers."

My readers will now, doubtless, think I have spun my yarn long enough, and, indeed, last night I thought so myself, and wondered how I could put a graceful and artistic finish to my crude production; when, all at once, the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the quiet streets of Arrowtown, and the clanging of bells announced that some untoward calamity had befallen us. I immediately rushed out of my lodging, and thought for a moment that the whole town was on fire. Two large hotels were in flames, and, from the appearances, and the entire absence of a fire brigade, or water supply, I imagined the place was doomed.

Adjoining the Commercial Hotel was a large store, built of stone, with a wooden front, which was in imminent danger, and the crowd were busy removing the goods. I thought it might be saved, and, with this idea, mounted the roof, and, getting astride the iron ridge of the roof, called for water. The crowd generally thought I was mad, and likely to get a roasting for my foolhardiness; but I repeated my call fo water, and a bucket-brigade was formed, the water was handed up to me, and I succeeded in confining the fire to the adjoining premises. Had this store ignited, probably there would have been little of the town left by morning.

Here, then, thought I, is a fitting finish to my work. Fifty years ago I left the London Docks, and in this very month—June—came to visit the antipodes. New Zealand was then known only as the abode of can-

nibals; the gold discoveries had not been even dreamed of by the wildest enthusiast; and yet on this night, at sixty years of age, I stood upon the roof of a warehouse in a populous town, in the centre of a prosperous and thriving golden and agricultural district—in this same New Zealand—amid fire and smoke, endeavouring to do as I always have done, and, until the great auctioneer, Death, cries, Going, going, gone! will do—my duty to my fellow-man.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

AFTER completing the manuscript of my experiences in the colonies in 1878, and before leaving for my mother country, I thought I would pay a visit to a few of the early pioneers, and, if possible, obtain their "photos," for the purpose of publishing to the world notable men who have done much for the colonies. I called upon four of the earliest, and obtained what I wanted.

I took passage from Dunedin to Wellington, the empire city of the North Island, where I met one of the oldest colonials, Mr. James McAndrew (whose portrait appears on the next page), who has been for many years one of the leading men of Otago. Mr. McAndrew has been Superintendent, and is now Crown Land Commissioner, for New Zealand. This gentleman has done a vast deal of good for the colony by his energy and enterprise, and deserves most hearty thanks, the greatest credit being due to him for the active part he has borne in furthering the interest of the Middle Island, and New Zealand generally.

I then called upon Mr. John Plimmer, one of the early settlers in Wellington, he having arrived in 1842; he was a carpenter by trade, and has made great progress. He has bought land and built houses in Wellington, one of which deserves special mention. Plimmer's Hotel is a noble specimen of street architecture

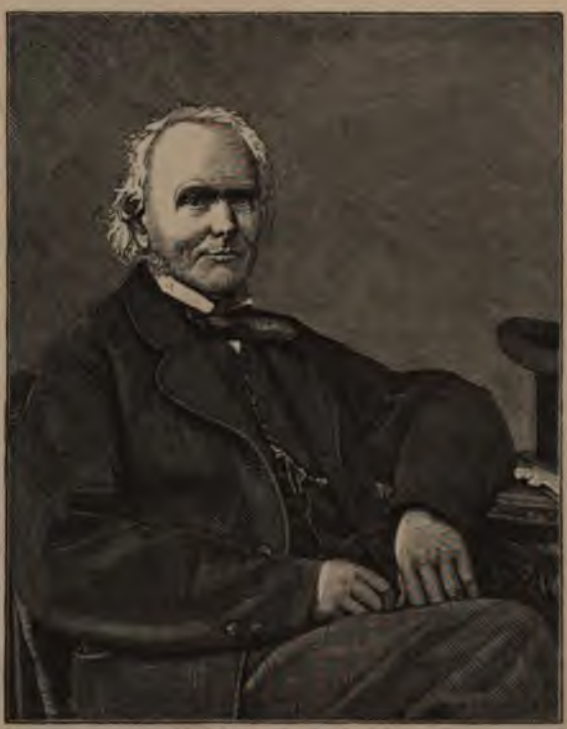
—the length and elevation are great; the façade is plain below, and the upper parts have figure-heads of men many of whom have passed away, but who live in grateful recollection as being the earliest settlers upon

MR. JAMES McANDREW.

land which was once a Maori hunting-ground. One of the gentlemen here referred to, Sir Julius Vogel, is still alive. The representation of this eminent colonist occupies a prominent place over the entrance, and of him I shall have occasion to speak again.

Mr. Plimmer, having by his own exertions become a wealthy man, is a noble example of what can be done by energy and perseverance.

After leaving the North Island I took sail for Christ-



MR. JOHN PLIMMER.

church, Canterbury, on the Middle Island. There I met an old settler of that city, Mr. Wilson, who arrived, from Scotland, in 1842. This gentleman also, by his own industry, has amassed great wealth. Starting as a

gardener, he is now one of the wealthiest men in Christchurch. Mr. Wilson has seen Christchurch rise from its primitive state to be one of the most beautiful cities in the southern hemisphere, and he was elected first

MR. WILSON.

mayor of that city. Upon leaving, Mr. Wilson gave me some specimens of coal he was, and still is, obtaining in great quantities upon his property, and which is certain to be a boon to the inhabitants of Christchurch and its neighbourhood. Christchurch lies about eight miles from Port Lyttelton, and is approached by rail

through a tunnel more than a mile in length, opening into one of the most beautiful landscapes the eye can rest upon.

In giving Mr. Wilson's portrait, I cannot help speak-

MR. GEORGE M'GAVIN.

ing of him in the highest terms, both as an energetic, persevering man, and for the good he has done in the development of this portion of the colony.

From Christchurch I took train to Dunedin. There I met another of the early pioneers, an old friend,

named G. M'Gavin. This gentleman came to Dunedin in 1861, arriving from Victoria. Mr. M'Gavin's first start in this part of the country was in taking a team with provisions to the gold-fields; he had many difficulties to encounter, there being no made roads in those days; but he accumulated considerable wealth, and became a settler in Dunedin as a contractor. He built one of the finest railway bridges in the country, called the Waitaki Bridge, across the river of the same name, which divides the provincial districts of Otago and Canterbury. This bridge is situate about four miles from the mouth of the river. The works were commenced in April 1874, and were finished in the latter part of February 1876. The bridge is 3714 feet in length, and consists of 110 spans of iron girders, laid on cylinders of the same material, and six spans at the ends of timber piles. Previous to the completion of this bridge, the river could be crossed only in boats, a ferry having been established about three miles higher up; but now the bridge is used both for general and railway traffic, and gates have been erected at both ends to regulate it.

I have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. M'Gavin many years, and have admired him for his indomitable pluck and energy. He has done much good for this part of the country, and the bridge I have just described is a lasting monument to his ingenuity and enterprise.

On my arrival in England I presented letters of recommendation from the New Zealand Government to Sir Julius Vogel. I had known Sir Julius many years, both in Victoria and New Zealand. He was our premier in the latter colony, and resided there for some years. He is now resident in London, and honour-

ably occupies the position of Agent General for New Zealand. I have elsewhere in this Appendix mentioned the great good Sir Julius has done in opening the interior of the country by extending railway com-

SIR JULIUS VOGEL.

munication throughout the colony. He is spoken of in the highest terms, and I can bear testimony, from my own personal experience, that Sir Julius has done more than any other living man for the development of New Zealand.

I write a portion of this Appendix on board the *Acconcagua*, and must say a few words relative to that vessel; and, by the way, it is but just to give the greatest praise to Captain Conlan and the officers of the ship, for the excellent discipline on board, and the satisfaction given to all the passengers. The *Acconcagua* is a steamship of 4000 tons register, and 345 feet in length, being the largest steamship that ever came into the South Pacific. Every evening there were all kinds of amusements on board, including music and dancing. The weather throughout the voyage was so fine that an open boat could have come the entire distance: in all my experience at sea I never had a finer passage.

At the request of my fellow-passengers I gave an address upon the outlines of this book, and received their thanks; and about 120 gave their names as subscribers.

On the arrival of the vessel in the West India Docks the passengers mustered to give Captain Conlan three hearty cheers, and to repeat their thanks for his kindness and courtesy to every one on board.

Thus I found myself once more in Old England, after an absence of more than fifty years. And how many changes have taken place in that time, both in England and New Zealand! When I landed in the colony in 1829, it was in its wild state, inhabited by its aborigines, and I left it in the present year (1879) in a high state of civilisation. I brought my family from Victoria in 1861, and settled in Otago. This was the first of the gold-fields in that country. In 1861 Dunedin was a very small town compared with what it now is. In my experience no town has made more progress. On my landing, there was no town beyond 25 miles from the seaboard. Ship after ship, from Vic-

toria to Port Chambers, brought its hundreds of miners to seek gold. On the way many privations had to be endured, and the colonists carried their tents upon their backs. Towns of canvas at once sprang up upon the gold-fields, but provisions were scarce and hard to get. I have known flour sold on the Dunstan at 2*s.* 6*d.* a pound, and meat at 1*s.* 6*d.*, both being difficult to obtain even at those prices. Dunstan lies on the Molyneux River, 200 miles from Dunedin. The way there at that time lay through a vast wild plain—now it is through fertile lands and farms. The cause of this transformation is stated in a few words. The Molyneux River was rich in gold; two men, named Hartley and Riley, got two cwt. of the precious metal there, and a great rush of people to the spot took place immediately. The Government of the day gave 1000*l.* to those men for the discovery.

About 14 miles higher up the river another rush took place, but it was on the opposite side, and there was no convenience by which to get across. A boat was speedily built, however, to convey miners across, and there were soon about 200 tents pitched by diggers. This canvas town was named Cromwell; and it is now one of the finest and best-built towns in Otago. I was in business there nine years. It was made a municipal town in 1864, and I was elected its first mayor. It is surrounded with mineral wealth, and at its back lies a valley of good fertile land, 35 miles in extent, running up to a magnificent lake 60 miles long by 7 wide. As yet, this fine valley is lying comparatively dormant for want of men to cultivate it, there being only about six farms in it. Nor is this the case with this particular spot alone; there are many more, equally good, lying waste for want of agricultural settlers, the great pro-

portion of the inhabitants being diggers for gold, who get well paid for their labour. Two men in this locality were the first pioneers to the gold-fields there, and they have, to my knowledge, taken over 30,000*l.* out of gold and quartz. Each of these men I am well acquainted with; one is named G. W. Goodger, and the other Thomas Logan; but to Mr. Goodger must be given the credit of making Cromwell what it now is; and, looking at its mineral wealth, in coal, iron, copper, plumbago, &c., it is evidently destined to become a vast manufacturing town, such as Birmingham or Sheffield in England.

Cromwell is not alone in these vast resources, but other large tracts of land, with comparatively insignificant towns upon them, lie waiting for men of bone, sinew, and energy to develop them.

On the river Arrow, some few miles from Cromwell, there is a network of gold-bearing quartz-reefs, and if capitalists would but embark their money it would give profitable employment to hundreds of men, and be a safe investment for capital. This locality is not only surrounded by all kinds of mineral wealth, but it is also a splendid farming district. Just before I left, the Government set apart a piece of land, called the Crown Terrace, for cultivation by the colonists. Thousands of acres of good agricultural land have been taken up for farming purposes, and I have seen 60 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other crops are equally good. But it is not to this place alone that I would direct attention; other districts which I have seen, in my travels through the colony, are quite as productive. As a scene of beauty, and as a place affording great facilities for commerce, I must not omit to mention Lake Wakatipa, which I have visited. It is

about 60 miles long by 5 miles wide, its depth is over 200 fathoms in places, and it would float the entire English navy. Some of the finest scenery in the world surrounds this lake, and the neighbouring hills are capped with snow all the year round. There are steamboats running on the lake from Queenstown to Kingstown, to meet passengers coming by rail, and numerous tourists come to view the magnificent scenery of the district. The railway running to this lake was opened in 1878, and has proved to be a great boon to wool-growers. Previous to the opening of the line it was a journey of four weeks from the seaboard to the towns situate on the lake, owing to the bad roads; but the energetic farmers can now get their produce forwarded in a few hours; and all this is due to the energy of one man—Sir Julius Vogel. It was his scheme to open the interior of the country which has caused so much benefit, not to the farmer alone, but to the entire population of New Zealand.

The changes that have taken place in navigation in the interval of 50 years are not less striking. Passing through from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, viâ the Suez Canal, we had a splendid run in the recent voyage, having left Adelaide on the 18th of January 1879, and reached Plymouth on the 5th of March following. But when I left home, at ten years of age, it was a seven months' passage from England to Sydney (better known in those days as Botany Bay). So we came home in less than seven weeks, although we were more than as many months on the voyage out in 1828. Progress in shipbuilding, steam navigation, and the Suez Canal have made all the difference.

On my arrival in London I was surprised to see the bustle and traffic of the streets, the network of rail

ways running under and over houses, and the squalid misery, and abject poverty, of some of the inhabitants of the poorer localities. I could not help contrasting London, in this last particular, with the country I had left, where labour is at a premium, and starvation a thing unknown.

It is a singular coincidence that, shortly after my arrival in London, I made the Queen's Hotel, St. Martin's-le-Grand, my headquarters, little thinking that the site of the hotel was that of the old Bull and Mouth, where, in 1828, when a boy of ten years of age, I put up with Sir John Alcock previous to our leaving England in the *Red Rover*. The landlord at that time was the celebrated Edward Sherman, then the largest coach proprietor in England. I have a vivid recollection of the old house, and my astonishment was great to find it transformed into the present noble and commodious hotel, the Queen's, kept by Mr. Quartermaine East. This gentleman was, I understand, sheriff of London in 1876–77, and is, deservedly, one of the most popular hotel proprietors in England. The Queen's is situate in the very centre of London. Almost the population of a village can sleep within its walls, as it makes down 250 beds every night; and I can state, from personal experience, that every attention is paid to the comfort of its patrons, and the charges are most moderate.

The Queen's is a favourite resort for colonists; and, certainly, they who visit the mother country from time to time cannot find a more comfortable home in London. Mr. East, the proprietor, is also well known as a breeder of blood-stock at his beautiful estate at Epsom, which I have visited, and must say that finer meadow-land there cannot be in England for the

purpose. I saw thoroughbred mares of the value of 1600 guineas, with their foals. This stock is well worth the attention of my fellow-colonists who, like myself, visit England; and I am sure the same courtesy will be extended to them as was shown to myself and friends on our visit to Epsom.

My object in coming to this country was to get this book published, and also to give lectures upon New Zealand as a field for emigration, not as a paid agent of the Government, but upon my own responsibility, knowing that few, or, perhaps, no one, has visited this country after 50 years' absence who possesses more knowledge of the colonies and their capabilities than I do.

Since my arrival I have visited various agricultural districts, and delivered addresses describing the advantages, both for capital and labour, in New Zealand. Everywhere I have been received and listened to with the greatest attention, and I have persuaded many, both male and female, to seek the new country, where labourers are so scarce, and to make a home for themselves where they may accumulate wealth.

I have received from many of the leading men the greatest courtesy since my arrival in England, on visiting Woolwich Arsenal and other places.

After I have fulfilled my mission, I intend to return once more to the land of peace and plenty—New Zealand—where I hope to see many a face I have met in England, and to nurse memories of the friends it has been my good fortune to meet with, not only in the colonies, as narrated in this book, but also in the old country on the present occasion.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

A Catalogue of American and Foreign Books Published or Imported by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. *can be had on application.*

Crown Buildings, 188, *Fleet Street, London*, *October*, 1879.

A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

ALPHABETICAL LIST.

A CLASSIFIED Educational Catalogue of Works published in Great Britain. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. Second Edition, revised and corrected to Christmas, 1878, 5*s.*

Abney (*Captain W. de W., R.E., F.R.S.*) *Thebes, and its Five* Greater Temples. Forty large Permanent Photographs, with descriptive letter-press. Super-royal 4to, cloth extra, 63*s.*

About Some Fellows. By an ETON BOY, Author of "A Day of my Life." Cloth limp, square 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Adventures of Captain Mago. A Phœnician's Explorations 1000 years B.C. By LEON CAHUN. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. By LUCIEN BIART, with 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and adapted by PARKER GILLMORE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, New Edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Afghanistan and the Afghans. Being a Brief Review of the History of the Country, and Account of its People. By H. W. BELLEW, C.S.I. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

Alcott (*Louisa M.*) *Jimmy's Cruise in the "Pinafore."* With 9 Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag.* Square 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, 1*s.*)

——— *Cupid and Chow-Chow.* Small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys.* Small post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, Double vol. 2*s.*)

——— *Little Women.* 1 vol., cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1*s.* each.)

——— *Old-Fashioned Girl.* Best Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, 2*s.*)

Alcott (*Louisa M.*) *Work and Beginning Again.* A Story of Experience. 1 vol., small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s*. Several Illustrations. (Rose Library, 2 vols., 1*s*. each.)

——— *Shawl Straps.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*.

——— *Eight Cousins; or, the Aunt Hill.* Small post 8vo, with Illustrations, 3*s*. 6*d*.

——— *The Rose in Bloom.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s*. 6*d*.

——— *Silver Pitchers.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s*. 6*d*.

——— *Under the Lilacs.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s*.

"Miss Alcott's stories are thoroughly healthy, full of racy fun and humour . . . exceedingly entertaining . . . . We can recommend the 'Eight Cousins.'"—*Athenæum.*

Alpine Ascents and Adventures; or, Rock and Snow Sketches. By H. Schütz Wilson, of the Alpine Club. With Illustrations by Whymper and Marcus Stone. Crown 8vo, 10*s*. 6*d*. 2nd Edition.

Andersen (*Hans Christian*) *Fairy Tales.* With Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B. Royal 4to, cloth, 25*s*.

Andrews (*Dr.*) *Latin-English Lexicon.* New Edition. Royal 8vo, 1670 pp., cloth extra, 18*s*.

Animals Painted by Themselves. Adapted from the French of Balzac, Georges Sands, &c., with 200 Illustrations by Grandville. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 10*s*. 6*d*.

Art Education. *See* "Illustrated Text Books."

Art of Reading Aloud (*The*) *in Pulpit, Lecture Room, or Private* Reunions, with a perfect system of Economy of Lung Power on just principles for acquiring ease in Delivery, and a thorough command of the Voice. By G. Vandenhoff, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s*.

Art Treasures in the South Kensington Museum. Preparing for Publication in Monthly Parts, with the sanction of the Science and Art Department, each containing Many Plates price 1*s*. In this series will be included representations of Decorative Art of all countries and all times from objects in the South Kensington Museum, under the following classes:—

Sculpture: Works in Marble, Ivory, and Terra-Cotta.
Bronzes: Statuettes, Medallions, Plaques, Coins.
Decorative Painting and Mosaic.
Decorative Furniture and Carved Wood-Work.
Ecclesiastical Metal-Work.
Gold and Silversmiths' Work and Jewellery.
Limoges and Oriental Enamels.
Pottery of all Countries.
Glass: Oriental, Venetian, and German.
Ornamental Iron-Work; Cutlery.
Textile Fabrics: Embroidery and Lace.
Decorative Bookbinding.
Original Designs for Works of Decorative Art.
Views of the Courts and Galleries of the Museum.
Architectural Decorations of the Museum.

The Plates will be carefully printed with a Japanese tint in atlas 8vo (13 in. by 9 in.), on thick ivory-tinted paper. They will be included in a stout wrapper, ornamented with a drawing from "The Genoa Doorway" recently acquired by the Museum.

Parts I. and II. are in preparation, and will be ready at Christmas.

Asiatic Turkey: being a Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosphorus, embracing a ride of over One Thousand Miles, from the head of the Persian Gulf to Antioch on the Mediterranean. By GRATTAN GEARY, Editor of the *Times of India*. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, with many Illustrations, and a Route Map.

Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN, Author of "Contemporary Art in Europe," &c. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, with upwards of 150 Illustrations, 16*s*.

Australian Abroad (The). Branches from the Main Routes Round the World. Comprising the Author's Route through Japan, China, Cochin-China, Malasia, Sunda, Java, Torres Straits, Northern Australia, New South Wales, South Australia, and New Zealand. By JAMES HINGSTON ("J. H." of the *Melbourne Argus*). With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs, including a Frontispiece, representing the famous Boer Buddha Temple, Java. Demy 8vo, 14*s*.

Autobiography of Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., F.S.A., &c. Edited by his Son, G. GILBERT SCOTT. With an Introduction by the DEAN OF CHICHESTER, and a Funeral Sermon, preached in Westminster Abbey, by the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER. Also, Portrait on steel from the portrait of the Author by G. RICHMOND, R.A. 1 vol., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 18*s*.

BAKER (Lieut.-Gen. Valentine, Pasha). *See* "War in Bulgaria."

THE BAYARD SERIES,

Edited by the late J. HAIN FRISWELL.

Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times.*

*Price 2*s*. 6*d*. each Volume, complete in itself, flexible cloth extra, gilt edges, with silk Headbands and Registers.*

The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By M. DE BERVILLE.

De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.

The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.

Abdallah; or the Four Leaves. By EDOUARD LABOULLAYE.

Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Vathek: An Oriental Romance. By WILLIAM BECKFORD.

(*continued*):—

the Commons. A Selection of Cavalier and Edited by Prof. MORLEY.

Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.

Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.

Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend. Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Knt.

Poetry of the Affections. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences, and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. DE STE.-BEUVE, of the French Academy.

Essays in Mosaic. By THOS. BALLANTYNE.

My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. FITZGERALD.

Reflections; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

Socrates: Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By EDW. LEVIEN.

Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.

A Case containing 12 *Volumes, price* 31*s.* 6*d.*; *or the Case separately, price* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Beauty and the Beast. An Old Tale retold, with Pictures by E. V. B. Demy 4to, cloth extra, novel binding. 10 Illustrations in Colours. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Boumers' German Copybooks. In six gradations at 4*d.* each.

Buart (Lucien). *See* "Adventures of a Young Naturalist," "My Rambles in the New World," "The Two Friends," "Involuntary Voyage"

Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer may be had in various styles and bindings from 1*d.* to 21*s.* *Price List and Prospectus will be forwarded on application.*

Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Reef and other Parables. 1 vol., square 8vo, with numerous very beautiful Engravings, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Clergyman in his Home.* Small post 8vo, 1*s.*

——— *The Master's Home-Call; or, Brief Memorials of* Alice Frances Bickersteth. 20th Thousand. 32mo, cloth gilt, 1*s.*

——— *The Master's Will.* A Funeral Sermon preached on the Death of Mrs. S. Gurney Barnett. Sewn, 6*d.*; cloth gilt, 1*s.*

——— *The Shadow of the Rock.* A Selection of Religious Hymns, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Bickersteth (*Rev. E. H., M.A.*) *The Shadowed Home and the* Light Beyond. 7th Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Bida. The Authorized Version of the Four Gospels, with the whole of the magnificent Etchings on Steel, after drawings by M. BIDA, in 4 vols., appropriately bound in cloth extra, price 3*l.* 3*s.* each.

Also the four volumes in two, bound in the best morocco, by Suttaby, extra gilt edges, 18*l.* 18*s.*, half-morocco, 12*l.* 12*s.*

"Bida's Illustrations of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John have already received here and elsewhere a full recognition of their great merits."—*Times.*

Biographies of the Great Artists, Illustrated. This Series is issued in the form of Handbooks. Each is a Monograph of a Great Artist, and contains Portraits of the Masters, and as many examples of their art as can be readily procured. They are Illustrated with from 16 to 20 Full-page Engravings. Cloth, large crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* per Volume.

Titian.	**Rubens.**	**Tintoret and Veronese.**
Rembrandt.	**Lionardo.**	**Hogarth.**
Raphael.	**Turner.**	**Michelangelo.**
Van Dyck and Hals.	**The Little Masters.**	**Reynolds.**
Holbein.	**Delaroche & Vernet.**	**Gainsborough.**
	Figure Painters of Holland.	

"A deserving Series, based upon recent German publications."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"Most thoroughly and tastefully edited."—*Spectator.*

Black (*Wm.*) *Three Feathers.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

——— *Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Kilmeny: a Novel.* Small post 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

——— *In Silk Attire.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *A Daughter of Heth.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

Blackmore (*R. D.*) *Lorna Doone.* 10th Edition, cr. 8vo, 6*s.*

"The reader at times holds his breath, so graphically yet so simply does John Ridd tell his tale."—*Saturday Review.*

——— *Alice Lorraine.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6th Edition, 6*s.*

——— *Clara Vaughan.* Revised Edition, 6*s.*

——— *Cradock Nowell.* New Edition, 6*s.*

——— *Cripps the Carrier.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Mary Anerley.* 3 vols., 31*s.* 6*d.* [*In the press.*

Blossoms from the King's Garden: Sermons for Children. By the Rev. C. BOSANQUET. 2nd Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

Blue Banner (*The*); *or, The Adventures of a M*— Christian, and a Pagan, in the time of the Conquest. Translated from the French of Seventy-six Wood Engravings. Square 7*s.* 6*d.*

Book of English Elegies. By W. F. MARCH PHILLIPPS. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Boy's Froissart (The). 7*s.* 6*d.* *See* "Froissart."

Brave Janet: A Story for Girls; and, The Children's Trusts: A Story of Beech-Tree Dingle. By ALICE LEE. With Frontispiece by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Brave Men in Action. By S. J. MACKENNA. Crown 8vo, 480 pp., cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Brazil and the Brazilians. By J. C. FLETCHER and D. P. KIDDER. 9th Edition, Illustrated, 8vo, 21*s.*

Breton Folk: An Artistic Tour in Brittany. By HENRY BLACKBURN, Author of "Artists and Arabs," "Normandy Picturesque," &c. With 171 Illustrations by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 21*s.*

British Goblins: Welsh Folk-Lore, Fairy Mythology, Legends, and Traditions. By WIRT SYKES, United States Consul for Wales. With Illustrations by J. H. THOMAS. This account of the Fairy Mythology and Folk-Lore of his Principality is, by permission, dedicated to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 1 vol., demy 8vo, 18*s.*

Bryant (W. C., assisted by S. H. Gay) A Popular History of the United States. About 4 vols., to be profusely Illustrated with Engravings on Steel and Wood, after Designs by the best Artists. Vol. I., super-royal 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 42*s.*, is ready.

Buckle (Henry Thomas) The Life and Writings of. By ALFRED HENRY HUTH. With Portrait. 2 vols., demy 8vo.

Burnaby (Capt.) *See* "On Horseback."

Burnham Beeches (Heath, F. G.). With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Butler (W. F.) The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red River Expedition, 1869-70. With Illustrations and Map. Fifth and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Wild North Land; the Story of a Winter Journey* with Dogs across Northern North America. Demy 8vo, cloth, with numerous Woodcuts and a Map, 4th Edition, 18*s.* Cr. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Akim-foo: the History of a Failure.* Demy 8vo, cloth, 2nd Edition, 16*s.* Also, in crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

CADOGAN (*Lady A.*) *Illustrated Games of Patience.* Twenty-four Diagrams in Colours, with Descriptive Text. Foolscap 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 3rd Edition, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Caldecott (R.). *See* "Breton Folk."

Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin. By G. STEWART, Jun., Author of "Evenings in the Library," &c. Cloth gilt, 8vo, 15*s.*

Carbon Process (A Manual of). *See* LIESEGANG.

Ceramic Art. *See* JACQUEMART.

Changed Cross (*The*), and other Religious Poems. 16mo, *2s. 6d.*

Chant Book Companion to the Book of Common Prayer. Consisting of upwards of 550 Chants for the Daily Psalms and for the Canticles; also Kyrie Eleisons, and Music for the Hymns in Holy Communion, &c. Compiled and Arranged under the Musical Editorship of C. J. VINCENT, Mus. Bac. Crown 8vo, *2s. 6d.*; Organist's Edition, fcap. 4to, *5s.*

Of various Editions of HYMNAL COMPANION, *Lists will be forwarded on application.*

Child of the Cavern (*The*); *or, Strange Doings Underground.* By JULES VERNE. Translated by W. H. G. KINGSTON. Numerous Illustrations. Sq. cr. 8vo, gilt edges, *7s. 6d.*; cl., plain edges, *5s.*

Child's Play, with 16 Coloured Drawings by E. V. B. Printed on thick paper, with tints, *7s. 6d.*

——— *New.* By E. V. B. Similar to the above. *See* New.

Children's Lives and How to Preserve Them; or, The Nursery Handbook. By W. LOMAS, M.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, *5s.*

Choice Editions of Choice Books. *2s. 6d.* each, Illustrated by C. W. COPE, R.A., T. CRESWICK, R.A., E. DUNCAN, BIRKET FOSTER, J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A., G. HICKS, R. REDGRAVE, R.A., C. STONEHOUSE, F. TAYLER, G. THOMAS, H. J. TOWNSHEND, E. H. WEHNERT, HARRISON WEIR, &c.

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.	Milton's L'Allegro.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.	Poetry of Nature. Harrison Weir.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.	Rogers' (Sam.) Pleasures of Memory.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.	Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.	Tennyson's May Queen.
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.	Elizabethan Poets.
Keat's Eve of St. Agnes.	Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

"Such works are a glorious beatification for a poet."—*Athenæum.*

Cobbett (*William*). A Biography. By EDWARD SMITH. 2 vols., crown 8vo, *25s.*

Continental Tour of Eight Days for Forty-four Shillings. By a JOURNEY-MAN. 12mo, *1s.*

"The book is simply delightful."—*Spectator.*

Covert Side Sketches: Thoughts on Hunting, with Different Packs in Different Countries. By J. NEVITT FITT (H.H. of the *Sporting Gazette*, late of the *Field*). 2nd Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, *10s. 6d.*

Cripps the Carrier. 3rd Edition, *6s.* *See* BLACKMORE.

Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger" (*The*). By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N. With Route Map and many Illustrations. 6th Edition, demy 8vo, cloth, *18s.* Cheap Edition, crown 8vo, small type, some of the Illustrations, *7s. 6d.*

Curious Adventures of a Field Cricket. By Dr CANDÈZE. Translated by N. D'ANVERS. With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, *7s. 6d.*

DANA (R. H.) Two Years before the Mast and Twenty-Four years After. Revised Edition with Notes, 12mo, 6*s*.

Daughter (A) of Heth. By W. BLACK. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

Day of My Life (A); or, Every Day Experiences at Eton. By an ETON BOY, Author of "About Some Fellows." 16mo, cloth extra, 2*s*. 6*d*. 6th Thousand.

Day out of the Life of a Little Maiden (A): Six Studies from Life. By SHERER and ENGLER. Large 4to, in portfolio, 5*s*.

Diane. By Mrs. MACQUOID. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

Dick Sands, the Boy Captain. By JULES VERNE. With nearly 100 Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt edges, 10*s*. 6*d*.

Discoveries of Prince Henry the Navigator, and their Results; being the Narrative of the Discovery by Sea, within One Century, of more than Half the World. By RICHARD HENRY MAJOR, F.S.A. Demy 8vo, with several Woodcuts, 4 Maps, and a Portrait of Prince Henry in Colours. Cloth extra, 15*s*.

Dodge (Mrs. M.) Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. An entirely New Edition, with 59 Full-page and other Woodcuts. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s*. 6*d*.; Text only, paper, 1*s*.

Dogs of Assize. A Legal Sketch-Book in Black and White. Containing 6 Drawings by WALTER J. ALLEN. Folio, in wrapper, 6*s*. 8*d*.

Dougall's (J. D.) Shooting; which see. 10*s*. 6*d*.

EARLY History of the Colony of Victoria (The), from its Discovery. By E. P. LABILLIERE. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21*s*.

Echoes of the Heart. See MOODY.

Eight Cousins. See ALCOTT.

Eldmuir: An Art-Story of Scottish Home-Life, Scenery, and Incident. By JACOB THOMPSON, Jun. Illustrated with Engravings after Paintings of JACOB THOMPSON. With an Introductory Notice by LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14*s*.

Elinor Dryden. By Mrs. MACQUOID. Crown 8vo, 6*s*.

Embroidery (Handbook of). By L. HIGGIN. Edited by LADY MARIAN ALFORD, and published by authority of the Royal School of Art Needlework, and dedicated to their President, H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. With 16 page Illustrations, many of them in Colour, by BURNE JONES, WALTER CRANE, WILLIAM MORRIS, GEORGE AITCHISON, FAIRFAX WADE, the Rev. SELWYN IMAGE, and Miss JEKYLL; and Designs for Borders, &c., by Miss WEBSTER, Miss BURNSIDE, and Miss MARY HERBERT, of the Royal School of Art Needlework. Crown 8vo, 5*s*.

English Catalogue of Books (The). Published during 1863 to 1871 inclusive, comprising also important American Publications. 30*s.*

*** Of the previous Volume, 1835 to 1862, very few remain on sale; as also of the Index Volume, 1837 to 1857.

——— *Supplements*, 1863, 1864, 1865, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; 1866, 1867, to 1879, 5*s.* each.

English Writers, Chapters for Self-Improvement in English Literature. By the Author of "The Gentle Life," 6*s.*; smaller edition, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Erchomenon; or, The Republic of Materialism. Small post 8vo, cloth.

Eton. See "Day of my Life," "Out of School," "About Some Fellows."

Evans (C.) Over the Hills and Far Away. By C. EVANS. One Volume, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *A Strange Friendship.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

FAITH Gartney's Girlhood. By the Author of "The Gayworthy's." Fcap. with Coloured Frontispiece, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Family Prayers for Working Men. By the Author of "Steps to the Throne of Grace." With an Introduction by the Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A. Cloth, 1*s.*; sewed, 6*d.*

Fern Paradise (The): A Plea for the Culture of Ferns. By F. G. HEATH. New Edition, entirely Rewritten, Illustrated with Eighteen full-page, numerous other Woodcuts, and Four Photographs, large post 8vo, 12*s.* 6*d.* In 12 Parts, sewn, 1*s.* each.

Fern World (The). By F. G. HEATH. Illustrated by Twelve Coloured Plates, giving complete Figures (Sixty-four in all) of every Species of British Fern, printed from Nature; by several full-page Engravings. Cloth, gilt, 6th Edition, 12*s.* 6*d.* In 12 parts, 1*s.* each.

Few (A) Hints on Proving Wills. Enlarged Edition, 1*s.*

First Steps in Conversational French Grammar. By F. JULIEN. Being an Introduction to "Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire," by the same Author. Fcap. 8vo, 128 pp., 1*s.*

Flooding of the Sahara (The). See MACKENZIE.

Food for the People; or, Lentils and other Vegetable Cookery. By E. E. ORLEBAR. Third Thousand. Small post 8vo, boards, 1*s.*

Footsteps of the Master. See STOWE (Mrs. BEECHER).

Four Lectures on Electric Induction. Delivered at the Royal Institution, 1878-9. By J. E. H. GORDON, B.A. Cantab. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth limp, square 16mo, 3*s.*

Foreign Countries and the British Colonies. Edited by F. S. PULLING, M.A., Lecturer at Queen's College, Oxford, and formerly Professor at the Yorkshire College, Leeds. A Series of small Volumes descriptive of the principal Countries of the World by well-known Authors, each Country being treated of by a Writer who from Personal Knowledge is qualified to speak with authority on the Subject. The Volumes will average 180 crown 8vo pages, will contain Maps, and, in some cases, a few typical Illustrations.

HEADINGS OF SECTIONS.

General Description, Position, &c.; Physical Geography and Geology, Climate; Fauna and Flora; Detailed Description, Provinces, Towns, &c.; Ethnology, Language; National Characteristics; Government, Institutions, Political Life; Military Organization, &c.; Religion; Agriculture and Commerce; Resources and Industries; Communications Internal and External; Literature and the Arts; Social Life; History (but only in as far as is absolutely necessary to explain the Present Condition of the Country.

The following Volumes are in preparation:—

Denmark and Iceland.	Russia.	Canada.
Greece.	Persia.	Sweden and Norway.
Switzerland.	Japan.	The West Indies.
Austria.	Peru.	New Zealand.

Franc (*Maude Jeane*). The following form one Series, small post 8vo, in uniform cloth bindings:—

——— *Emily's Choice.* 5*s.*
——— *Hall's Vineyard.* 4*s.*
——— *John's Wife: a Story of Life in South Australia.* 4*s.*
——— *Marian; or, the Light of Some One's Home.* 5*s.*
——— *Silken Cords and Iron Fetters.* 4*s.*
——— *Vermont Vale.* 5*s.*
——— *Minnie's Mission.* 4*s.*
——— *Little Mercy.* 5*s.*

Froissart (*The Boy's*). Selected from the Chronicles of England, France, Spain, &c. By SIDNEY LANIER. The Volume will be fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Friswell (*J. H.*) *Our Square Circle.* 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 21*s.*

*** This work, announced two or three years ago, but withdrawn in consequence of the late Mr. J. Hain Friswell's long illness and death, has now been prepared for the press by his daughter, Miss Laura Friswell.

Funny Foreigners and Eccentric Englishmen. 16 coloured comic Illustrations for Children. Fcap. folio, coloured wrapper, 4*s.*

GAMES of Patience. *See* CADOGAN.

Gentle Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1, small 4to, 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES.

Price 6*s.* each; or in calf extra, price 10*s.* 6*d.*; Smaller Edition, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Reprint of these Volumes (with the exception of "Familiar Words") has been issued in very neat limp cloth bindings at 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. 21st Edition.

"Deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house."—*Chambers' Journal.*

About in the World. Essays by Author of "The Gentle Life."

"It is not easy to open it at any page without finding some handy idea."—*Morning Post.*

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi." 2nd Edition.

"Could not be presented in a more exquisite form, for a more sightly volume was never seen."—*Illustrated London News.*

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an Immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. 3rd and enlarged Edition. 6*s.*

"The most extensive dictionary of quotation we have met with."—*Notes and Queries.*

Essays by Montaigne. Edited and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Portrait. 2nd Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book."—*Illustrated Times.*

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited with Notes by Author of "The Gentle Life." 7*s.* 6*d.*

"All the best things are retained intact in Mr. Friswell's edition."—*Examiner.*

The Gentle Life. 2nd Series, 8th Edition.

"There is not a single thought in the volume that does not contribute in some measure to the formation of a true gentleman."—*Daily News.*

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." 3rd Edition.

"All who possess 'The Gentle Life' should own this volume."—*Standard.*

Half-Length Portraits. Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

Essays on English Writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

"To all who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—*Examiner.*

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. 3rd Edition.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused."—*Morning Post.*

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

ing an Introduction to First Steps in
T. PREU. 2s. 6d.

World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By
L.D. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

Scenery. Edited by F. G. HEATH. 1 vol.,
, with numerous Illustrations. Uniform with "The
and "Our Woodland Trees." 12s. 6d.

H.). *See* "Four Lectures on Electric Induc-
ical Treatise on Electricity," &c.

Royal Cookery Book. By JULES GOUFFÉ; trans-
adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, Head
to her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates
colours. 161 Woodcuts, 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2l. 2s.
omestic Edition, half-bound, 10s. 6d.

the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been sub-
the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

(*Mdlle.*) *Four Gold Pieces.* Numerous Illustrations.
post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. *See also* Rose Library.

nt of M. Thiers. By JULES SIMON. Translated from
rench. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 32s.

(*Lord Ronald*) *Handbook to the Art Galleries, Public*
Private, of Belgium and Holland. 18mo, cloth, 5s.

The Castle Howard Portraits. 2 vols., folio, cl. extra, 6l. 6s.

Grammar. See WALLER.

's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK.
per-royal 8vo, very numerous Full-page and other Illustrations. In
vols., cloth extra, gilt, each 24s.

"It supplies a want which has long been felt, and ought to be in the hands of all
dents of history."—*Times.*

"Three-fourths of M. Guizot's great work are now completed, and the 'History
of France,' which was so nobly planned, has been hitherto no less admirably exe-
cuted."—*From long Review of Vol. III. in the Times.*

"M. Guizot's main merit is this, that, in a style at once clear and vigorous, he
sketches the essential and most characteristic features of the times and personages
described, and seizes upon every salient point which can best illustrate and bring
out to view what is most significant and instructive in the spirit of the age described."
—*Evening Standard*, Sept. 23, 1874.

——— *Masson's School Edition.* The History of France from the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution; abridged from the Translation by Robert Black, M.A., with Chronological Index, Historical and Genealogical Tables, &c. By Professor GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A., Assistant Master at Harrow School. With 24 full-page Portraits, and many other Illustrations. 1 vol., demy 8vo, 600 pp., cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

——— *History of England.* In 3 vols. of about 500 pp. each, containing 60 to 70 Full-page and other Illustrations, cl. extra, gilt, 24s. each.

"For luxury of typography, plainness of print, and beauty of illustration, these volumes, of which but one has as yet appeared in English, will hold their own against any production of an age so luxurious as our own in everything, typography not excepted."—*Times.*

Guillemin. *See* "World of Comets."
Guyon (*Mde.*) *Life.* By UPHAM. 6th Edition, crown 8vo, 6*s.*

HANDBOOK to the Charities of London. *See* Low's.

——— *of Embroidery ; which see.*
——— *to the Principal Schools of England.* *See* Practical.
Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday ; or, Summer and Winter Sketches in Black & White. By W. W. FENN. 2 vols., cr. 8vo, 24*s.*
Half-Length Portraits. Short Studies of Notable Persons. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Small post 8vo, 6*s.* ; Smaller Edition, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hall (*W. W.*) *How to Live Long ; or,* 1408 *Health Maxims,* Physical, Mental, and Moral. By W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* Second Edition.
Hans Brinker ; or, the Silver Skates. *See* DODGE.
Happy Valley (*The*) : *Sketches of Kashmir and the Kashmiris.* By W. WAKEFIELD, M.D. With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 15*s.*
Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Numerous Illustrations, and large Map. 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 15*s.*
Heath (*F. G.*). *See* "Fern World," "Fern Paradise," "Our Woodland Trees," "Trees and Ferns;" "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," "Burnham Beeches," &c.
Heber's (*Bishop*) *Illustrated Edition of Hymns.* With upwards of 100 beautiful Engravings. Small 4to, handsomely bound, 7*s.* 6*d.* Morocco, 18*s.* 6*d.* and 21*s.* An entirely New Edition.
Hector Servadac. *See* VERNE. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Heir of Kilfinnan (*The*). New Story by W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "Snoe Shoes and Canoes," "With Axe and Rifle," &c. With Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Henderson (*A.*) *Latin Proverbs and Quotations ;* with Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index. By ALFRED HENDERSON. Fcap. 4to, 530 pp., 10*s.* 6*d.*
History and Handbook of Photography. Translated from the French of GASTON TISSANDIER. Edited by J. THOMSON. Imperial 16mo, over 300 pages, 70 Woodcuts, and Specimens of Prints by the best Permanent Processes. Second Edition, with an Appendix by the late Mr. HENRY FOX TALBOT. Cloth extra, 6*s.*
History of a Crime (*The*) *; Deposition of an Eye-wit-* D...
VICTOR HUGO. 4 vols., crown 8vo, 42*s.* Cheap Ed
——— *England.* *See* GUIZOT.
——— *France.* *See* GUIZOT.

History of Russia. *See* RAMBAUD.

——— *Merchant Shipping.* *See* LINDSAY.

——— *United States.* *See* BRYANT.

——— *Ireland.* By STANDISH O'GRADY. Vol. I. ready, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *American Literature.* By M. C. TYLER. Vols. I. and II., 2 vols, 8vo, 24*s.*

History and Principles of Weaving by Hand and by Power. With several hundred Illustrations. By ALFRED BARLOW. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 1*l.* 5*s.* Second Edition.

Hitherto. By the Author of "The Gayworthys." New Edition, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* Also, in Rose Library, 2 vols., 2*s.*

Hofmann (Carl). A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper in all its Branches. Illustrated by 110 Wood Engravings, and 5 large Folding Plates. In 1 vol., 4to, cloth; about 400 pp., 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Home of the Eddas. By C. G. LOCK. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16*s.*

How to Live Long. *See* HALL.

Hugo (Victor) "Ninety-Three." Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

——— *Toilers of the Sea.* Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 6*s.*; fancy boards, 2*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*; On large paper with all the original Illustrations, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *See* "History of a Crime."

Hundred Greatest Men (The). 8 vols., containing 15 to 20 Portraits each, 21*s.* each. See below.

"MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. are about to issue an important 'International' work, entitled, 'THE HUNDRED GREATEST MEN,' being the Lives and Portraits of the 100 Greatest Men of History, divided into Eight Classes, each Class to form a Monthly Quarto Volume. The Introductions to the volumes are to be written by recognized authorities on the different subjects, the English contributors being DEAN STANLEY, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, Mr. FROUDE, and Professor MAX MÜLLER; in Germany, Professor HELMHOLTZ; in France, MM. TAINE and RENAN; and in America, Mr. EMERSON. The Portraits are to be Reproductions from fine and rare Steel Engravings."—*Academy.*

Hygiene and Public Health (A Treatise on). Edited by A. H. BUCK, M.D. Illustrated by numerous Wood Engravings. In 2 royal 8vo vols., cloth, one guinea each.

Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer. *See* BICKERSTETH.

ILLUSTRATED Text-Books of Art-Education. A Series of Monthly Volumes preparing for publication. Edited by EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A., Director for Art, Science and Art Department.

The first Volumes, large crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each, will be issued in the following divisions, the two first in December:—

PAINTING.

Classic and Italian. | **French and Spanish.**
German, Flemish, and Dutch. | **English and American.**

ARCHITECTURE.

Classic and Early Christian. | **Gothic, Renaissance, & Modern.**

SCULPTURE.

Classic and Oriental. | **Renaissance and Modern.**

ORNAMENT.

Decoration in Colour. | **Architectural Ornament.**

Illustrations of China and its People. By J. THOMPSON, F.R.G.S. Four Volumes, imperial 4to, each 3*l.* 3*s.*

In my Indian Garden. By PHIL ROBINSON. With a Preface by EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., C.S.I., &c. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Involuntary Voyage (An). Showing how a Frenchman who abhorred the Sea was most unwillingly and by a series of accidents driven round the World. Numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Irish Bar. Comprising Anecdotes, Bon-Mots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland. By J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN, Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo, 12*s.* Second Edition.

JACQUEMART (A.) History of the Ceramic Art: Descriptive and Analytical Study of the Potteries of all Times and of all Nations. By ALBERT JACQUEMART. 200 Woodcuts by H. Catenacci and J. Jacquemart. 12 Steel-plate Engravings, and 1000 Marks and Monograms. Translated by MRS. BURY PALLISER. In 1 vol., super-royal 8vo, of about 700 pp., cloth extra, gilt edges, 28*s.*

Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore. *See* ALCOTT.

KAFIRLAND: A Ten Months' Campaign. By FRANK N. STREATFIELD, Resident Magistrate in Kaffraria, and Commandant of Native Levies during the Kaffir War of 1878. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Keble Autograph Birthday Book (The). Containing on each left-hand page the date and a selected verse from Keble's hymns. Imperial 8vo, with 12 Floral Chromos, ornamental binding, gilt edges, 15*s.*

Khedive's Egypt (The); or, The old House of Bondage under New Masters. By EDWIN DE LEON. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, Third Edition, 18*s.* Cheap Edition, 8*s.* 6*d.*

King's Rifle (The): From the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean; Across Unknown Countries; Discovery of the Great Zambesi Affluents, &c. By Major SERPA PINTO. With 24 full-page and half-page and smaller Illustrations, 13 small Maps, &c. 1 vol., demy 8vo.

Kingston (*W. H. G.*). *See* "Snow-Shoes."
——— *Child of the Cavern.*
——— *Two Supercargoes.*
——— *With Axe and Rifle.*
——— *Begum's Fortune.*
——— *Heir of Kilfinnan.*
Koldewey (*Capt.*) *The Second North German Polar Expedition* in the Year 1869-70. Edited and condensed by H. W. BATES. Numerous Woodcuts, Maps, and Chromo-lithographs. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, 1*l.* 15*s.*

LADY Silverdale's Sweetheart. 6*s.* *See* BLACK.

Land of Bolivar (*The*) *; or, War, Peace, and Adventure in the* Republic of Venezuela. By J. M. SPENCE, F.R.G.S. 2 vols., demy 8vo, with numerous Woodcuts and Maps, 31*s.* 6*d.* Second Edition.
Landseer Gallery (*The*). Containing thirty-six Autotype Reproductions of Engravings from the most important early works of Sir EDWIN LANDSEER. With a Memoir of the Artist's Life, and Descriptions of the Plates. Imperial 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 2*l.* 2*s.*
Lenten Meditations. In Two Series, each complete in itself. By the Rev. CLAUDE BOSANQUET, Author of "Blossoms from the King's Garden." 16mo, cloth, First Series, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Second Series, 2*s.*
Lentils. *See* "Food for the People."
Liesegang (*Dr. Paul E.*) *A Manual of the Carbon Process of* Photography. Demy 8vo, half-bound, with Illustrations, 4*s.*
Life and Letters of the Honourable Charles Sumner (*The*). 2 vols., royal 8vo, cloth. The Letters give full description of London Society—Lawyers—Judges—Visits to Lords Fitzwilliam, Leicester, Wharncliffe, Brougham—Association with Sydney Smith, Hallam, Macaulay, Dean Milman, Rogers, and Talfourd; also, a full Journal which Sumner kept in Paris. Second Edition, 36*s.*
Lindsay (*W. S.*) *History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient* Commerce. Over 150 Illustrations, Maps and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 21*s.*; vols. 3 and 4, 24*s.* each.
Lion Jack: a Story of Perilous Adventures amongst Wild Men and Beasts. Showing how Menageries are made. By P. T. BARNUM. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 6*s.*
Little King; or, the Taming of a Young Russian Count. By S. BLANDY. 64 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Little Mercy; or, For Better for Worse. By MAUDE JEANNE FRANC, Author of "Marian," "Vermont Vale," &c., &c. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 4*s.* Second Edition.

Long (Col. C. Chaillé) Central Africa. Naked Truths of Naked People: an Account of Expeditions to Lake Victoria Nyanza and the Mabraka Niam-Niam. Demy 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 18*s.*

Lost Sir Massingberd. New Edition, crown 8o, boards, coloured wrapper, 2*s.*

Low's German Series—

1. **The Illustrated German Primer.** Being the easiest introduction to the study of German for all beginners. 1*s.*
2. **The Children's own German Book.** A Selection of Amusing and Instructive Stories in Prose. Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*
3. **The First German Reader, for Children from Ten to** Fourteen. Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*
4. **The Second German Reader.** Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Buchheim's Deutsche Prosa. Two Volumes, sold separately:—

5. **Schiller's Prosa.** Containing Selections from the Prose Works of Schiller, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM, Small post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*
6. **Goethe's Prosa.** Selections from the Prose Works of Goethe, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM. Small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Low's International Series of Toy Books. 6*d.* each; or Mounted on Linen, 1*s.*

1. **Little Fred and his Fiddle,** from Asbjörnsen's "Norwegian Fairy Tales."
2. **The Lad and the North Wind,** ditto.
3. **The Pancake,** ditto.

(*The Series will be continued.*)

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo, bound uniformly in cloth extra, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

1. **The Great Lone Land.** By W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
2. **The Wild North Land.** By W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
3. **How I found Livingstone.** By H. M. STANLEY.
4. **The Threshold of the Unknown Region.** By C. R. MARKHAM. (4th Edition, with Additional Chapters, 10*s.* 6*d.*)
5. **A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.** By A. H. MARKHAM.

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure, continued:—

6. **Campaigning on the Oxus.** By J. A. MACGAHAN.
7. **Akim-foo: the History of a Failure.** By MAJOR W. F. BUTLER, C.B.
8. **Ocean to Ocean.** By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT. With Illustrations.
9. **Cruise of the Challenger.** By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.
10. **Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.** 2 vols., 15*s.*
11. **Through the Dark Continent.** By H. M. STANLEY. 1 vol., 12*s.* 6*d.*

Low's Standard Novels. Crown 8vo, 6*s.* each, cloth extra.

Three Feathers. By WILLIAM BLACK.
A Daughter of Heth. 13th Edition. By W. BLACK. With Frontispiece by F. WALKER, A.R.A.
Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK.
In Silk Attire. By W. BLACK.
Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart. By W. BLACK.
Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 8th Edition.
Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Cripps the Carrier. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Innocent. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Eight Illustrations.
Work. A Story of Experience. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Illustrations. *See also* Rose Library.
A French Heiress in her own Chateau. By the author of "One Only," "Constantia," &c. Six Illustrations.
Ninety-Three. By VICTOR HUGO. Numerous Illustrations.
My Wife and I. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.
Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
Elinor Dryden. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
Diane. By Mrs. MACQUOID.
Poganuc People, Their Loves and Lives. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.

Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1879. Edited and revised to July, 1879, by C. MACKESON, F.S.S., Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c. 1*s.*

MACGAHAN (J. A.) Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva. With Map and numerous Illustrations, 4th Edition, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Macgregor (*John*) "*Rob Roy*" *on the Baltic.* 3rd Edition, small post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.* 11th Edition, small post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe,* with Plans, &c., 1*s.*

——— *The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."* New Edition, thoroughly revised, with additions, small post 8vo, 5*s.*

Mackenzie (*D*). *The Flooding of the Sahara.* An Account of the Project for opening direct communication with 38,000,000 people. With a Description of North-West Africa and Soudan. By DONALD MACKENZIE. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Macquoid (*Mrs.*) *Elinor Dryden.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

——— *Diane.* Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Marked Life (*A*)*; or, The Autobiography of a Clairvoyante.* By "GIPSY." Post 8vo, 5*s.*

Markham (*A. H.*) *The Cruise of the "Rosario."* By A. H. MARKHAM, R.N. 8vo, cloth extra, with Map and Illustrations.

——— *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of* Boothia. 3rd and Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 2 Maps and several Illustrations, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Markham (*C. R.*) *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* Crown 8vo, with Four Maps, 4th Edition. Cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Maury (*Commander*) *Physical Geography of the Sea, and its* Meteorology. Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of his former Work, with Charts and Diagrams. New Edition, crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802—1808. By her Grandson, M. PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Senator. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra. This work was written by Madame de Rémusat during the time she was living on the most intimate terms with the Empress Josephine, and is full of revelations respecting the private life of Bonaparte, and of men and politics of the first years of the century. Revelations which have already created a great sensation in Paris. Demy 8vo, 2 vols.

Men of Mark: a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits of the most Eminent Men of the Day taken from Life, especially for this publication, price 1*s.* 6*d.* monthly. Vols. I., II., and III. handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, 25*s.* each.

Michael Strogoff. 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* *See* VERNE.

Michie (*Sir A., K.C.M.G.*) *See* "Readings in Melbourne."

Mitford (*Miss*). *See* "Our Village."

Montaigne's Essays. *See* "Gentle Life Series."

Moody (*Emma*) *Echoes of the Heart.* A Collection of upwards of 200 Sacred Poems. 16mo, cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

My Brother Jack; or, The Story of Whatd'yecallem. Written by Himself. From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET. Illustrated by P. PHILIPPOTEAUX. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

My Rambles in the New World. By LUCIEN BIART, Author of "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist." Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Numerous full-page Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mysterious Island. By JULES VERNE. 3 vols., imperial 16mo. 150 Illustrations, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; elaborately bound, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

NARES (*Sir G. S., K.C.B.*) *Narrative of a Voyage to the* Polar Sea during 1875-76, in H.M.'s Ships "Alert" and "Discovery." By Captain Sir G. S. NARES, R.N., K.C.B., F.R.S. Published by permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. With Notes on the Natural History, edited by H. W. FEILDEN, F.G.S., C.M.Z.S., F.R.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. Two Volumes, demy 8vo, with numerous Woodcut Illustrations, Photographs, &c. 4th Edition, 2*l.* 2*s.*

National Music of the World. By the late HENRY F. CHORLEY. Edited by H. G. HEWLETT, Author of "Memoir of H. F. CHORLEY." 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth.

"What I have to offer are not a few impressions, scrambled together in the haste of the moment, but are the result of many years of comparison and experience."—*From the Author's "Prelude."*

New Child's Play (*A*). Sixteen Drawings by E. V. B. Beautifully printed in colours, 4to, cloth extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*

New Guinea (*A Few Months in*). By OCTAVIUS C. STONE, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations from the Author's own Drawings. Crown 8vo, cloth, 12*s.*

*** Until the Author's own visit, no English explorer, except Wallace, had resided in that *terra incognita*, although it had been discovered 350 years before.

New Ireland. By A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P. for Louth. 2 vols., demy 8vo, 30*s.* Cheaper Edition, 1 vol., crown 8vo, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Noble Words and Noble Deeds. Translated from the French of E. MULLER, by DORA LEIGH. Containing many Full-page Illustrations by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

"This is a book which will delight the young. . . . We cannot imagine a nicer present than this book for children."—*Standard.*

"Is certain to become a favourite with young people."—*Court Journal.*

North American Review (*The*). Monthly, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

Notes on Fish and Fishing. By the Rev. J. J. MANLEY, M.A. With Illustrations, crown 8vo, cloth extra, leatherette binding, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Novels. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.* per vol. :—

Mary Anerley. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," &c. 3 vols. [*In the press.*

All the World's a Stage. By M. A. M. HOPPUS, Author of "Five Chimnney Farm." 3 vols.

Cressida. By M. B. THOMAS. 3 vols.

A Woman of Mind. 3 vols.

The Cossacks. By COUNT TOLSTOY. Translated from the Russian by EUGENE SCHUYLER, Author of "Turkistan." 2 vols.

A Stroke of an Afghan Knife. By R. A. STERNDALE, F.R.G.S., Author of "Seonee." 3 vols.

The Braes of Yarrow. By C. GIBBON. 3 vols.

Auld Lang Syne. By the Author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." 2 vols.

On the Wolds. By the Rev. E. GILLIAT, Author of "Asylum Christi." 2 vols.

In a Rash Moment. By JESSIE MCLAREN. 2 vols.

Old Charlton. By BADEN PRITCHARD. 3 vols.

Our Square Circle. By the late J. D. FRISWELL. 2 vols.

Nursery Playmates (*Prince of*). 217 Coloured pictures for Children by eminent Artists. Folio, in coloured boards, 6*s.*

OCEAN to Ocean: Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872. By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT. With Illustrations. Revised and enlarged Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Old-Fashioned Girl. See ALCOTT.

Oliphant (*Mrs.*) *Innocent.* A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs OLIPHANT, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. With Eight Full-page Illustrations, small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

On Horseback through Asia Minor. By Capt. FRED BURNABY, Royal Horse Guards, Author of "A Ride to Khiva." 2 vols., 8vo, with three Maps and Portrait of Author, 6th Edition, 38*s.*; Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by the Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Fcap., cloth extra, New Edition—the 3rd, with Illustrations, 5*s.*

Our Village. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Illustrated with Frontispiece Steel Engraving, and 12 full-page and 157 smaller Cuts of Figure Subjects and Scenes, from Drawings by W. H. J. BOOT and C. O. MURRAY. Chiefly from Sketches made by these Artists in the neighbourhood of "Our Village." Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21*s.*

Our Woodland Trees. By F. G. HEATH. Large post 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, uniform with "Fern World" and "Fern Paradise," by the same Author. 8 Coloured Plates and 20 Woodcuts, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Out of School at Eton. Being a collection of Poetry and Prose Writings. By SOME PRESENT ETONIANS. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

PAINTERS of All Schools. By LOUIS VIARDOT, and other Writers. 500 pp., super-royal 8vo, 20 Full-page and 70 smaller Engravings, cloth extra, 25*s.* A New Edition is being issued in Half-crown parts, with fifty additional portraits, cloth, gilt edges, 31*s.* 6*d.*

"A handsome volume, full of information and sound criticism."—*Times.*

"Almost an encyclopædia of painting. . . . . It may be recommended as a handy and elegant guide to beginners in the study of the history of art."—*Saturday Review.*

Palliser (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period. A New and Revised Edition, with additional cuts and text, upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol. 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*

"One of the most readable books of the season; permanently valuable, always interesting, often amusing, and not inferior in all the essentials of a gift book."—*Times.*

——— *Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries.* 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*

——— *The China Collector's Pocket Companion.* With upwards of 1000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. 2nd Edition, with Additions. Small post 8vo, limp cloth, 5*s.*

Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire: Oral and Conversational Method; being Little Lessons introducing the most Useful Topics of Daily Conversation, upon an entirely new principle, &c. By F. JULIEN, French Master at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, Birmingham. Author of "The Student's French Examiner," "First Steps in Conversational French Grammar," which see.

Phillips (L.) Dictionary of Biographical Reference. 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Photography (History and Handbook of). *See* TISSANDIER.

Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. By J. E. H. GORDON, B.A. One volume, demy 8vo, very numerous Illustrations. Among the newer portions of the work may be enumerated: All the more recent investigations on Striæ by Spottiswoode, De la Rue, Moulton, &c. An account of Mr. Crooke's recent researches. Full descriptions and pictures of all the modern Magnetic Survey Instruments now used at Kew Observatory. Full accounts of all the modern

work on Specific Inductive Capacity. Full accounts of the more recent determination of the ratio of Electric units (v). It is believed that in respect to the number and beauty of the Illustrations, the work will be quite unique.

Picture Gallery of British Art (The). 38 Permanent Photographs after the most celebrated English Painters. With Descriptive Letterpress. Vols. 1 to 5, cloth extra, 18*s.* each. Vol. 6 for 1877, commencing New Series, demy folio, 31*s.* 6*d.* Monthly Parts, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Pinto (Major Serpa). *See* "King's Rifle."

Placita Anglo-Normannica. The Procedure and Constitution of the Anglo-Norman Courts (WILLIAM I.—RICHARD I.), as shown by Contemporaneous Records; all the Reports of the Litigation of the period, as recorded in the Chronicles and Histories of the time, being gleaned and literally transcribed. With Explanatory Notes, &c. By M. M. BIGELOW. Demy 8vo, cloth, 21*s.*

Plutarch's Lives. An Entirely New and Library Edition. Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq. 5 vols., 8vo, 2*l.* 10*s.*; half-morocco, gilt top, 3*l.* Also in 1 vol., royal 8vo, 800 pp., cloth extra, 18*s.*; half-bound, 21*s.*

——— *Morals.* Uniform with Clough's Edition of "Lives of Plutarch." Edited by Professor GOODWIN. 5 vols., 8vo, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Poe (E. A.) The Works of. 4 vols., 2*l.* 2*s.*

Poems of the Inner Life. A New Edition, Revised, with many additional Poems. Small post 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

Poganuc People: their Loves and Lives. By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Polar Expeditions. *See* KOLDEWEY, MARKHAM, MACGAHAN and NARES.

Pottery: how it is Made, its Shape and Decoration. Practical Instructions for Painting on Porcelain and all kinds of Pottery with vitrifiable and common Oil Colours. By G. WARD NICHOLS. 42 Illustrations, crown 8vo, red edges, 6*s.*

Practical (A) Handbook to the Principal Schools of England. By C. E. PASCOE. New Edition corrected to 1879, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

"This is an exceedingly useful work, and one that was much wanted."—*Examiner.*

Prejevalsky (N. M.) From Kulja, across the Tian Shan to Lob-nor. Translated by E. DELMAR MORGAN, F.R.G.S. With Notes and Introduction by SIR DOUGLAS FORSYTH, K.C.S.I. 1 vol., demy 8vo, with a Map. 16*s.*

Prince Ritto; or, The Four-leaved Shamrock. By FANNY W. CURREY. With 10 Full-page Fac-simile Reproductions of Original Drawings by HELEN O'HARA. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature. Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

QUARTER Sessions, from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne: Illustrations of Local Government and History. Drawn from Original Records (chiefly of the County of Devon). By A. H. A. HAMILTON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

RAMBAUD (Alfred). History of Russia, from its Origin to the Year 1877. With Six Maps. Translated by MRS. L. B. LANG. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 38*s.*

Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, in the *Academy*, says, "We gladly recognize in the present volume a trustworthy history of Russia."

"We will venture to prophecy that it will become *the* work on the subject for readers in our part of Europe. . . . Mrs. Lang has done her work remarkably well."—*Athenæum.*

Readings in Melbourne; with an Essay on the Resources and Prospects of Victoria for the Emigrant and Uneasy Classes. By Sir ARCHIBALD MICHIE, Q.C., K.C.M.G., Agent-General for Victoria. With Coloured Map of Australia. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

Recollections of Writers. By CHARLES and MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Authors of "The Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.; with Letters of CHARLES LAMB, LEIGH HUNT, DOUGLAS JERROLD, and CHARLES DICKENS; and a Preface by MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand. By THOMAS W. GUDGEON, Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Colonial Forces, N.Z. With Twelve Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rémusat (Madame de). *See* "Memoirs of."

Robinson (Phil.). *See* "In my Indian Garden."

Rochefoucauld's Reflections. Bayard Series, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Rogers (S.) Pleasures of Memory. *See* "Choice Editions of Choice Books." 2*s.* 6*d.*

Rose in Bloom. *See* ALCOTT.

Rose Library (The). Popular Literature of all countries. Each volume, 1*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* Many of the Volumes are Illustrated—

1. **Sea-Gull Rock.** By JULES SANDEAU. Illustrated.
2. **Little Women.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
3. **Little Women Wedded.** Forming a Sequel to "Little Women."
4. **The House on Wheels.** By MADAME DE STOLZ. Illustrated.
5. **Little Men.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Dble. vol., 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Rose Library, continued:—

6. **The Old-Fashioned Girl.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Double vol., 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
7. **The Mistress of the Manse.** By J. G. HOLLAND.
8. **Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.**
9. **Undine, and the Two Captains.** By Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. A New Translation by F. E. BUNNETT. Illustrated.
10. **Draxy Miller's Dowry, and the Elder's Wife.** By SAXE HOLM.
11. **The Four Gold Pieces.** By Madame GOURAUD. Numerous Illustrations.
12. **Work.** A Story of Experience. First Portion. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
13. **Beginning Again.** Being a Continuation of "Work." By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
14. **Picciola; or, the Prison Flower.** By X. B. SAINTINE. Numerous Graphic Illustrations.
15. **Robert's Holidays.** Illustrated.
16. **The Two Children of St. Domingo.** Numerous Illustrations.
17. **Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.**
18. **Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.**
19. —— **The Minister's Wooing.**
20. —— **Betty's Bright Idea.**
21. —— **The Ghost in the Mill.**
22. —— **Captain Kidd's Money.**
23. —— **We and our Neighbours.** Double vol., 2*s.*
24. —— **My Wife and I.** Double vol., 2*s.*; cloth, gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
25. **Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates.**
26. **Lowell's My Study Window.**
27. **Holmes (O. W.) The Guardian Angel.**
28. **Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden.**
29. **Hitherto.** By the Author of "The Gayworthys." 2 vols., 1*s.* each.
30. **Helen's Babies.** By their Latest Victim.
31. **The Barton Experiment.** By the Author of "Helen's Babies."
32. **Dred.** By Mrs. BEECHER STOWE. Double vol., 2*s.* Cloth, gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
33. **Warner (C. D.) In the Wilderness.**
34. **Six to One.** A Seaside Story.

Russell (W. H., LL.D.) The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. Fully Illustrated by SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A. Super-royal 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 52*s.* 6*d.*; Large Paper Edition, 84*s.*

SANCTA Christina: a Story of the First Century. By ELEANOR E. ORLEBAR. With a Preface by the Bishop of Winchester. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Scientific Memoirs: being Experimental Contributions to a Knowledge of Radiant Energy. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," &c. With Steel Portrait of the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth, 473 pages, 14*s.*

Scott (Sir G. Gilbert.) *See* "Autobiography."

Sea-Gull Rock. By JULES SANDEAU, of the French Academy. Royal 16mo, with 79 Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.* Cheaper Edition, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.* *See also* Rose Library.

Seonee: Sporting in the Satpura Range of Central India, and in the Valley of the Nerbudda. By R. A. STERNDALE, F.R.G.S. 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 21*s.*

Shakespeare (The Boudoir). Edited by HENRY CUNDELL. Carefully bracketted for reading aloud; freed from all objectionable matter, and altogether free from notes. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* each volume, cloth extra, gilt edges. Contents:—Vol I., Cymbeline—Merchant of Venice. Each play separately, paper cover, 1*s.* Vol. II., As You Like It—King Lear—Much Ado about Nothing. Vol. III., Romeo and Juliet—Twelfth Night—King John. The latter six plays separately, paper cover, 9*d.*

Shakespeare Key (The). Forming a Companion to "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare." By CHARLES and MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Demy 8vo, 800 pp., 21*s.*

Shooting: its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. By JAMES DALZIEL DOUGALL, F.S.A., F.Z.A. Author of "Scottish Field Sports," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

"The book is admirable in every way. . . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe.*
"A very complete treatise. . . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News.*

Silent Hour (The). *See* "Gentle Life Series."

Silver Pitchers. *See* ALCOTT.

Simon (Jules). *See* "Government of M. Thiers."

Six to One. A Seaside Story. 16mo, boards, 1*s.*

Sketches from an Artist's Portfolio. By SYDNEY P. HALL. About 60 Fac-similes of his Sketches during Travels in various parts of Europe. Folio, cloth extra, 3*l.* 3*s.*

"A portfolio which any one might be glad to call their own."—*Times.*

Sleepy Sketches; or, How we Live, and How we Do Not Live, From Bombay. 1 vol., small post 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

"Well-written and amusing sketches of Indian society."—*Morning Post.*

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. By the late GEORGE SMITH. Illustrated by Photographs and Woodcuts. Demy 8vo, 6th Edition, 18*s.*

——— *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* By the late G. SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 6th Edition, 16*s.*

Snow-Shoes and Canoes; or, the Adventures of a Fur-Hunter in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. 2nd Edition. With numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Songs and Etchings in Shade and Sunshine. By J. E. G. Illustrated with 44 Etchings. Small 4to, cloth, gilt tops, 25*s.*

South Kensington Museum. See "Art Treasures."

Stanley (H. M.) How I Found Livingstone. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*; large Paper Edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *"My Kalulu," Prince, King, and Slave.* A Story from Central Africa. Crown 8vo, about 430 pp., with numerous graphic Illustrations, after Original Designs by the Author. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Coomassie and Magdala.* A Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 16*s.*

——— *Through the Dark Continent*, which see.

St. Nicholas Magazine. 1*s.* monthly.

Story without an End. From the German of Carové, by the late Mrs. SARAH T. AUSTIN. Crown 4to, with 15 Exquisite Drawings by E. V. B., printed in Colours in Fac-simile of the original Water Colours; and numerous other Illustrations. New Edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— square 4to, with Illustrations by HARVEY. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (Mrs. Beecher) Dred. Cheap Edition, boards, 2*s.* Cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Footsteps of the Master.* With Illustrations and red borders. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

——— *Geography*, with 60 Illustrations. Square cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Little Foxes.* Cheap Edition, 1*s.*; Library Edition, 4*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Betty's Bright Idea.* 1*s.*

——— *My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History.* Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.**

——— *Minister's Wooing*, 5*s.*; Copyright Series, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cl., 2*s.**

* *See also* Rose Library.

Stowe (*Mrs. Beecher*). *Old Town Folk.* 6*s.*; Cheap Edition, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Old Town Fireside Stories.* Cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Our Folks at Poganuc.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— *We and our Neighbours.* 1 vol., small post 8vo, 6*s.* Sequel to "My Wife and I."*

——— *Pink and White Tyranny.* Small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Cheap Edition, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

——— *Queer Little People.* 1*s.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— *Chimney Corner.* 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

——— *The Pearl of Orr's Island.* Crown 8vo, 5*s.**

——— *Little Pussey Willow.* Fcap., 2*s.*

——— *Woman in Sacred History.* Illustrated with 15 Chromolithographs and about 200 pages of Letterpress. Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 25*s.*

Student's French Examiner. By F. JULIEN, Author of "Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire." Square crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

Studies in German Literature. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Edited by MARIE TAYLOR. With an Introduction by the Hon. GEORGE H. BOKER. 8vo, cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sullivan (*A. M., M.P.*). *See* "New Ireland."

Sulphuric Acid (*A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of*). By A. G. and C. G. LOCK, Consulting Chemical Engineers. With 77 Construction Plates, and other Illustrations.

Summer Holiday in Scandinavia (*A*). By E. L. L. ARNOLD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sumner (*Hon. Charles*). *See* Life and Letters.

Surgeon's Handbook on the Treatment of Wounded in War. By Dr. FRIEDRICH ESMARCH, Professor of Surgery in the University of Kiel, and Surgeon-General to the Prussian Army. Translated by H. H. CLUTTON, B.A. Cantab, F.R.C.S. Numerous Coloured Plates and Illustrations, 8vo, strongly bound in flexible leather, 1*l.* 8*s.*

TAUCHNITZ'S English Editions of German Authors. Each volume, cloth flexible, 2*s.*; or sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.* (Catalogues post free on application.)

——— (*B.*) *German and English Dictionary.* Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*; roan, 2*s.*

* *See also* Rose Library.

Tauchnitz (B.). French and English. Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Italian and English.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Spanish and English.* Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *New Testament.* Cloth, 2*s.*; gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Taylor (Bayard). See "Studies in German Literature."

Tennyson's May Queen. Choicely Illustrated from designs by the Hon. Mrs. BOYLE. Crown 8vo (*See* Choice Series), 2*s.* 6*d.*

Textbook (A) of Harmony. For the Use of Schools and Students. By the late CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY. Revised for the Press by WESTLEY RICHARDS and W. H. CALCOTT. Small post 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Thebes, and its Five Greater Temples. See ARNEY.

Thirty Short Addresses for Family Prayers or Cottage Meetings. By "FIDELIS." Author of "Simple Preparation for the Holy Communion." Containing Addresses by the late Canon Kingsley, Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, and Dr. Vaughan. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Thomson (J.) Through Cyprus with the Camera, in the Autumn of 1878. Sixty large and very fine Permanent Photographs, illustrating the Coast and Inland Scenery of Cyprus, and the Costumes and Types of the Natives, specially taken on a journey undertaken for the purpose. By JOHN THOMSON, F.R.G.S., Author of "Illustrations of China and its People," &c. Two royal 4to volumes, cloth extra, 10*5s.*

Thorne (E.) The Queen of the Colonies; or, Queensland as I saw it. 1 vol., with Map, 6*s.*

Through the Dark Continent: The Sources of the Nile; Around the Great Lakes, and down the Congo. By HENRY M. STANLEY. 2 vols., demy 8vo, containing 150 Full-page and other Illustrations, 2 Portraits of the Author, and 10 Maps, 42*s.* Seventh Thousand. Cheaper Edition, crown 8vo, with some of the Illustrations and Maps. 1 vol., 12*s.* 6*d.*

To the Arctic Regions and Back in Six Weeks. By Captain A. W. M. CLARK KENNEDY (late of the Coldstream Guards). With Illustrations and Maps. 8vo, cloth, 15*s.*

Tour of the Prince of Wales in India. See RUSSELL.

Trees and Ferns. By F. G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, with numerous Illustrations, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in the Russian Provinces of Central Asia and the Khanates of Bokhara and Kokand. By EUGENE SCHUYLER, Late Secretary to the American Legation, St. Petersburg. Numerous Illustrations. 2 vols, 8vo, cloth extra, 5th Edition, 2*l.* 2*s.*

Two Americas; being an Account of Sport and Travel, with Notes on Men and Manners in North and South America. By Sir ROSE PRICE, Bart. 8vo, with Illustrations, 2nd Edition, 18*s.*

Two Friends. By LUCIEN BIART, Author of "Adventures of a Young Naturalist," "My Rambles in the New World," &c. Small post 8vo, numerous Illustrations, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Two Supercargoes (The); or, Adventures in Savage Africa. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Square imperial 16mo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.* Numerous Full-page Illustrations.

UP and Down; or, Fifty Years' Experiences in Australia, California, New Zealand, India, China, and the South Pacific. Being the Life History of Capt. W. J. BARRY. Written by Himself. With several Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8*s.* 6*d.*

VANDENHOFF (George, M.A.). See "Art of Reading Aloud."

——— *Clerical Assistant.* Fcap., 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Ladies' Reader (The).* Fcap., 5*s.*

Verne. The Exploration of the World. By JULES VERNE. With 59 Illustrations by L. BENETT and P. PHILIPPOTEAUX, and 50 fac-similes of Ancient Drawings. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*; gilt edges, 14*s.*

Verne's (Jules) Works. Translated from the French, with from 50 to 100 Illustrations. Each cloth extra, gilt edges—

*Large post 8vo, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d. each. Those marked *, in plainer binding, cloth, 5s.*

1. ***Fur Country.**
2. ***Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.**
3. ***From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip round It.**
4. ***Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar.**
5. **Hector Servadac.**
6. **Dick Sands, the Boy Captain.**

*Imperial 16mo, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d. each. Those marked with * in plainer cloth binding, 3s. 6d. each.*

1. ***Five Weeks in a Balloon.**
2. ***Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa.**
3. ***Around the World in Eighty Days.**
4. **A Floating City, and the Blockade Runners.**
5. ***Dr. Ox's Experiment, Master Zacharius, A Drama in the Air, A Winter amid the Ice, &c.**
6. **The Survivors of the "Chancellor."**
7. ***Dropped from the Clouds.**
8. ***Abandoned.**
9. ***Secret of the Island.**

Verne's (Jules) Works, continued:—

10. ***The Child of the Cavern.**
11. ***The Mysterious Island.** 3 vols.
12. **The Begum's Fortune.**
13. **The Tribulations of a Chinaman.**

The following Cheaper Editions are issued with a few of the Illustrations, in paper wrapper, price 1s.; cloth gilt, 2s. each.

1. **Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa.**
2. **Five Weeks in a Balloon.**
3. **A Floating City.**
4. **The Blockade Runners.**
5. **From the Earth to the Moon.**
6. **Around the Moon.**
7. **Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.** Vol. I.
8. ——— Vol. II. The two parts in one, cloth, gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
9. **Around the World in Eighty Days.**
10. **Dr. Ox's Experiment, and Master Zacharius.**
11. **Martin Paz, the Indian Patriot.**
12. **A Winter amid the Ice.**
13. **The Fur Country.** Vol. I.
14. ——— Vol. II. Both parts in one, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
15. **Survivors of the "Chancellor."** Vol. I.
16. ——— Vol. II. Both volumes in one, cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Visit to the Court of Morocco. By A. LEARED, Author of "Morocco and the Moors." Map and Illustrations, 8vo, 5*s.*

WALLER (Rev. C. H.) The Names on the Gates of Pearl, and other Studies. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. Second edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

——— *A Grammar and Analytical Vocabulary of the Words in* the Greek Testament. Compiled from Brüder's Concordance. For the use of Divinity Students and Greek Testament Classes. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. Part I., The Grammar. Small post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* Part II. The Vocabulary, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Adoption and the Covenant.* Some Thoughts on Confirmation. Super-royal 16mo, cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Wanderings in the Western Land. By A. PENDARVES VIVIAN, M.P. With many Illustrations from Drawings by Mr. BIERSTADT and the Author, and 3 Maps. 1 vol., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 18*s.*

War in Bulgaria: a Narrative of Personal Experiences. By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL VALENTINE BAKER PASHA. Maps and Plans of Battles. 2 vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 2*l.* 2*s.*

Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden. Rose Library, 1*s.*

Warner (*C. D.*) *Back-log Studies.* Boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— *In the Wilderness.* Rose Library, 1*s.*

——— *Mummies and Moslems.* 8vo, cloth, 12*s.*

Weaving. See "History and Principles."

Whitney (*Mrs. A. D. T.*) *Hitherto.* Small post 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Sights and Insights.* 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*

——— *Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.* Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wills, A Few Hints on Proving, without Professional Assistance. By a PROBATE COURT OFFICIAL. 5th Edition, revised with Forms of Wills, Residuary Accounts, &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 1*s.*

Wirt Sikes. See "British Goblins."

With Axe and Rifle on the Western Prairies. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With numerous Illustrations, square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Witty and Humorous Side of the English Poets (*The*). With a variety of Specimens arranged in Periods. By ARTHUR H. ELLIOTT. 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Woolsey (*C. D., LL.D.*) *Introduction to the Study of International Law*; designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. 5th Edition, demy 8vo, 18*s.*

Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions, Sentences and Reflections of the Great Duke, gathered from his Despatches, Letters, and Speeches (Bayard Series). 2*s.* 6*d.*

World of Comets. By A. GUILLEMIN, Author of "The Heavens." Translated and edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S. super-royal 8vo, with numerous Woodcut Illustrations, and 3 Chromolithographs, cloth extra, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 6*s.* Third and Cheaper Edition.

XENOPHON'S Anabasis; or, Expedition of Cyrus. A Literal Translation, chiefly from the Text of Dindorff, by GEORGE R. WHEELER. Books I to III. Crown 8vo, boards, 2*s.*

——— *Books I. to VII.* Boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE